June 26, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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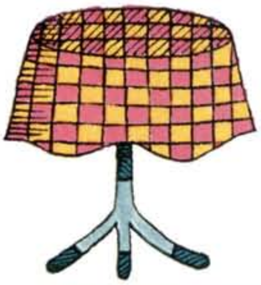

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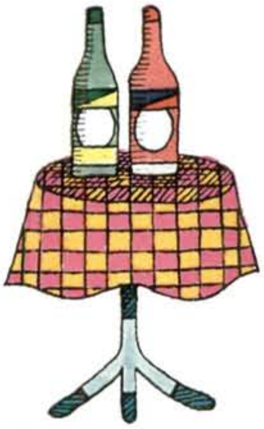

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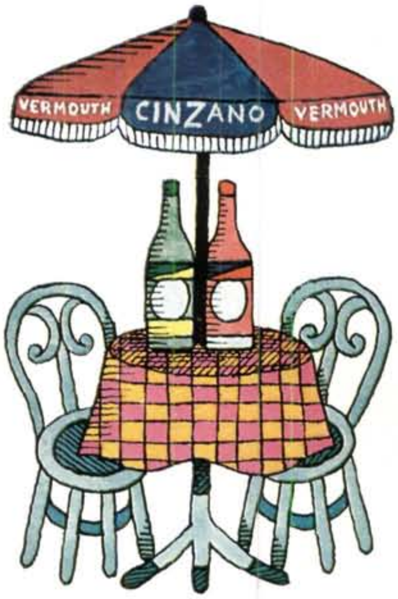
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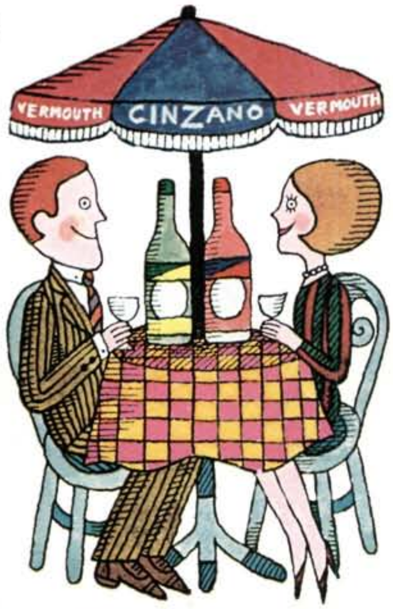
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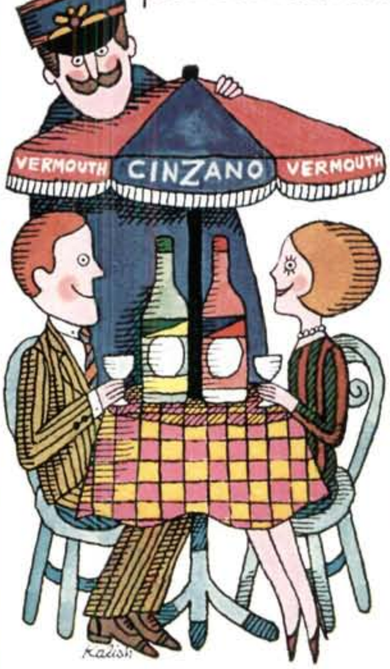
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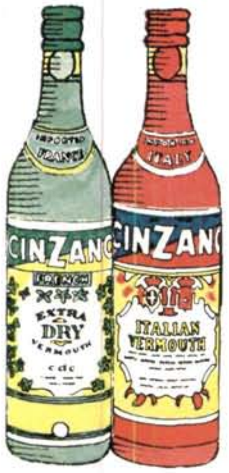
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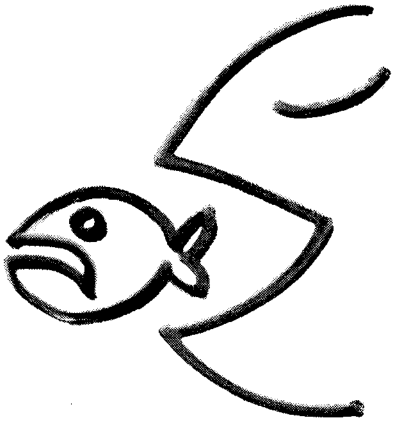

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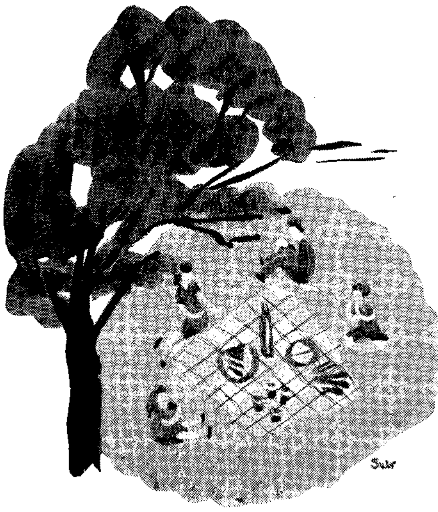
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Amen Corner—James Baldwin's rueful description of life in a Harlem store-front church. Very loosely strung together and a trifle too loquacious, but with a number of meritorious scenes. Bea Richards, as the pastor of the tabernacle, does a fine job, and so, for that matter, do her supporting players. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 26.)

The Glass Menagerie—George Grizzard, Pat Hingle, Piper Laurie, and Maureen Stapleton in Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Luv—This comic triangular trifle by Murray Schisgal has an excellent cast (Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson), and has been wonderfully directed by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—A nice funny comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Mr. Simon has been given a big assist by the director, the ubiquitous Mike Nichols, and by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, who head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, in which Alan Alda and Diana Sands appear as a stuffy pseudo-intellectual and an antic prostitute, with sporadically amusing results. Skillful direction by Arthur Storch, and a good set by Jo Mielziner. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Baker Street—Holmes vs. Moriarty in a divertissement that is only occasionally effective. Fritz Weaver is the Sherlock of the piece and Martin Gabel the Professor. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Despite the fact that Richard Rodgers contributed the score for this musical version of Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo," it isn't anywhere near as beguiling as most of the other works in which the Master has had a hand. Stephen Sondheim did the lyrics, and Mr. L. the book, which describes the ups and downs of an American spinster reluctantly caught in the amorous atmosphere of Venice. Elizabeth Allen portrays the spinster and Sergio Franchi the Venetian who unsettles her. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Flora, the Red Menace—A backward glance at the early thirties, when the depression was at its worst. Obviously not a very lighthearted theme for a musical, and the cast, headed by Liza Minnelli and Bob Dishy, doesn't make much of it, even though the director is the usually ingenious George Abbott. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—Sammy Davis in an adaptation of a tired Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. With the exception of a couple of sharp production numbers, it has little in its favor. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—Solid songs and lively dances in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," with Tommy Steele figuring to fine advantage in the leading role. David Heneker is responsible for the tunes and lyrics, and Onna White for the choreography. Gene Saks directed the happy affair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

	Page
BOOKS	98
THE CURRENT CINEMA	78
LETTER FROM LONDON	82
LETTER FROM PARIS	92
THE RACE TRACK	90

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The Roar of the Greasepaint–The Smell of the Crowd—A completely foolish attempt, with incidental music, to capture some of the spirit of the theatre of the absurd. Anthony Newley and Cyril Ritchard wander aimlessly about in it, but there is one interlude in which a young fellow named Gilbert Price lines out a song called "Feeling Good" that has the bounce that everything else in the show lacks. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories. Zero Mostel heads the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** The Carol Channing commotion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY:** Bert Parks in **THE MUSIC MAN**, the last in a series of musicals. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 27.)

Music Theater of Lincoln Center—A revival of **KISMET**, with Alfred Drake, Anne Jeffreys, and Lee Venora, is the first of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, July 31.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. **WAR AND PEACE:** Thursday, June 24, at 8:30....¶ Shaw's **MAN AND SUPERMAN:** Friday, June 25, at 8.... Giraudoux's **JUDITH:** Saturday, June 26, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Sunday, June 27, at 2:30 and 7:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Closes Sunday, June 27, for three and a half weeks.)

Amato Opera Company—"Pagliacci" and George Wehner's "Three Days After." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, June 26, at 2:30.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, June 24-25, at 8:40: "Iolanthe."...¶ Saturday, June 26, at 3 and 8:40: "H.M.S. Pinafore."...¶ Sunday, June 27, at 3 and 7:30: "The Mikado." ...¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, June 29-30, at 8:40 (previews): "The Yeomen of the Guard."...¶ Thursday and Friday, July 1-2, at 8:40: "The Gondoliers."...¶ Saturday, July 3, at 3 and 8:40: "The Mikado." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

The Exception and the Rule and **The Prodigal Son**—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers. "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door

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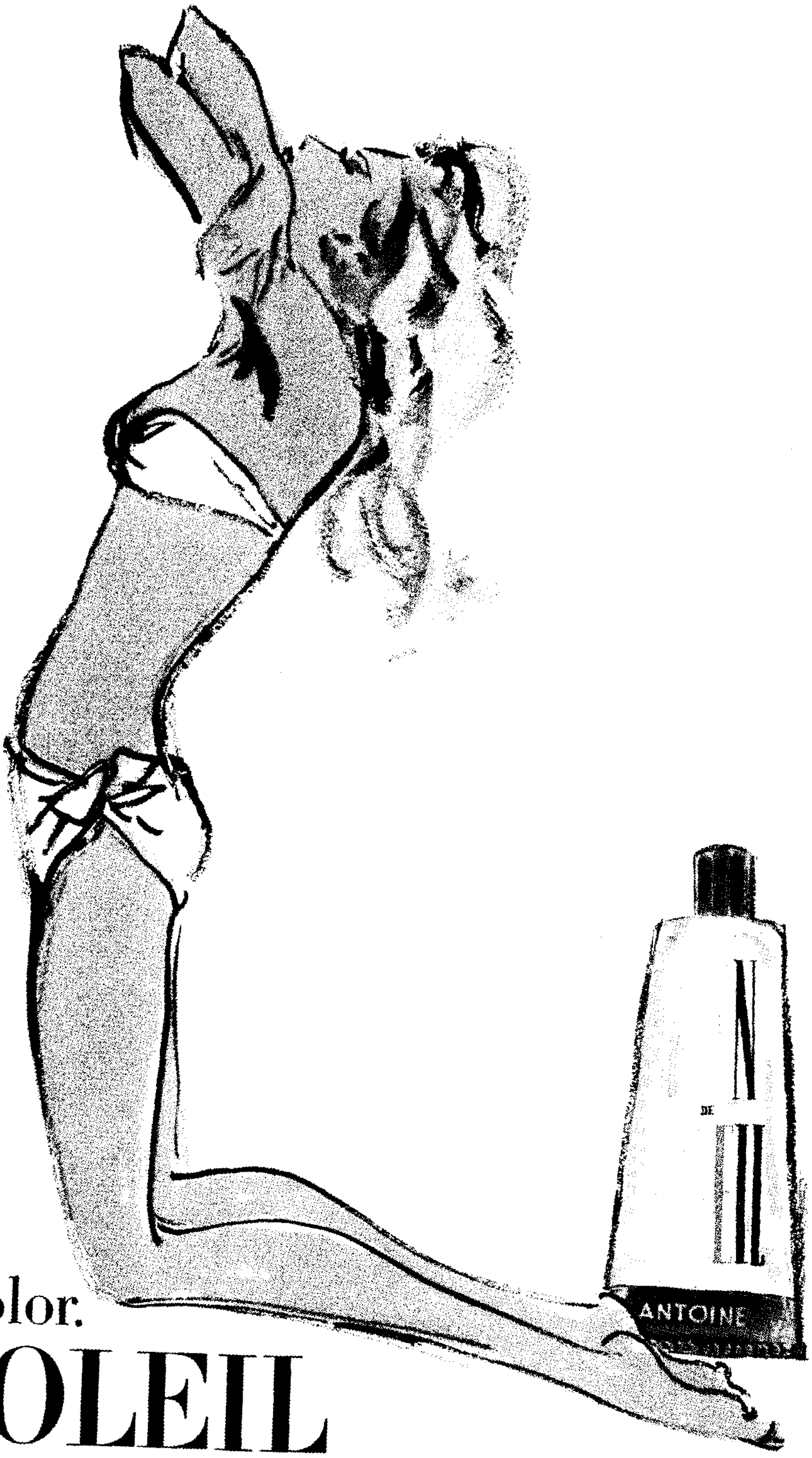

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Live Like Pigs—The characters who amply justify the title are the unwilling tenants of a prissy housing project in the North of England, and most of the action is concerned with the effect of their frowzy ways on their *nouveau* genteel neighbors. The play, for all its stridency and general messiness, is a most sentimental work, but it has its lively moments, and so has the acting, by the Theatre Company of Boston. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello and **Baal**—Shakespeare's tragedy in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. "Othello": Sunday at 3 and 8:40. . . . ¶ "Baal": Thursday and Friday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Closes Sunday, June 27.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. The cast, which is fine, is headed by Frances Sternhagen and Henderson Forsythe. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 27.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Moiseyev Dance Company—A two-week return engagement by a hundred and ten dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Sunday at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 27.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Love's Labor's Lost," with Jane White and Rae Allen. The first in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theater, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 3.)

Jones Beach Theatre—"Mardi Gras!," a musical based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Juanita Hall, and Wilbur de Paris's jazz band. Opens Saturday, June 26. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box, where (at dinner and supper) Nancy Wilson, a lively young lady, often sends her ballads up in flames, will be shut down from Thursday, July 1, through Monday, July 5. It is never open Sundays, anyway.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—In the restaurant, which is sort of Department of State, the music by George Anaya's minute band—presented in menu style from eight to ten and prancing style from then until one—comes to an end on Wednesday, June 30.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Britannic majesty has been the word ever since John Mills, an overseer of London night life, established this foothold in the New World. The ceaseless music issues from the orchestra of Freddie Jagel and the rumba band of Freddy Alonso; customers who would rather not be on their feet at all resort to the Champagne Room, where Ernest Schoen's threesome suns itself on the banks of the Blue Danube. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The crew involved in the reënactment of the Age of Steamboating (it is restoration comedy, but the stage set is nonetheless rich and handsome) consists of the orchestra of Les and Larry Elgart, whose ornamentation can be just as ample and rococo. The music runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. The place becomes a Hall of Records every Sunday, also for dancing.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the piazza known as the Seven Hills, the Quintetto di Roma, a jaunty bunch of boys, plays from eight to one, or even to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Dino Palermo, the carolling member of the Quintetto, makes Italian a truly Romance language. Closed Sunday, and closed for the season after Wednesday, June 30.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, the senior class of Ben Cutler University is on the bandstand every night of the week. The Irish-coffee breaks are occupied by Yvette Souviron's voice and piano, though not on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Youth-calling-unto-youth is the touchstone of the song recital delivered at dinner and supper in the Persian Room by John Gary, whose repertory ranges from soul-searching to hop-skip-and-jump. The scampering posse of Mark Monte and George Cort's small band wax eloquent all through the night. Closed for a week after Saturday, June 26. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do watercress-sandwich music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays, the room getting along with just a piano. . . . ¶ Some enchanted evenings can be spent in the Palm Court, converted (on the stroke of eight) by the necromancy of light and shadow into a perfect Xanadu. Simultaneously, Gunnar Hansen's *toujours-l'amour* violin, a thousand-calorie pastry cart, and a covey of dryads laden with water ices and *café noir* debouch upon the scene. One in the morning is time to go home. Sunday nights are stilly nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On top of Old Smoky, which is a fair enough name for this town. Remote control brings the music of Michael Longo's cheerful little orchestra to the cocktail lounge (view south); the sound appears in person, from eight to one, in the dining room (view north and west), which has a small dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Under a sky as handsome as the hand of man can make it, Charles Turecamo's orchestra and Quintero's band are having their own summer festival. Eight until two is their career. Closed Sundays.

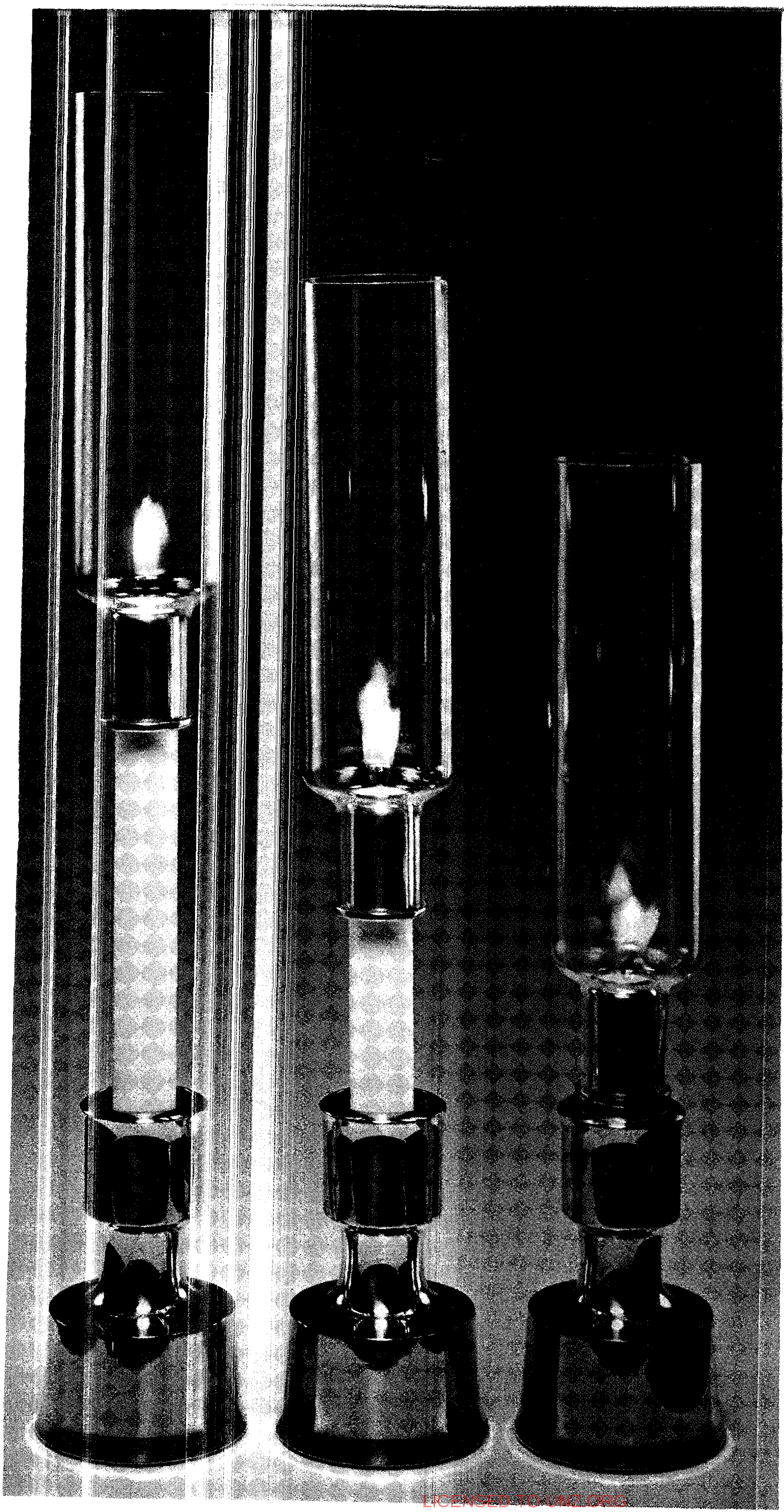
Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—*Deo* and the Weather Bureau *volente*, there is dancing amid the outdoor greenery from seven-thirty until past midnight every evening but Monday. All hands can go on under cover whenever the clouds burst.

Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Where the deer and the antelope could play if the boundless plains were not occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The look and the sound of a ceaseless cocktail-and-dinner party, with all ages clinking glasses. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays and Friday and Saturday, July 2-3. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy living in a walled city, which is Florence, by the look of it. The words and music that are on tap serve to heighten this impression. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The greenskeeper of this templed mead is, it should go without saying, Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano runs from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, Ray Hartley's piano redecorates the tunes of the day in a fashion that makes them sound brand-new. This takes place between seven and one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Le Palais, the lower deck of this enterprise, restores Vienna (in wine, menu, and sound) in a manner grand enough for the approval of Maria Theresa. The sound is the zither of Hans Hansberg, who gently vibrates it from seven to ten. Closed Sunday, and closed for the summer after Friday, July 2. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. The everlasting Norbert Faconi tosses and turns a come-hither violin as he roams from table to table. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R.



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are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the population is a round of dulcet minstrels who operate from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A road that leads in a straight line to Rome. Journeyers are serenaded along this Appian Way by a clutch of musicians who are often on the prowl. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, has, after ten years at one piano, unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere. He begins at nine-thirty in the neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An all-out propagation of faith in Iberian architecture, décor, cuisine, and music. The last commodity comes from a guitar (José Luis Franco) that starts at eight in the third room back of this jubilant display. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight in everything Spanish—sight, sound, and sustenance. The music—guitar again (Gustavo Lopez)—is hands-across-the-sea that lies between Iberia and the New World. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Nighttown revived, in the good old-fashioned playpen way, by characters who remember when—Nancy Steele, whose carolling is scamp/camp; Jimmie Daniels, whose singing is boulevardier; Murray Grand, whose piano is opulent and omniscient. Ronnie Ball and Sonny Dallas do the jazz-hounding. Paula Wayne, who spends the early evening in "Golden Boy," is also working on ballads, but she winds up on Saturday, June 26. The piano starts at cocktail time; the other doings begin after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Exactly the sort of place where you'd expect to run into someone named Lord Superior who plays guitar and sings West Indian chansons. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is amusement in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Home port for a bunch of young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A robust jazz trio performs every day of the week but Sunday, when a solitary pianist handles the whole thing. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Looking about this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant, one wonders what is delaying the arrival of Diamond Jim Brady. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Budapest that was not built in a day is occupied by a hand-picked citizenry, such as players of the fiddle and the zimbalon, not to mention chanters of ballads. Béla Babai's band does the dance tunes. Closes for its midyear vacation after Sunday, June 27. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): The Hudson River, a next-door neighbor whom we rarely see, is plain as day from the windows of the Crown Restaurant. From seven to ten-thirty, a harp—plied most of the time by the proficient Gerald Goodman—sounds throughout this version of Tara's halls. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): In this wholly imaginary South American republic, it's nip and tuck between the scenic pleasantries and the musicians to see which are the livelier Latins. The performers are there every Sunday from one until nine. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Russian dressing is the motivation of this reminiscence of the best days of a vanished empire. *Chansons d'amour* (Marina Fedorovskaya attends handsomely to these), Slavic violin and piano, and occasional Volga-boatman chimings-in by the gentlemen in the audience are the ingredients. Seven-thirty until two every night but Monday is the house rule. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, whose manner of song swings between gypsy-caravan and wickedest-woman-in-Paris, sings at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. A trio provides for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Singing waiters, singing cigarette girls, singing salad chefs, singing bottle washers, none of them in the least frustrated performers of Italian opera, work here with all stops out. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A Book-of-the-Month Club in which *Debrett's* is compulsory reading. The centerpiece is George Feyer, player of piano that is full of Valenciennes lace. Eight-thirty until one or two is the range of the music. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who does credit to a concert grand, finishes his annual visit to the Casino-on-the-Park on Saturday, June 26. His music goes on from five-thirty until midnight. . . . **SPINDLETOP,** 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): Seekers of a bit of bounce after the theatre will find Frankie Ray, from Albuquerque, plying a voice and guitar full of Spanish-Mexican twirl as he winds among the restaurant tables. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Johnny Ryan does catch-as-catch-can piano from six-thirty until one every night but Monday, and Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Sunday.

NOTE—The discothèque, an institution that is too much with us, is represented at its best by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation from indulging in free-style Highland flings. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. From seven to ten, the music is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers, which run until one on Sundays, until three or four other nights. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little angels, lovely in their evening frocks or even in their evening slacks, do not fear to tread the most outlandish measures to the music of distant and unearthly spheres, which is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to Underground Movies. . . . **ENTRE NOUS,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Though dining in a certain amount of pomp is the principal consideration, there is a dance floor, too, and—from ten until three or so—a jockey is astride the record-player. Closed Sundays.

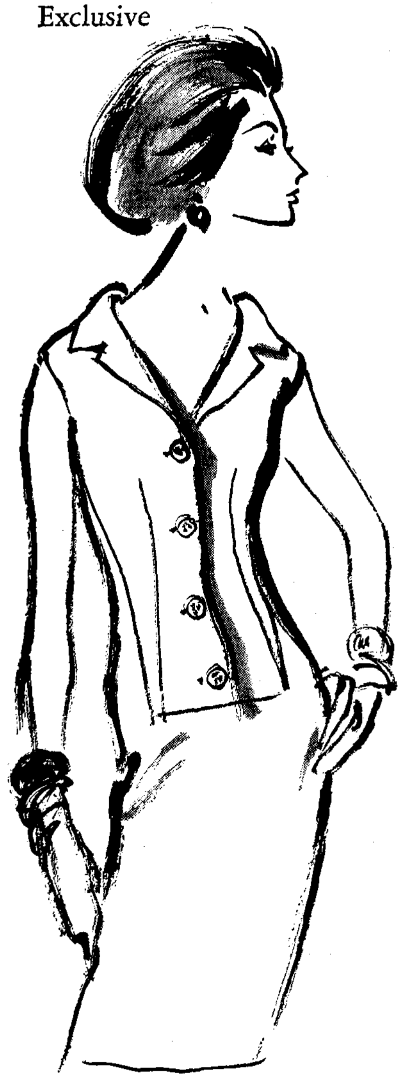
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Tonight's the Night" is a prodigious caper, choreographed to the hilt and replete with three dozen long-stemmed American and worldwide beauties. The singing and the humor are marginal, but the panoply is mighty. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Frankie Avalon is just what the prom-trotters ordered; the corps de ballet is for the untired businessman; the cavorting of Jane Zachary is for the fanciers of subtle wit. Mr. Avalon departs on Wednesday, June 30; next evening's accession is caroller Marilyn Michaels. The paying guests get to dance as well. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, a smother of musicians is carrying on as if there were no tomorrow. The sound runs from ten to four every night of the week. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Trini Lopez, still another troubadour with a vast youth movement going for him, is onstage passing out glee and jive; Jackie Vernon, a stand-up-and-punch comedian, is also on tap. Saturday, June 26, puts an end to the romp. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Neil Sedaka, enshrined in the hearts of many a young-people's fan club, does such a neat, swinging job of Pop singing that his renown becomes quite comprehensible; what goes on in the accompanying floor show, which is made up mostly of stalwart and decorative young women in a state of uncoördination and undress, is not at all comprehensible but fun. Dancing. Mr. Sedaka's last night is Saturday, June 26.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Dick Riddle, Alice Borden, Kitty Sullivan, Maggie Peters, Michael Maurer, and Lou Kristofer—these are young names to note with pleasure as their owners splash, heel-and-toe and throats wide open, through a mélange of music. The pastime begins around nine and goes on until past midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Being an experienced army, Los Chavales de España like to keep on the move as they indulge in flourishes of trumpet, in croonery, in clowning, or just in background instrumentation for Luisita Sevilla, a dancer composed wholly of air and graces. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule for this rich life, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon and just one show, at ten-thirty. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpático* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "The Game Is Up," a cheerful ado (or revue) about nothing in particular, is enhanced by the presence of R. G. Brown, a perfectionist about the matter of light-hearted nonsense. Playtime is nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Exterritorial Cuba, with menu and conversation to match, plus the twice-a-night ministrations of the Lydia Torea Spanish Ballet, a shuttle between Andalusia and Las Vegas that contains, along with Señora Torea, a little gem called Maribel de Cirez. The customers get equal time on the floor. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Where there's Kaye Ballard there's fire, and so "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter," a revue devoted to the words and music of guess who, sounds quite wonderful a large part of the time. Harold Lang and his febrile feet are the other major contributors. Now and then, the affair endeavors to outwit Mr. Porter's



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wit—a losing battle for practically anybody. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays an extra show at eleven—that's the ticket.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, for whom the phrase "melodramatic soprano" might as well be coined, is once more in residence. Her pianist, Irving Joseph, conspires with Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn to produce a large supply of keyboard études. Also present: George Matson, whose caricaturing of lovely womanhood stooping to folly is one of night life's cleverest contributions to the art of visual wit. His final night is Sunday, June 27. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Earl Hines, bantering, beamish, and brilliant as can be, proves that there is life in the old jazz yet whenever he sits down at a piano. Three sidemen back him up, and Budd Johnson, a veteran sax man, plays along with them. Sundays, there is a four-thirty matinée as well as the evening deal. On Mondays, the music comes instead from Jeremy Steig's quartet, which provides both jazz tunes and dance tunes.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Below the top-level restaurant and sidewalk café which operate from five to eleven every night but Monday (Jorge Morel's guitar lends a touch of Spain), there is a great cavern where Charlie Mingus, that amalgam of sound and fury, runs a band that is conducting science-fiction experiments. Fridays and Saturdays, Gloria Lynne, a gusty singer, is also part of the scheme. The Minguses are off on Mondays. Visitors get to dance every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. ... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most reliable of the Village's coffee mills, and the most discerning in the choosing of new faces, new voices. The Highwaymen, a clutch of folk singers, are chanting now, and they are augmented by Mike Settle, whose purist voice and ballads have the real outback sound, and by the Uncalled-For 3, purveyors of slapstick. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Whoop, dedoo, hoot, and holler well into the night, and even in the late afternoon. Groups that could be called Johnny and the Lease-Breakers begin the rumpus; beginning at mid-evening, Dizzy Gillespie's clan improves the darkling hours. The Gillespies will check out on Saturday, June 26. On Monday, June 28, Gene Krupa's bearcats will start raging. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Wes Montgomery's quartet and the Wynton Kelly trio are combining forces in the interests of modernity. They will be succeeded on Tuesday, June 29, by Art Farmer's quartet. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Roy Haynes' quartet and Lou Donaldson's foursome have the floor. On Mondays, a rock 'n' roll group plays from nine-thirty on, and dancing is permissible. ... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Business as usual (i.e., a survey of the glorious past) is being conducted with great cheer and good will by Eddie Condon himself and other early settlers, such as Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, Cliff Leeman, and Herb Gardner. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Ceaseless crescendo and diminuendo, freshets of invigorated piano, the pastoral windings of French horn—these are the attributes of Willie Ruff and Dwike Mitchell, returned to town after a four-year absence, and now aided by the Brazilian timpani of Helcio Milito. This refreshment is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, an import from England who waxes hot as the evening waxes long. Nine-fifteen is starting time.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Johnny Windhurst, and Vic Dickenson are in cahoots—not a bad place to be when these boys are there. On Monday, June 28, Wild Bill Davison and Marshall Brown will replace the Messrs. Windhurst and Dickenson. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome, beginning at nine.... **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A congeries of banjoists called the String Stretchers is hitting this sawdust trail. The peanuts and beer, though, remain as they were. The plunking runs from nine to three or four every night.... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). On Sundays from four-thirty to eight-thirty, Dixieland comes into what's left of its own.... **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Fry, small but agile, spend the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. Practitioners of the rock, the roll, the rant, and the rave will now find the local band exactly to their liking. The schedule: nine-thirty until four through the week; six to one-thirty Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Carl Holty—Abstractions; through July 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Charles Le Clair—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, June 26. (Salpeter and White galleries, both at 42 E. 57th St.)

Maria Luisa Pacheco—Abstract paintings and collages; through July 16. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sculptures—Constructivist pieces by American and European artists, among them Joseph Konzal, J. J. Subirachs, and Carel Visser; through Aug. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

National Association of Women Artists—A selection of oils, watercolors, caseins, and sculptures by members of this organization, who are professional artists and number about seven hundred; through July 11. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Open Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

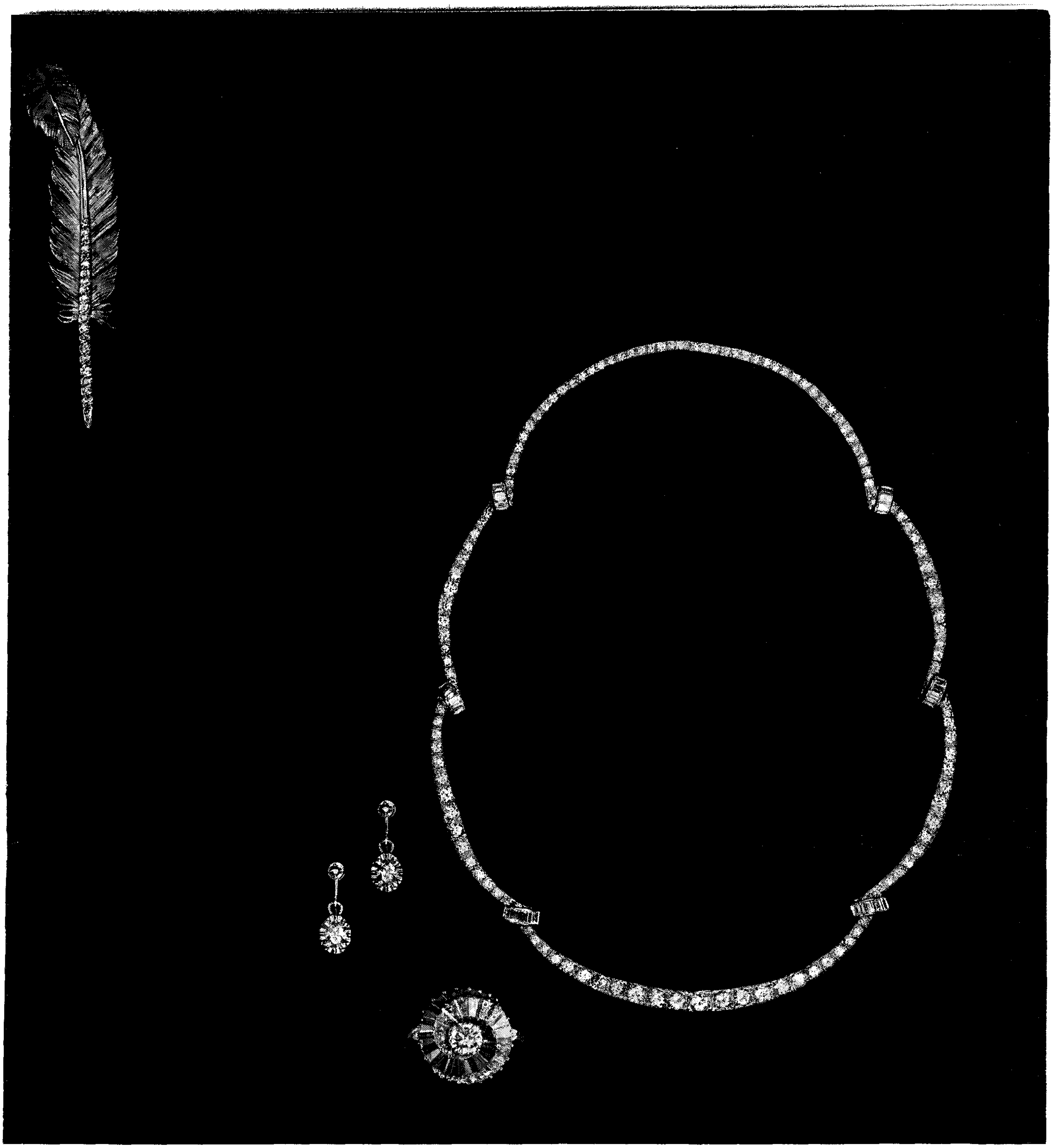
Americans; Group Shows—At the **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century painters and sculptors, including Boardman Robinson, John Sloan, and Tom Hardy; through Friday, July 2.... **LEWISON,** 35 E. 64th St.: Paintings by Thomas Cole, Theodore Robinson, George Inness, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through July 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by the gallery artists, among them Waldo Peirce, Nathan Cabot Hale, and Robert Vickrey; through Friday, June 25.... **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by such artists as Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Stephen Etnier; through July 30.... **SCHWEITZER,** 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Mary Cassatt, Hovsep Pushman, and Albert P. Ryder are among the artists with paintings on view in a show called "Americans, Sung and Unsung;" through Aug. 31.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, sculptures, assemblages, and drawings by David Hockney, Bruce Conner, Marcia Marcus, and others; through Friday, July 2. ... **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS,** 41 E. 65th St.: "The Dark Mirror," an exhibition of unconventional paintings, sculptures, drawings, and etchings, selected by Charles Addams, with works by Thomas Cornell, Hilario Muñoz, and Maryan (to mention a few); through July 8. (Open Saturdays, 1 to 5.) ... **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century flower still-lifes by, for instance, Fantin-Latour, Vlaminck, and Arbit Blatas; through Friday, July 2.... **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Sculptures by Dino Basaldella, Max Beckmann, and Luciano Minguzzi, plus paintings by Afro; through Friday, June 25.

Europeans; Group Show—Paintings and drawings by Picasso, Dubuffet, Léger, and others; through July 16. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17.... ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 17.... ¶ Italian drawings (by Piranesi, Canaletto, and Raphael, to name several) from the collection of Janos Scholz; through Sept 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Oct. 10.... ¶ Collages (1950-65) by American artists, including Robert Goodnough, Robert Motherwell, and Conrad Marca-Relli; through July 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"American Art from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Goldstone;" namely, American paintings and drawings, plus American and European sculptures, by Edward Hopper, Lyonel Feininger, Jacques Lipchitz, and others; through Sept. 12.... ¶ A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Walter Lippmann, Joseph Mitchell, and John Cheever. Also paintings, graphic art, sculptures, and architecture by Alexander Calder, Andrew Wyeth, Marcel Breuer, and others; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Mingei: Folk Arts of Old Japan," containing furniture, pottery, textiles, lacquers, paintings, dolls, and books; through Friday, July 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of master drawings, from Fra Bartolommeo to John Singer Sargent; through Aug. 29.... ¶ Stone sculptures from the state of Guerrero, Mexico; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Twenties Revisited;" *starting Tuesday,* June 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, non-sloping galleries constructed for them. Through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings by the Belgian-born Paris artist Pierre Alechinsky; through July 27.... ¶ Bible illustrations by Marc Chagall; through Sept. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Audubon watercolors and drawings; through July 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—A double exhibition, one of full-length watercolor portraits by the nineteenth-century folk artist Jacob Maentel, and the other of weathervanes and whirligigs; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the South Seas," a display of a hundred or so objects (in wood, stone, ivory, jade, and the like) from Melanesia, Polynesia, Micronesia, and Australia; through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Young America 1965," a showing by a group of thirty painters and sculptors under thirty-five years of age, among them Mary Bauermeister, Jim Dine, and Robert Murray; through Aug. 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, the final performances of the season—Andre Kostelanetz conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program on Thursday, June 24, at 8:30 (with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Barbara Crouch, mezzo-soprano; and Richard Cassilly, tenor); and an all-Gershwin program on Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, at 8:30 (with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Robert Mosley, baritone; Theodore Lettvin, piano; and the Schola Cantorum of New York).... ¶ Franz Allers directing an all-Offenbach program Tuesday through Thursday, June 29-July 1, at 8:30 (with Marni Nixon and Anita Darian, sopranos; Loren Driscoll, tenor; John Reardon, baritone; and the Choral Art Society).... ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting repeat performances of the all-Gershwin program on Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, at 8:30.

Lewisohn Stadium Concerts—Friday, June 25: George Schick directing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus in a performance of "La Traviata" in concert form, with Anna Moffo, soprano; Barry Morell, tenor; and Calvin Marsh, baritone.... ¶ Saturday, June 26: *Franz Allers and Richard Rodgers directing* the orchestra and chorus in a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Laurel Hurley, soprano; Marcia Baldwin, mezzo-soprano; Nicholas DiVirgilio, tenor; and William Walker, baritone.... ¶ Monday, June 28: *Rayburn Wright conducting the orchestra,* with the Dave Brubeck and Duke Ellington jazz bands.... ¶ Wednesday, June 30: Ignace Strasfogel conducting the orchestra in a salute to Britain, with Gracie Fields, comedienne, and Martyn Green, baritone.... ¶ Friday, July 2: George Schick directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Madame Butterfly" in concert form, with Licia Albanese, soprano; Marcia Baldwin, mezzo-soprano; Barry Morell, tenor; and William Walker, baritone.... ¶ Saturday, July 3: Arthur Fiedler directing the orchestra and chorus in a program of American music, with Marian Anderson, contralto, and the United States Military Academy Band and Color Guard. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Metropolitan Opera box office, Broadway at 40th St., PE 6-1210, and the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 7. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

New School Outdoor Concerts—Friday, June 25: John Ciardi, poetry reading.... ¶ Saturday, June 26: The Greenbriar Boys, folk music.... ¶ Sunday, June 27: The Claremont Quartet, chamber music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concerts will be held in the auditorium.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 13.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, June 24, at 8:30: Bud Freeman's quintet.... ¶ Thursday, July 1, at 8:30: Earl Hines' trio and others. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Erich Leinsdorf conducting a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members in the opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 22—Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, at 8: All-Mozart programs, both with Malcolm Frager, piano.... ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 2:30: A varied program, with Claude Frank, piano; Joseph Silverstein, violin; Jules Eskin, cello; Ralph Gomberg, oboe; Sherman Walt, bassoon; and Burton Fine, viola. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Newport Jazz Festival—Thursday, July 1, at 8: "The Family of Jazz," with Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Pete

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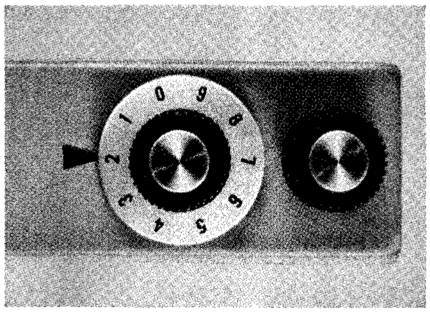
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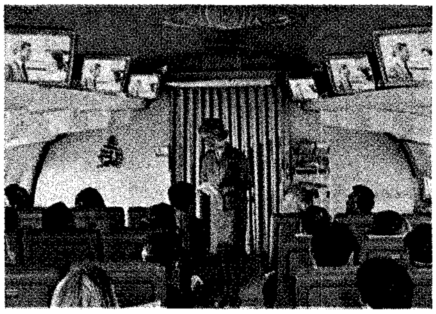
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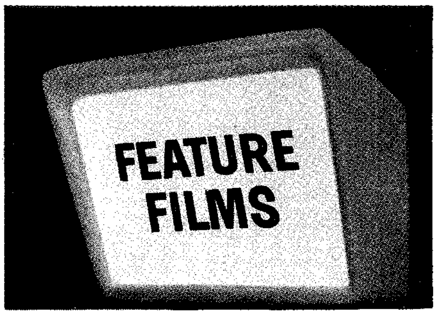

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Seeger, Joe Williams, the Muddy Waters blues band, Memphis Slim, Willie Dixon, Les McCann's trio, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 2: "The New Thing in Jazz," with Cecil Taylor, Paul Bley, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 8: Miles Davis's quintet, Thelonious Monk's quartet, John Coltrane's quartet, Art Blakey's quintet, Carmen McRae, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 2: "Drum Workshop," with Billy Taylor (narrator), Art Blakey, Roy Haynes, Jo Jones, Louis Bellson, Buddy Rich, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 8: Duke Ellington's Orchestra, Dave Brubeck's quartet, Sonny Stitt, Illinois Jacquet, Buddy Rich, Howard McGhee, Tony Scott, Billy Taylor, Herbie Mann's octet, Earl Hines, Mieko Hirota, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 2: "Jazz Showcase," with Lee Konitz, Stan Getz's quintet, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 8: Frank Sinatra, Count Basie's orchestra, Oscar Peterson's trio, and Quincy Jones. (Festival Field, Connell Highway. For tickets, call CO 5-1267.)

Note—Opening performances of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Thursday and Friday, June 24-25, at 8:40, and Saturday, June 26, at 3 and 8:40: Christa Mertins and Vincent Warren; Lucas Hoving, with Patricia Christopher and Chase Robinson; and José Barrera. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Thursday, June 29-July 1, at 8:40, and Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, at 3 and 8:40: The Ballet Arts Company, Lisa Czobel and Alexander von Swaine, and Nala Najan. (Lee, Mass.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Kansas City, Thursday, June 24, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Friday, June 25, at 8; Saturday, June 26, at 2; and Sunday, June 27, at 1. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Milwaukee, Monday, June 28, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader), and Tuesday, June 29, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday, June 30, at 8, and Thursday, July 1, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, at 8.

Golf—Women's Metropolitan Golf Association Championship. (Elmwood Country Club, White Plains. Through Friday, June 25.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Atlantic City Country Club, Atlantic City, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, July 1-4.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, June 30. The Vagrancy Handicap, Saturday, June 26, and the National Stallion (for colts and geldings), Monday, June 28. . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Thursday, July 1, through Saturday, July 31. The Saranac, Saturday, July 3. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 7. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.) . . . WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 26.

Soccer—International Soccer League: Varese vs. New Yorkers and West Ham United vs. Portuguesa. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Monday, June 28, at 7:30.)

Sports-Car Racing—At WATKINS GLEN: Saturday, June 26, at 10, and Sunday, June 27, at 2. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, July 3.

Tennis—Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Through Sunday, June 27.) . . . ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. Monday through Sunday, June 28-July 4.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 23.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 7:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd: Through June 26, showings at 3, and on Thursday evening at 8: "Orphans of the Storm" (1922), with Lillian and Dorothy Gish. . . . ¶ June 27, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Granton Trawler" (1934), "Night Mail" (1936), and two other British documentary films. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. The auditorium will be closed June 28-July 1.) . . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle: Through June 26: "Grizzly Golfer" (1952), "Bungled Bungalow" (1951), and five other U.P.A. cartoons. . . . ¶ Two programs in a series called "The March of Time Revisited"—June 29: Excerpts from "The March of Time: Volume One" (1935). June 30: Excerpts from "The March of Time: Volume Two" (1936). (Showings at 2, 3:45, and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day on the showing.)

THE WORLD'S FAIR

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits open between 9 and 10, although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. Now is probably a good time to go to the Fair, since it still isn't very crowded.

Admission—Adults $2.50, children (2-12) $1. Admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays in July and August.

The Belgian Village—Since 1930, a Belgian architect has been making molds of the façades of seventeenth-century Belgian buildings for reproduction at various World's Fairs. The current edition, covering four and a half acres, is the largest, and includes a church, a city hall, Belgian lace and crystal and Yugoslavian handbags and runless stockings for sale, a working antique carrousel, the world's largest opal, wooden-shoe dancing in the lumpy cobblestone streets, music everywhere, and more restaurants (many with outdoor tables) serving a wide variety of good food at better prices than in all the rest of the Fair. It is possible to go to the Rathskeller (open until 2 A.M.) without paying admission to the Village, which is $1 for adults and fifty cents for children.

Pavilions—The Mexican Pavilion is one of the most beautiful at the Fair, and the exhibit of archeology and art has been enlarged and almost completely changed since last year. The two Mexican restaurants are good, and only one of them is very expensive, and there is no more attractive or comfortable bar anywhere on the Fairgrounds. . . . ¶ Other good restaurants can be found in the African, Danish, Spanish, Swedish, Indian, and Festival of Gas pavilions. . . . ¶ The replica of the Santa María in the Amusement Area (now shrewdly called the Lake Area) shows, among other things, how much smaller people used to be. . . . ¶ The exhibit of paintings at the Spanish Pavilion is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar." . . . ¶ The New York State Pavilion, which is exciting to visit for any reason at all, contains an exhibit of paintings of New York City done between 1880 and 1958. 11 A.M. to 8 P.M.; free. . . . ¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand; free. . . . ¶ Between 10 P.M. and 2 A.M., the Underground Home becomes an underground discothèque.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

BANANA PEEL—A humorous French thriller, worth seeing because Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe evidently had such a good time making it. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 29.)

CAT BALLOU—This full-length lampoon of Western *movies is cheerful and frequently funny,* in a broad kind of way. Lee Marvin is especially funny, as a talkative old soak who was once a famous gunfighter. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

GOLDFINGER—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD—Hollywood persists in recounting the life of Christ and always fails. This failure is remarkable only for its length. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Starting Saturday, June 26, matinées daily at 2. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA—The adventures of seven children and the band of indulgent pirates that has the misfortune to kidnap them. Adapted from the novel by Richard Hughes. Anthony Quinn and Deborah Baxter are excellent. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through June 29.)

MARY POPPINS—A "My Fair Lady" for chil*dren, or maybe grandchildren. With Julie* Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

MASQUERADE—A rousing and purposely silly thriller, with Cliff Robertson and Jack Hawkins as a couple of incompetent conspirators. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through June 29.)

MIRAGE—An old-fashioned suspense film, which takes itself seriously, so we can, too. Starring Gregory Peck, ably assisted by Walter Matthau and Diane Baker. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 29.)

MY FAIR LADY—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE—A marvellous Canadian movie, written and directed by Don Owen, *about a charming boy determined to go bad.* (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through June 29.)

NOTHING BUT A MAN—A young Negro's struggle to find a place for himself in the American South, perhaps at the cost of his life. The picture stars Ivan Dixon. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through June 29.)

OPERATION CROSSBOW—Lots of attractive actors and actresses (George Peppard, Sophia Loren, Trevor Howard, Tom Courtenay, Lilli Palmer, and on and on) in a well-written melodrama about the Second World War. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

THE PAWNBROKER—An extraordinary performance by Rod Steiger makes this worth seeing. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

THE PUMPKIN EATER—A miserable wife and mother, brilliantly played by Anne Bancroft, is the central figure in this curious examination of the married state. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through June 29.)

SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON—*A stylish British* melodrama, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough acting their heads off in commendably scary fashion. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 29.)

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES—A collection of the world's funniest actors in a funny movie about the early days of aviation. Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Gert Frobe, and others. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records and shot with characteristic Bresson bleakness and conviction. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 29.)

THE TRAIN—Burt Lancaster, Paul Scofield, and a lot of expendable French rolling stock, in a thriller based on a true episode of the Second World War. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through June 27.)

WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?—The life and easy times of the international set in Paris, as they might have been portrayed by Mack Sennett or any of the other grand old masters of cinematic horseplay. The movie may seem at *times a bit too special and inbred for general* comfort, but it is also bright, original, and sharp as a tack. Woody Allen, who wrote the script, also appears in it, as do Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers, and Romy Schneider. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

ZORBA THE GREEK—A bold burst of a picture, notable for Anthony Quinn's embodiment of the passionate hero, for Michael Cacoyannis's direction, and for Walter Lassally's photography. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1938)—Eisenstein's view of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 24.)

AMERICA AMERICA (1963)—An account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 25.)

THE BIG SLEEP (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 25-26.)

CASABLANCA (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 25-26.)

CHILDREN OF PARADISE (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 24.)

A DAY AT THE RACES (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 27-28, last showing on June 28 at 3:20.)

DR. NO (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 30.)

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 30.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 26.)

KNIFE IN THE WATER (1963)—A director named Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 25-28.)

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA (1962)—Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn in an account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; through June 28.)

LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN (1964)—A multiple-episode Italian comedy, with Vittorio Gassman. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 30.)

THE MIRACLE WORKER (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 25.)

THE NAKED NIGHT (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 29.)

NIGHT AFFAIR (1961)—Murder in Paris. Jean Gabin is the detective and two of his suspects *are Nadja Tiller and Danielle Darrieux.* (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 28.)

THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY (1962)—A comedy of murder in an English setting, with Fred Astaire and Jack Lemmon as a couple of diplomats at our London Embassy. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 29.)

ON THE WATERFRONT (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting June 30.)

A PLACE IN THE SUN (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; June 26-28.)

POTEMKIN (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical sound track. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 24.)

ROOM AT THE TOP (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream. An English film, with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 28.)

THE SOFT SKIN (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through June 29.)

SOME LIKE IT HOT (1959)—Slapstick in the Mack Sennett manner, with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Marilyn Monroe. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 29.)

THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS (1963)—An Italian comedy about a young man getting a job and hoping to get a girl. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 29.)

SUSPICION (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 29-30.)

TOM JONES (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting June 30.)

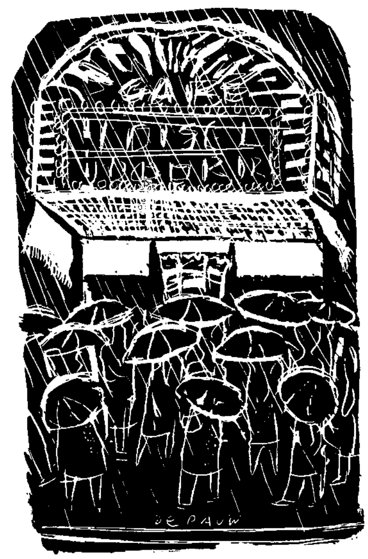
VIRIDIANA (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 26.)

ZAZIE (1961)—A wild romp through Paris, as seen through the eyes of an eleven-year-old child. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 27-28, last showing on June 28 at 1:50.)

ZULU (1964)—The combatants are the English and the Zulus, the place is Natal, and the time 1879. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through June 25.)

FILM LIBRARIES—See listing under "Other Events," page 13.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through June 28: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**, revival.
June 29: Theatre closed.
From June 30, at 8:30: "The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
OPERATION CROSSBOW.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through June 27: "The Truth About Spring," Hayley Mills, John Mills; and "The Naked Brigade," Shirley Eaton.
From June 28: "Bambole!" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through June 29: "Tickle Me," Elvis Presley; and "Gunman of the Rio Grande," Guy Madison.
From June 30: "Dingaka," Stanley Baker, Juliet Prowse; and "The Bounty Killer," Dan Duryea.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Starting Saturday, June 26, matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
CAT BALLOU.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
GOLDFINGER; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 29: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival.
From June 30: **DR. NO**, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through June 29: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**; and **THE PUMPKIN EATER.**
From June 30 (tentative): "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," Kim Novak, Richard Johnson; and "Dear Heart," Glenn Ford, Geraldine Page.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
OPERATION CROSSBOW.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through June 29: **BANANA PEEL** (in French); and **MASQUERADE.**
From June 30: **DR. NO**, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
CAT BALLOU.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 29: "Tickle Me," Elvis Presley; and "Gunman of the Rio Grande," Guy Madison.
From June 30: "Dingaka," Stanley Baker, Juliet Prowse; and "The Bounty Killer," Dan Duryea.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Image of Love," a documentary film.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through June 27: **THE TRAIN.**
June 28: Theatre closed.
From June 29: "The Knack . . . And How to Get It," Rita Tushingham.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through June 27: "In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.
From June 28: "Bambole!" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Murder Most Foul," Margaret Rutherford.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Eye of the Needle" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through June 25: **ZULU**, revival; and "Lonely Are the Brave," revival, Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands.
June 26-28: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival.
June 29: "The Brides of Dracula," revival, Peter Cushing; and "The Pit and the Pendulum," revival, Vincent Price, John Kerr.
From June 30: **ON THE WATERFRONT**, revival; and "Great Expectations," revival, Valerie Hobson, John Mills.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE PAWNBROKER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 29: **BANANA PEEL** (in French).
From June 30: **DR. NO**, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 29: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.
From June 30 (tentative): "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," Kim Novak, Richard Johnson; and "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE TRAIN.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 29: "Tickle Me," Elvis Presley; and "Gunman of the Rio Grande," Guy Madison.
From June 30: "Dingaka," Stanley Baker, Juliet Prowse; and "The Bounty Killer," Dan Duryea.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Genghis Khan," Omar Sharif, Stephen Boyd.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
June 24: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).
June 25-28: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival; and "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton.
From June 29: **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (in French); **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; and **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS** (in Italian), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 29: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**; and "A Boy Ten Feet Tall," Edward G. Robinson, Fergus McClelland.
From June 30: **LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 29: **MIRAGE**; and "Charade," revival, Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.
From June 30: **DR. NO**, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 29: **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.**
From June 30: "The Winner," a French film.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 29: **A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA**; and "Earth Dies Screaming," Willard Parker.
From June 30: **TOM JONES**, revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 29: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival.
From June 30: "Love the Italian Way," Elke Sommer; and "Lorna," Lorna Maitland.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Enchanting Shadow" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Eva," Jeanne Moreau, Stanley Baker.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"China!," a documentary film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Fascist" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

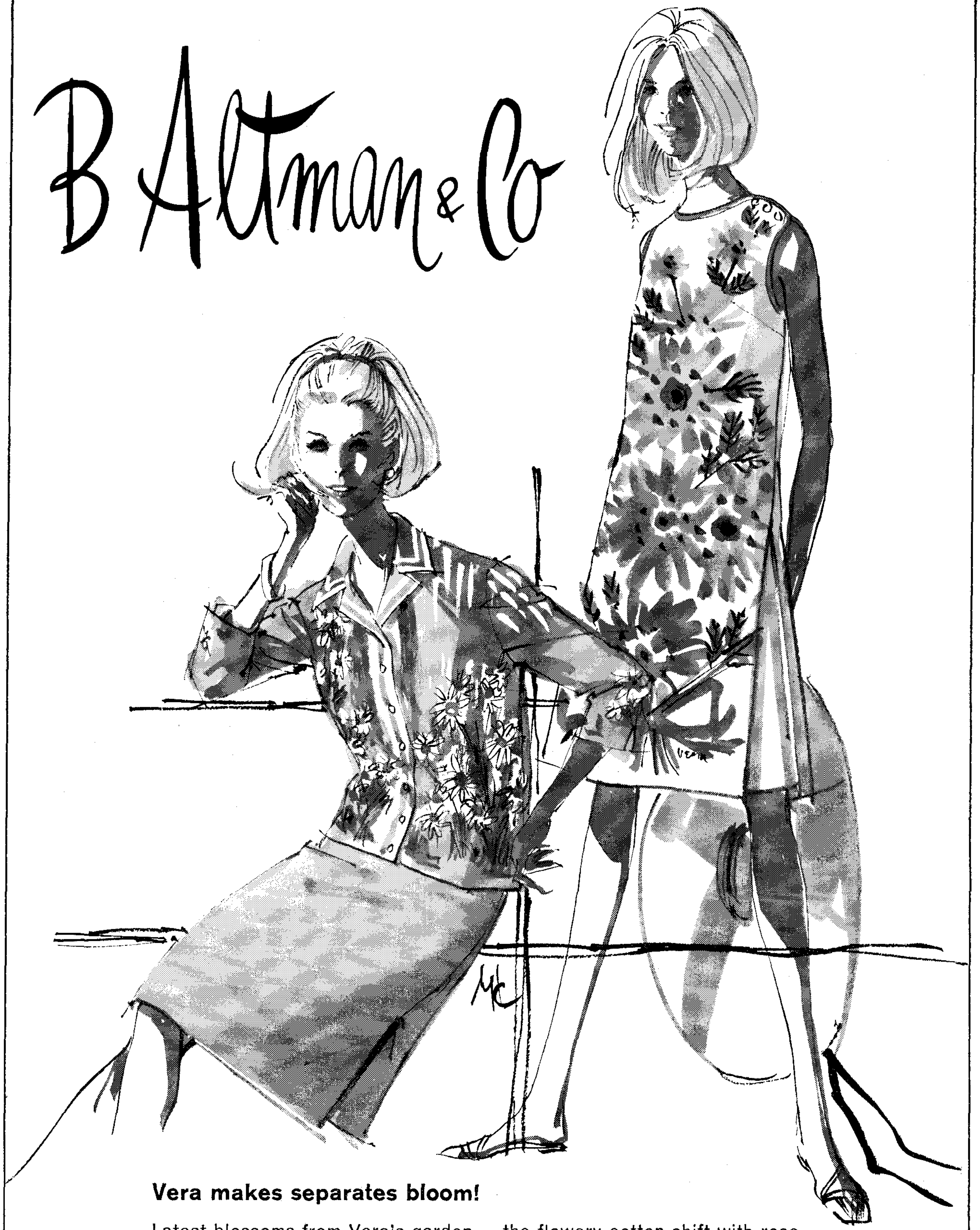
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 24: "Irene," revival, Anna Neagle, Ray Milland; and "Three on a Match," revival, Joan Blondell, Bette Davis.
June 25-26: **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival; and **CASABLANCA**, revival.
June 27-28 (last showing on June 28 at 1:50): **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival; and **ZAZIE** (in French), revival.
June 28, at 6, 8, and 10: A program of Laurel and Hardy silent two-reelers.
June 29-30: **SUSPICION**, revival; and "The Woman on the Beach," revival, Joan Bennett, Charles Bickford.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 29: **BANANA PEEL** (in French); and **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY**, revival.
From June 30: **DR. NO**, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 24: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).
June 25: **AMERICA AMERICA**, revival.
June 26: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival.
June 27: "The Beggar's Opera," revival, Laurence Olivier; and "Boris Godunov" (in Russian), revival.
June 28: **ROOM AT THE TOP**, revival; and **NIGHT AFFAIR** (in French), revival.
June 29: **SOME LIKE IT HOT**, revival; and "La Bonne Soupe" (in French), revival, Annie Girardot, Marie Bell.
June 30: **THE MIRACLE WORKER**, revival; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 29: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival.
From June 30: "Love the Italian Way," Elke Sommer; and "Lorna," Lorna Maitland.

B Altman & Co



Vera makes separates bloom!

Latest blossoms from Vera's garden ... the flowery cotton shift with rose motif; the cotton batiste blouse with daffodils. Altman separates, third floor, Fifth Avenue and at White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. Shift, pink or yellow on white, 8-16, 15.00. Blouse and coordinating slim rayon skirt, aqua, 10-18, the blouse 14.00, the skirt 12.00

THE NEW YORKER

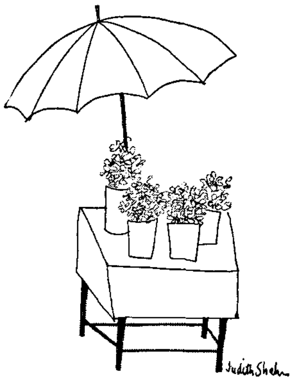
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OF all the recent attempts, public and private, to justify the American intervention in the Dominican Republic, none sounded more ingenious to us than a contribution by Eric Sevareid that was reprinted as a public-service advertisement in the *Times* by A. N. Spanel, founder and chairman of the International Latex Corporation. With admirable candor, Mr. Sevareid wrote, "I fail to understand the editorialist who points out with disdain that after all, there were only a few handfuls of communists present [in Santo Domingo]," and, under the provocative subheading "Their Lethal Numbers," went on to argue, "In a very real sense their lack of numbers is their strength. It was because they were few that President Bosch had not bothered to deal severely with them. It was because they were few that they could do much of their work undetected. It was because they were few that they could act with rapidity when the explosion came." He then outlined the danger that such minuscule groups of Communists as the fifty-four Dominican conspirators identified by our government represent to other Latin-American nations. But it would seem that Mr. Sevareid is unaware of the far-ranging implications of his argument. It is not merely that we have unwittingly strengthened the hand of the Dominican Reds by helping to reduce their lethal numbers to smaller, and therefore still more lethal, numbers. There is also an increasing danger from the enemy within our own borders. If memory serves us, J. Edgar Hoover issued a report not long ago in which he stated that while the membership of the Communist Party in the United States had fallen off drastically since the Second World War, the Party's potential for mischief was greater than ever, because the remaining members were obviously the most dedicated and fanatical. Taking this Hoover-Sevareid-Spanel argument one more step, we may conclude that the ultimate danger is a Communist Party with no members at all—a peril that the United States, fortunately, has not yet had to face.

Zoo Party

WE got off to a good start at, or just before, the Bronx Zoo's annual Members' Day garden party by lunching with a group of animal lovers in the Administration Building office of Dr. Fairfield Osborn, an astonishingly youthful-looking man of seventy-eight, who has been a New York Zoological Society trustee for forty-two years and its president since 1940. The day was warm, and our host, whose room was cooled only by an old-fashioned electric fan perched on the top of his desk, was in his shirtsleeves chatting with three or four guests when we came in, but presently, as three or four others joined the party, he donned a well-cut old-fashioned double-breasted jacket (which matched his trousers), and poured sherry for one and all.



"The only places in the Zoo that are air-conditioned are the Penguin House, the hummingbird exhibit in the Bird House, the takin's cage in the Antelope House, the cash room, and the comptroller's office," said Mr. William G. Conway, the establishment's director and its curator of birds. "No! I forgot two exhibition areas in the Reptile House—the one for frogs and salamanders, and one for snakes, including the bushmaster. Bushmasters like to keep cool."

We asked what a takin was.

"A large, heavily built ruminant from Tibet," Mr. Conway said. "*Budorcas taxicolor*. Allied to the goats and the antelope."

Over lamb chops, beans and mushrooms, new potatoes, salad, and beer, we turned to the lady at our left, who said that she was fond of animals and that she suspected that the Society had invited her to lunch in the hope she would give it some money. "I guess I will, though I'm not sure that animals ought to *be* in zoos," she said. "My father used to *shoot* birds when I was a child, and bring them home, and I've been devoted to them, *alive*, ever since. The Freudian thing, I suppose. Father also used to shoot cats, because they ate birds. People who shoot animals often say they love them. I've never been able to figure that out."

"We've already bred four species of birds in our new Aquatic Birds Building that have never bred in captivity before," said Mr. Conway, at our right. "The African spur-winged plover, Kittlitz's sand plover, and the Oriental pratincole. They hatched their eggs and fed their young right before the public's eyes. We got eleven chicks from a single African-plover hen. Right now, three other species are sitting on their eggs—the black-necked stilt, the South American sun bittern, and the Javan white-collared kingfisher. The Aquatic birdhouse has been a real success. Its plantings have held up, and its mortality has been negligible. Its Jungle Stream area has a colony of gnats that has maintained itself since January. We're terribly pleased with them. The Swamp exhibit had a problem—mosquitoes—but they disappeared. We put some big catfish in there and in the Marsh exhibition area, to act as scavengers, and we haven't had to change the water since October. Water Commissioner D'Angelo ought to be pleased."

"Did I ever tell you about Andy and Sandy, two small orangutans we acquired in 1947 and 1948?" President Osborn said to the table in general. "Andy got terribly obese, and Sandy—her real name was Sandra—tried to keep up with him. A normal male orangutan weighs two hundred pounds, but Andy got up to four hundred and fifty. We cut his rations down, and gave him Metrecal, but nothing helped. Apparently a glandular condition. Well, the one thing you demand from orangutans in a zoo is a baby orangutan, and Andy was not a good breeder."

"Not a breeder at all," said Mr. Conway.

"So this year we decided to get rid of them," Dr. Osborn went on. "We arranged for the Hanover Zoo to take them, and it sent a keeper over for them. In size, the keeper was on the order of Andy himself. I thought he might be discouraged about Andy, but he simply said, 'I think Andy is the most *important*-looking orangutan I have ever seen.' "

Following sherbet and coffee, we thanked Dr. Osborn, left him outside the Administration Building, where, on a lawn, pretty, Zoo-recruited girls were parading up and down with giant anteaters on leashes and snakes around their necks (*different* girls, that is), and, after waving to Mr. William Bridges, the Zoo's curator of publications, who was parading up and down on a camel, strolled over to the Aquatic Birds Building. There we found a sun bittern standing on its nest with an egg at its feet. We later caught up with Mr. Conway outside the Great Apes House and asked him whether the bittern shouldn't have been *sitting* on the egg. "Oh, they get up from time to time," he said. "It's nothing to worry about. Let's go over to the Reptile House. We have piped-in music there. It was installed by Jim Oliver, now director of the Museum of Natural History, when he was curator of reptiles here. Some people are afraid to go into a reptile house; we think music makes it more attractive. I'm tempted to use music in the birdhouses, but I'm afraid it might compete with the birds' songs."

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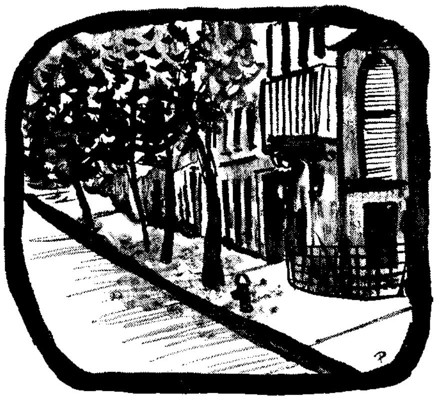
SIGN in the window of a Fifty-seventh Street art gallery:

Many of These Paintings
By Fine Artists

The Sound of News

WE paid a call the other day on WINS, the all-new, all-news radio station at 1010 on your dial. This is not to be confused with the all-old WINS, which was for the most part just another dispenser of rock 'n' roll. A couple of months ago, the station, whose studios and offices are in the familiar old triangular two-story building on Columbus Circle, across from the Coliseum, heroically unseated its disc jockeys and became the first broadcaster in the area, and the second in the nation, to hazard a twenty-four-a-day schedule of nothing but news, news, news—with, of course, a few interruptions for commercials. "Response has been terrific so far," said Joel Chaseman, the station's trim, towering, thirty-nine-year-old general manager, whom we met outside the WINS newsroom between bulletins. "We've already added twenty-five new advertisers. And—would you believe it?—we've had fifteen hundred applications for new jobs. We've now got our local staff up to forty, and that includes twenty-four news directors from other top stations around the country. I've been a news director myself in different cities over the past twenty years, and I was also executive producer of Steve Allen's late-night Westinghouse Broadcasting Company show from California. WINS is one of the Westinghouse Group W stations, so that gives us a five-man news bureau in Washington and reporters in Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and four other American cities, besides staff correspondents in Paris, Bonn, Saigon, Hong Kong, and London. *Two* men in London, and a practically full-time correspondent in Rome. Plus full wire-service coverage, of course. But we don't simply ride the wires. With us, you hear *sounds*. Overseas sounds, Washington sounds, actuality sounds. They say we've become the third force in news."

Chaseman pushed open the door to the newsroom, an act akin to lifting the lid off a pressure cooker. A blast of urgent sounds—the clacking of teletypes, the bleeping and blooping of electronic devices, the pounding of typewriters, and the amplified voice of President Johnson in mid-speech—escaped the room, which looked surprisingly small and was jam-packed with men and machines. Chaseman beckoned two of the men to join us in a quieter office nearby. They proved to be Stan Brooks, the WINS news manager, and Ken Reed, the station's program director, both of whom were also in their late thirties and admirably unruffled. Brooks, short and dapper in a brass-buttoned blue blazer, said he was a former news editor for *Newsday*, and Reed, tall and shirtsleeved, said he had signed on from a radio station in Los Angeles. All three executives agreed, in well-modulated tones, that the opportunity of delivering something like a hundred and fifty thousand words of hot copy a day was a newsman's dream, though one that occasionally bordered on nightmare.



"So that everybody will stay reasonably sane, we work with what we call the basic half hour," said Chaseman, who was wearing a regulation communicator's uniform of gray suit, sincere tie, and matching horn-rimmed glasses. "A continuing thirty-minute flow of updated news. While one man is on the air, three others are preparing newscasts for the next half hour."

We essayed the guess that their biggest problem must stem from the fact that the world could not be depended upon to generate a full ration of news every twenty-four hours, but Brooks disabused us of the notion.

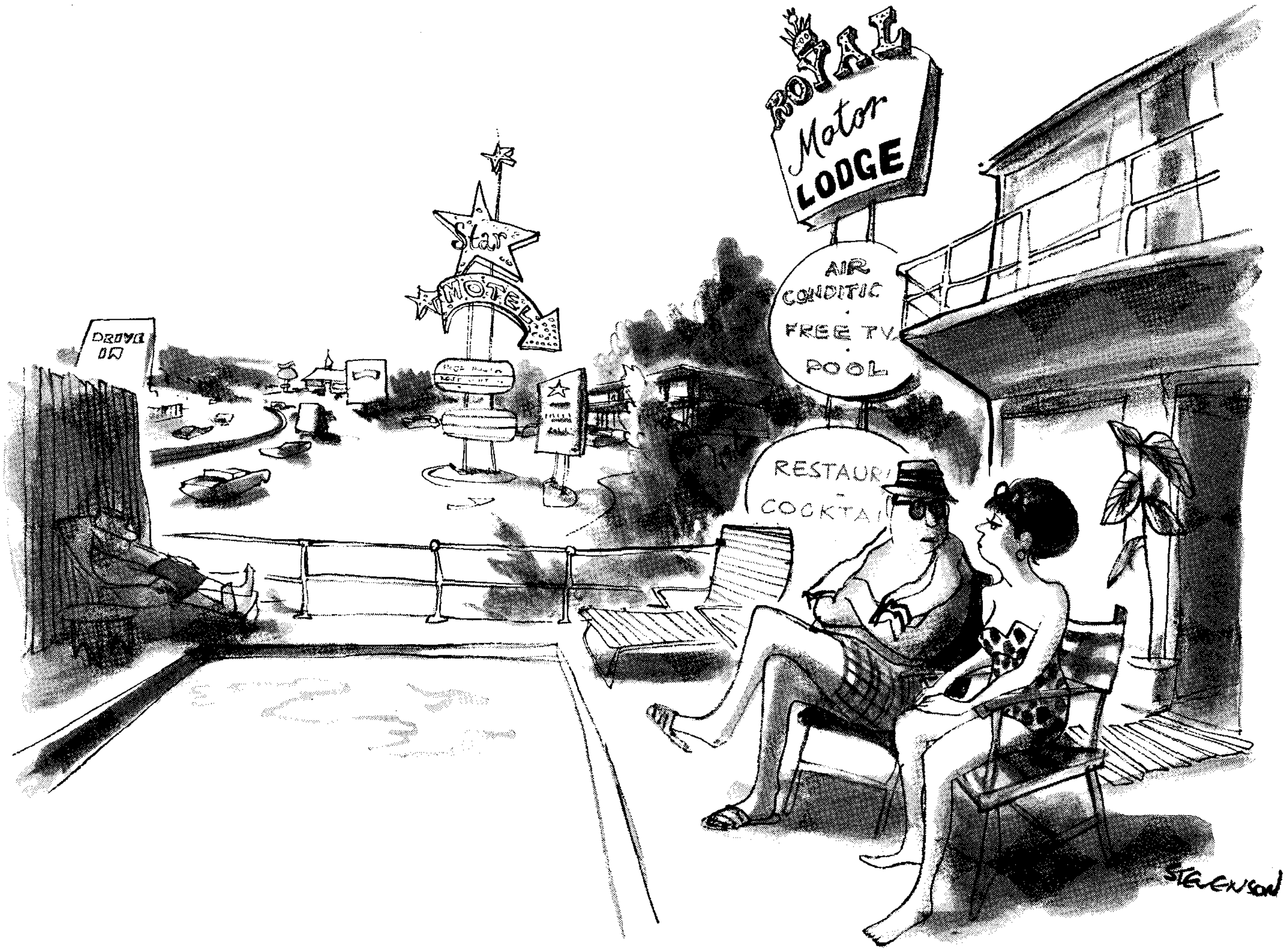
"There's *never* a shortage of news," he said firmly. "Our biggest trouble is with coördination of all the news we get. We have to make sure that if we give a sixth-inning baseball score in one half hour we don't follow up with the fourth-inning score in the next. It's a rough pace, compared to putting out a few editions of a newspaper each day."

"But what an exciting concept!" said Reed. "*All* news, and all that time! It lets us do much more with a story than other broadcasters. For instance, when the legislature voted against the death penalty, we were able to run a montage of man-in-the-street comments along with the news."

"At the circus-clown killing, we had tapes of the detectives and the hotel people right at the scene, and the first interviews with the victim's fellow-clowns at the Garden," Brooks said.

Another basic half hour was coming up, so Brooks and Reed returned to the pressure cooker, and Chaseman took us in to have a look at it.

"It's O.K. for a music-and-news operation but not nearly an adequate newsroom for us," he said apologeti-



"Aren't you a little proud that we're not contributing to the gold outflow?"

• •

cally. "We're moving to new quarters on Park Avenue in a few weeks. More breathing space, new equipment. All solid-state stuff. No more vacuum tubes."

Chaseman escorted us to a control room adjoining a glass-walled sound booth in which sat a WINS newscaster belting out bulletins in well-modulated tones. Chaseman indicated two turntables in the control room, both under dust covers. "Relics of the old order," he explained. "We decided to give up records when we realized that all forty radio signals received in New York were carrying the same thing—music and news. Your only hope of standing out was to keep coming up with different shadings of the formula. The prospect was enervating. Or I should say energizing, because it made us do some hard thinking about how we could be unique and at the same time perform a legitimate service. What we've done is to create a new station—the only really new one since the twenties. Our first audience sampling indicates that our listeners are now largely over twenty, with a high in their thirties. We're becoming a reference point on the dial—the one clearly definable news source in New York. And we're the only station that is uniquely second person singular. We're always talking to *you*, directly."

We thanked *him*, directly, and hurried home to fix our dial at 1010, lest we miss out on the latest developments.

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THE Sombrero, a night club in Little Neck, specializes in Chinese-American food.

Light

THE Fifth National Lighting Exposition and World Lighting Forum was held on the fourth floor of the Coliseum a week or so ago, and we were on hand for the festivities. It took us a while to get acclimated to the vernacular of the illumination industry (even modest inquiries about light bulbs were answered with elusive terms like "lumens" and "foot-candles"), but after being exposed to various polyhedron shades, fresnels, scoops, pigtail outlets, and thyratron tubes, we got the hang of it, and by the time we came upon a large luminous fountain—the offering of an outfit in Ferrara, Italy—we were able to fall easily into conversation with an Italian light analyst attached to the show. He said that the luminous fountain was all very well, but that actually the big fluorescent trend of the future was toward a closer simulation of natural daylight—a trend, he added, in which Italy was considerably ahead of the United States.

We moved on, and at the exhibit of the Polrized Panel Corporation we were reassured to learn that the whole distinction between daylight and fluorescent light will eventually become academic in America, owing to the use of polarized translucent panels, which eliminate intrusive light-wave lengths, and of phosphorescent coatings, which protect people from neon pallor. Furthermore, at the stall of the Duro-Test Corporation an intense, scholarly fellow explained that a newly perfected fluorescent tube emitted such a comprehensive spectrum of color that it could actually make red lipstick look red. (The traditional blue night-club fluorescent tube, while it provides a cozy atmosphere, unfortunately turns red lipstick purple, whereas a pink tube, more flattering to a woman's face, alters the colors of her clothes.)

Pressing on, we examined a seventeen-hundred-and-fifty-lumen bulb the size of a grape (seventeen hundred and fifty lumens is roughly the light emitted by a hundred-watt bulb) and a black-light insect trap (black light is in the ultraviolet spectrum, and is particularly seductive to insects), and eventually arrived at the Sterner Lighting exhibit, where a fellow was bouncing a white plastic globe the size of a basketball on the floor. The globe, he explained, was designed for street lights, and was so tough and resilient that a load of buckshot fired at point-blank range would ricochet off it like a handful of gravel. The Sterner people proved to have an even more revolutionary item up their sleeve—something called a Hinge-O-Matic aluminum light pole, which can simply be folded down, flush with the street, when servicing is required, thus eliminating the need for hydraulic lifts.

We left the folding poles and visited the ABCO Quality Products Company display, where an operative informed us that although the shape of light bulbs had changed for the better in recent years (the square light bulb, for example), the shape of the wire filament *inside* the bulbs had not. To remedy this situation, the ABCO people had produced a filament in the form of a bent, elongated violin. We studied the ABCO filament for a while, and then joined a cluster of light engineers who were discussing the inconvenience of night. They were agreed that in the next decade night could pretty well be abolished.

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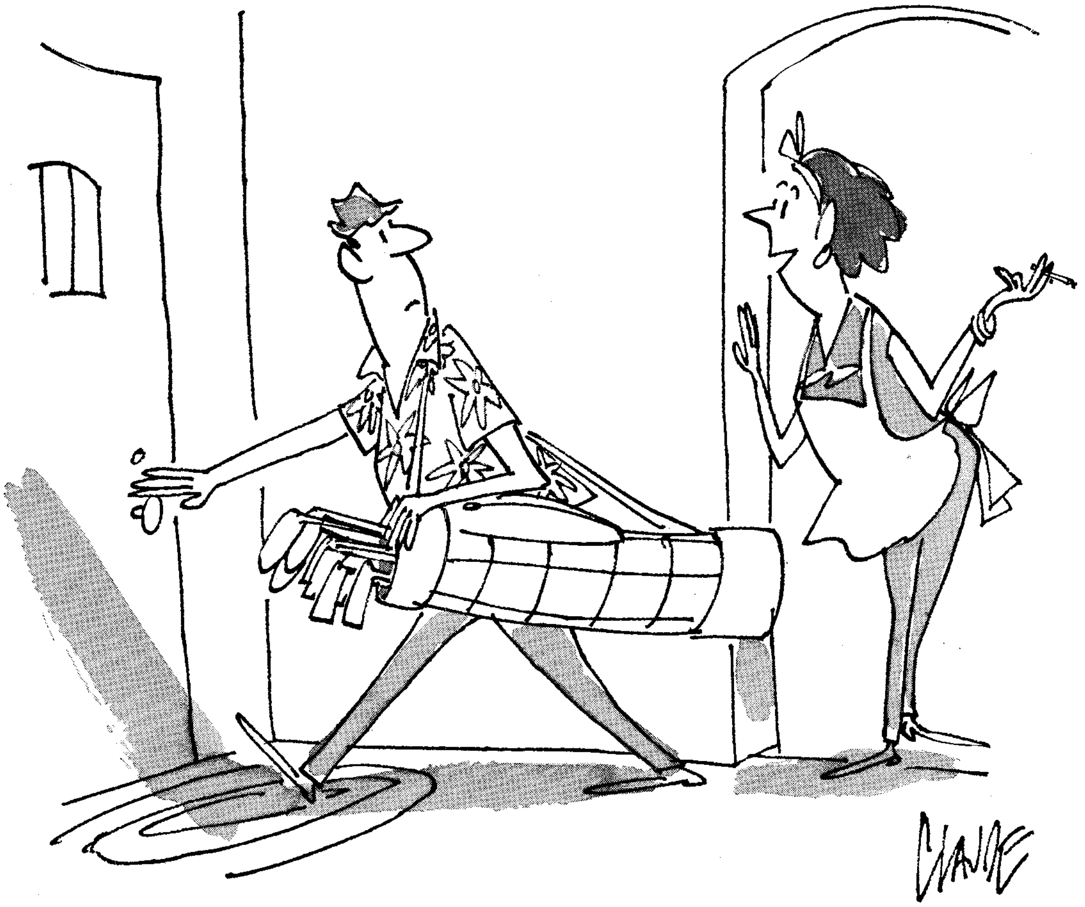
YOU can buy an American flag from a vender in Central Park for thirty-seven cents. A pirate flag will set you back fifty-two cents.

The Golden One

OUR man Stanley swept into the office sporting a turban, bowed, and said cryptically, "New York is a typical Indian village. Am off to a nautch. Bullock cart parked on Fifth Avenue. Salaam." He tossed a batch of notes on our desk, and they follow:

"Have been to first government-of-India-sponsored handicraft shop outside India. Christened Sona, the Golden One, and just unveiled in Corning Glass Building, opposite St. Regis. At door, was collared by suited and booted Hindu. Took in that he was ad sahib in employ of government of India, no less. Wouldn't let me go in without lecture, press kit. Managed to dash past, nose buried in sheaves of publicity releases: 'Here for the first time, assembled under one roof, are Indian articles of legendary beauty, each handmade in the traditional manner of antiquities wrought 5,000 years ago. . . . The main purpose of the Center was to make available to the American consumer the best quality and most representative collection of Indian handicrafts and to find a new export market to help the weaver and the artisan in Indian villages.' Inside, was almost driven out again by buzz and roar of carpenters' saws and drills and banging of hammers swung by ladies in saris, but was collared by one of the exotica—vague lady with graying black hair, wearing blue silk sari, blue sandals, who introduced herself as Mrs. Pupul Jayakar, honorary executive director of Handicrafts & Handlooms Export Corporation of India, and said she had been flown here for the opening. Was propelled through two-floor retail-wholesale premises by Mrs. Jayakar. Mrs. Jayakar excellent guide. Pointed out every detail with many sweeps of arm and much tugging of sari. White walls, cube-shaped black cabinets for displays—all ideas of Elaine Cohen and Richard Meier, designer and architect, respectively. Architect, designer very good; did everything on time. Passed, helter-skelter, brass railings holding up lengths of silks and handloomed cottons; shelves of saris; shelves of rough, primitive-looking brass animals, including elephant with howdah and rider; shelves of toys, dolls, paintings, boxes, trays, bowls, masks, jewelry, sandals, doorknobs. Patted a couple of drums lying under marriage umbrella. Strummed musical instrument called a vina. Paused under puppet hanging from the ceiling and beside Hindu god in stone, tenth-century, with price tag of $6,010.

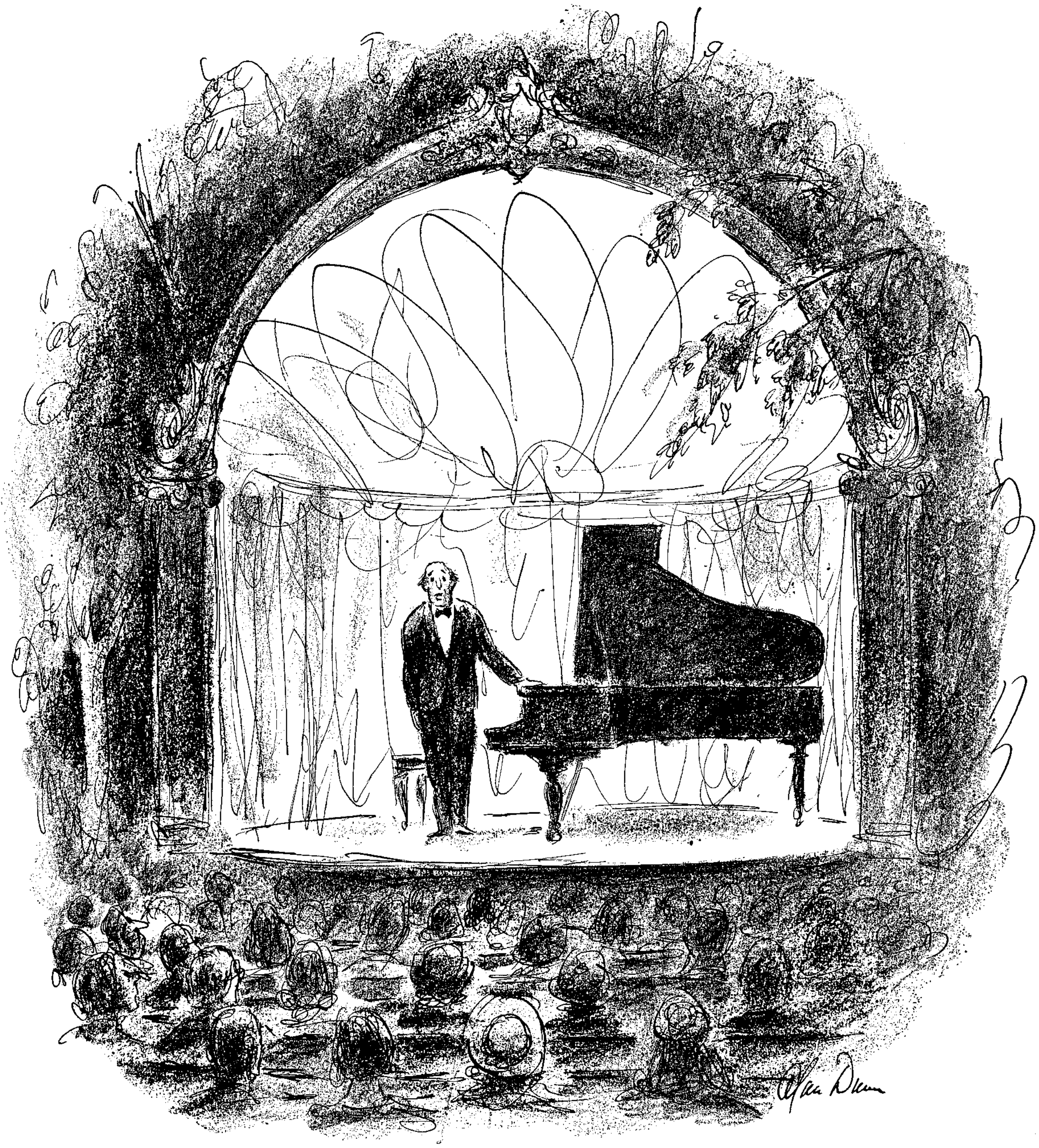
"Asked how all this helped weaver and artisan in villages. Mrs. Jayakar said, 'You mean the poor fellow, the Indian artisan. He has only the handicrafts to express himself. It's his art form, and we think his work should be given an opportunity to be seen. Export has improved his life quite a lot. Before, he used to get twelve annas a day—fifteen cents. Now he gets four rupees,



"Have a good day, now, and break whatever it is you're supposed to break."

or five times that sum. This has also improved the quality of his things. Within the last six years, the export of Indian cloth has grown from half a million dollars to sixteen million dollars. It all began when some bright fellow went over to India and saw the possibilities of marketing bleeding madras in America. It started being called "bleeding madras" because when it was first marketed in this country, a lot of housewives complained that the cloth ran—not in patches, you understand, but all over, spoiling everything else in the washing machine. Then this fellow had this brilliant idea of calling it "bleeding madras." It's very difficult to find out who this fellow was, because now everyone claims the credit. Bleeding makes the cloth mellow and mature. It's not that we use bad dyes but that the Indian artisan puts things like castor oil on the warp, so that the cloth will run and become mature. In Madras, if you ask the artisans what they are making when they are making bleeding madras, they say, "Amreecan cloth." '

"Asked how come boutique named Sona, the Golden One. ' "Sona" means "gold" in Hindi,' Mrs. Jayakar replied, 'but "Sona, Gold" was too short a name, so we made it "The Golden One." B. K. Nehru, our Ambassador to this country, and his wife, and Indira Gandhi and her sons and I were sitting having dinner in the restaurant Moti Mahal, in Old Delhi. We were all trying to think up a romantic name for the Center. We wanted the name to reflect the general spirit of crafts in India—not just an industry but an industry with integrity of vision, oneness of outlook. We had all kinds of proposals, but none seemed glamorous and rich, and then someone suggested, "Why not call the different shops"—we would like to have centers in Chicago, Paris—"after different precious stones and metals? Why not call the Center Sona?" But Sona seemed too short, awkward, without much meaning in it, so we chose Sona, the Golden One. We have thousands of things in this Center, but—I am making a philosophical point—you have to see the oneness of all these things. So Sona, the Golden One was a perfect title. And, you know, Sona is not only rich but very auspicious.' Felt this was an auspicious time to shuttle off. Shuttled."



"Before I begin, I'd like to make a brief statement on American foreign policy."

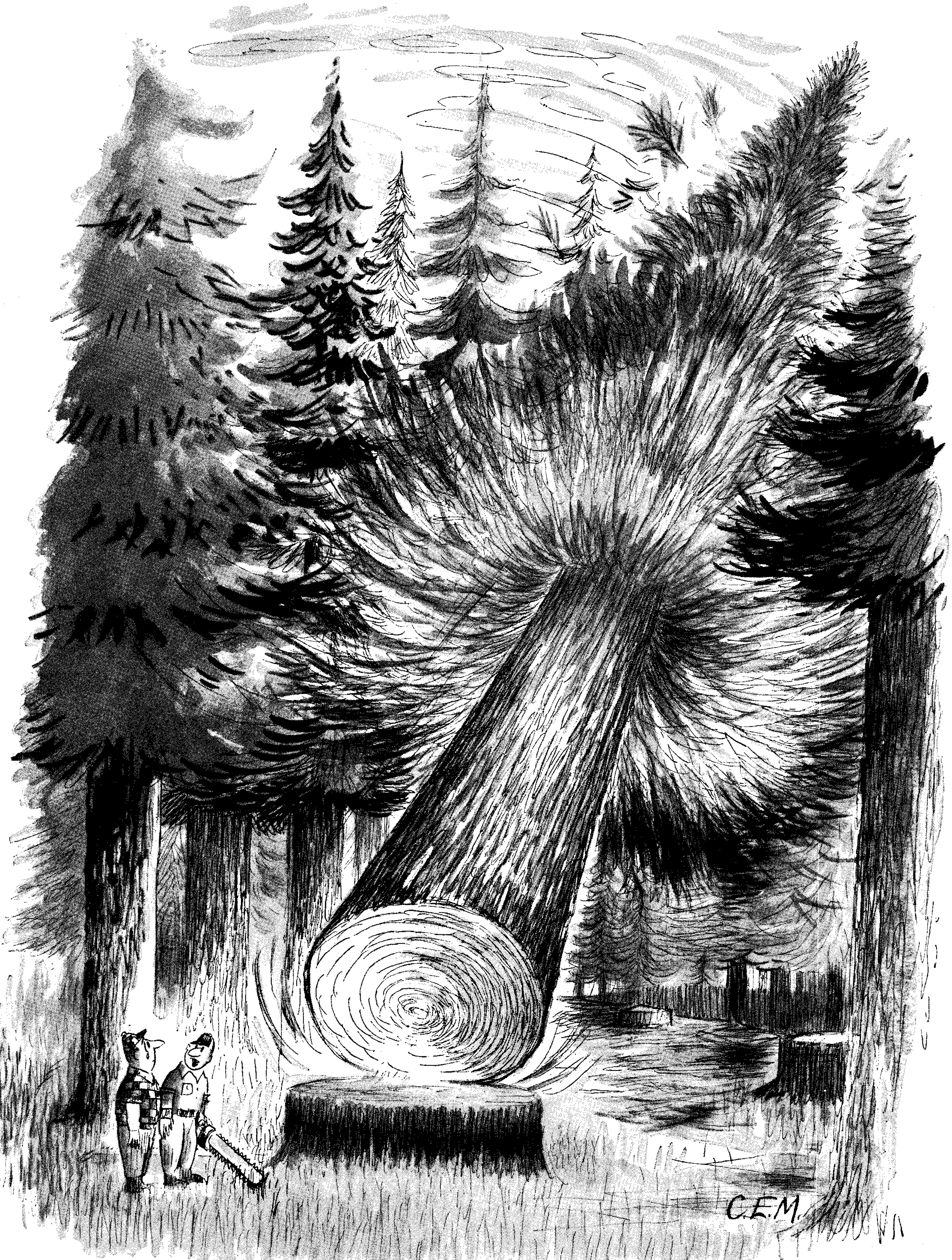
• •

Coeval

A MANHATTAN friend of ours, a woman in her mid-thirties, recently defied logic and went home again to visit the scenes of her childhood in a pleasant Boston suburb. While wandering about the still familiar streets, she noticed a sidewalk hopscotch game in progress. Her mind brimming with heady memories of the same sport in the same place, she threw sobriety to the winds and asked the participating girls if she might join in for a bit. They kindly agreed, and even gave her their favorite flat stone to use as her marker. The time sped by, and after about forty-five minutes of strenuous competition, one of the little girls turned to our friend and inquired, "Are you new around here?"

"Sort of," the woman answered, smiling.

"Oh," the girl said. "Well, what grade are you in?"



"Why, Archie, you're crying!"

ANSWERS TO POETS' QUESTIONS

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?

Dear Mr. Wither:

Your problem's the other way. The great body of modern experience shows that people like you—people suffering from emotional deprivation, and in particular those who are frustrated in a significant interpersonal relationship—tend to compensate by systematic overeating. My suggestion would be that you go on a diet.

•

I'm nobody! Who are you?
Are you nobody, too?

Dear Miss Dickinson:

No. Nobody is nobody these days. Take you, for example. As a member of an upper-income, upper-education family, for example, you would be on somewhere between a dozen and three hundred mailing lists, getting chances almost daily to subscribe to *Time,* to buy health insurance, to join the Diners' Club. And don't forget that you were class of '48 at Mount Holyoke; you'd be getting your annual fund appeals, your alumnae bulletin, your writeup in the class's twenty-five-year book. Furthermore, both as treasurer of Amherst College and as a member of Congress, your father would naturally be listed in *Who's Who,* and you would naturally get a line in his entry. That's not being nobody. Try to cultivate a less negative attitude.

•

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Dear Mr. Lowell:

A day in September, April, or November. Days in February are rarer.

•

How to kéep—is there ány any, is there
none such, nowhere known some, bow
or brooch or braid or brace, láce, latch
or catch or key to keep
Back beauty, keep it, beauty, beauty,
beauty, . . . from vanishing away?
O is there no frowning of these wrinkles,
rankèd wrinkles deep,
Dówn? no waving off of these most
mournful messengers, still messengers,
sad and stealing messengers of grey?

Dear Father Hopkins:

These are smaller problems than you seem to think. To begin with, no woman needs to have grey hair now, any more than she needs to have dry skin or less than perfectly white teeth. It is true that no bow or brooch or braid has yet been discovered that will keep back beauty—though braces can be helpful. But, what with anti-wrinkle cream and plastic surgery, there is simply no such crisis as you imagine. You should try to relax, Father. Perhaps you need more recreation.

•

Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?

Dear Mr. Housman:

No, it's not. Shropshire farmers are pretty well mechanized these days. There's hardly a pair of plough horses between Wenlock and Shrewsbury. Even if your team *were* still ploughing, you couldn't hear the harness jingle, because a London antique dealer came through just after the war and bought up all the horse brasses. (He also got a lot of the pewter mugs you lads used to drink from at Ludlow Fair.) Most of the brasses worn by your team are now in a collection in Fort Worth, Texas.

•

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?

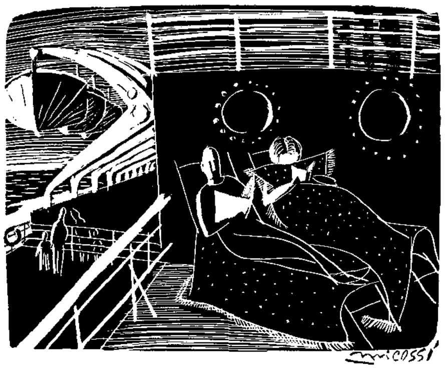
Dear Mr. Tennyson:

Lady Clara has issued the following statement through her grandson, the present Earl de Vere:

1. There hasn't been a beggar at the gates since 1926. It should be clearly understood that the crowds which gather every morning and on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons are tourists.

2. Most of the land was sold in 1953, to meet death duties. While it is true that the family retains ownership of the housing estate called de Vere Gardens, this does not involve the presence of the poor. Houses in the development are in the six-to-eight-thousand-pound category.

3. As for time hanging heavy on Lady Clara's hands, she finds herself busier in her later years than at any previous period of her life. She personally conducts all afternoon tours of the castle, and the special Saturday tours in July and August. For the last seven years, she has tended the rose garden by the West Terrace with her own hands. Her principal problem is chronic exhaustion.



•

O Time, whence comes the Mother's
moody look amid her labours,
As of one who all unwittingly has
wounded where she loves?

Dear Mr. Hardy:

The trouble is that the Mother is not fulfilling herself as a person, and over the years has begun to project her frustrations onto her children and husband. There's nothing unwitting about it. That woman is riddled with guilt over being a housewife, Mr. Hardy, and until you get her out of the kitchen and into something creative, her family will continue to suffer. At the very least she needs a weekly lunch date with her husband. Don't you keep up with the women's magazines?

•

As I ride, as I ride
To our Chief and his Allied,
Who dares chide my heart's pride
As I ride, as I ride?
Or are witnesses denied—
Through the desert waste and wide,
Do I glide unespied
As I ride, as I ride?

Dear Mr. Browning:

The answer to your question is no, you don't glide unespied. To begin with, there are the U-2 planes and various unmanned satellites. You appear in blowups of quite a number of aerial photographs. Furthermore, there is reason to believe that the North African desert is pinpointed with a network of radar stations, at least one of which has you within scanning range much of the time. Finally, don't forget what a picturesque sight you make cantering along on that white horse. If you will look back over your left shoulder, just beyond that first line of dunes, you will see that you are being followed by a French and two American television crews, the total party consisting of three trucks, two jeeps, and a Land-Rover.

•

O what can ail thee, knight at arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing!

Dear Dr. Keats:

It sounds like a clear case of radiation sickness. Fallout hath the poor fellow in thrall, and there's not a thing you can do.

—Noel Perrin

WATER

THE brilliant stones on which the boy stood burned his feet, giving the rest of his body its cue for excitement. Piling out of the rear seat of the family two-door sedan with his brother, he could barely wait to breathe the air of this new clime, the beach. Now he stood stock-still, his fists clenched, and looked out across the parking lot, hot as a desert, filled with the untouchable, shieldlike flanks of cars. Heat glimmered on their metal tops and sliced through the air toward him from their windows. His white hair blustered about in the hot breeze, and his face squinted into a smile because the air tickled his lungs and because the stones tickled his feet, and because of the light. He closed his eyes, then opened them. Finally, he was here. The long preparations of the morning—the finding of toys, rolling of towels, making of sandwiches, packing of bags—and the long trip from home had finally borne fruit. He had looked forward to coming for the last six days—ever since, in fact, he had been here a week ago. His parents took him often to this beach. He had come here since he was tiny. It was a perfectly ordinary beach, with calm water, but it seemed to him, even though he was now already seven and had been here many, many times, that a trip to the beach was a great holiday that came only once in a great while. He looked forward to each trip with delight, relished the trip almost consciously, savored it without discrimination and to the full, even though ever since he was a tiny child he had feared and hated water.

But now he didn't think of that. The air cooked him. The odor of the sea, the bright sand, the heat that clapped his shoulders filled him with the sure sense of significant arrival, the return to the formalities of pleasures that were well known to him and of which he would never tire. His eyes closed. His feet crinkled in the stones. His anticipation, the anticipation in his flesh, of coming here, back to the beach, was so extreme, so joyous, that he could stand idle, rapt in a calm ecstasy of suspense that was selfish and was all he cared for, thought of, wanted, or possessed, and to which that blazing blue sky, those scalding white stones, and the water were as mirrors.

"Get a move on," his mother would say. "Give your father a hand," she would say, and shove the boy along by the back of the neck, propelling him to the tall, hot trunk of the car.

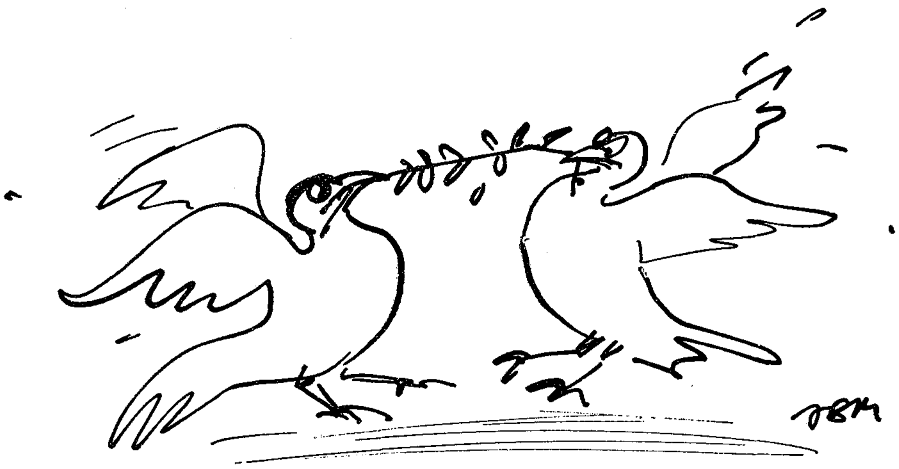
The boy's father would give his older, more well-behaved, and competent brother, who at the age of eight and a half could "be relied upon," beach bags to carry, but the boy was permitted to carry only the two patched inner tubes they used for floating. The rubber tubes were black-smelling and good, and he cuddled his cheek on them and closed his eyes because they were so cool and yielding.

"Stop dawdling," his mother said.

He turned toward the sea. There it gleamed—out of sight, almost, of his narrowed, happy eyes. It seemed miles away. Miles to get there. He hopped from one foot to the other on the hot stones, thinking of the shivering coolness of it on his feet. The arc of his soul, fixed in delight, sped him through the blue heavens from the hot stones to the touch of the chilly sea. No fear, but only joy, was in him as he began to run toward the water.

"Hold on, me hearty!" his mother said. "Where do you think you're going?"

He stopped, saying nothing, for he had to wait until all the formalities were gone through. The car doors must be locked, the windows turned down a fraction from the top, the impedimenta hauled up and carried over the crippling pebbles, the road between the beach and the parking lot crossed, the concessionaires' shacks beside it bypassed, the lees of the strand traversed, with its trash, parchmenty paper, bottles, bags, and beer tins. A place had to be found, smoothed down, and settled in. The blanket had to be spread, the umbrella erected, the beach bags deployed, the back rests arranged. But the boy's concerns were elsewhere. Who would there be on the beach, he thought. Would they find a good place to settle? Would the sun stay out? Would the tide be in? Would the water be clean, or cold? Would they stay until six? All these questions were asked and answered one by one, each in turn, with delight, with joy, and without thought, by this boy who had come here with a mortal fear of water. Finally, he pulled off his shorts, tossed off his shirt, and made for the water like mad.



"Hang them up!" his mother would say.

"But the umbrella isn't up yet!"

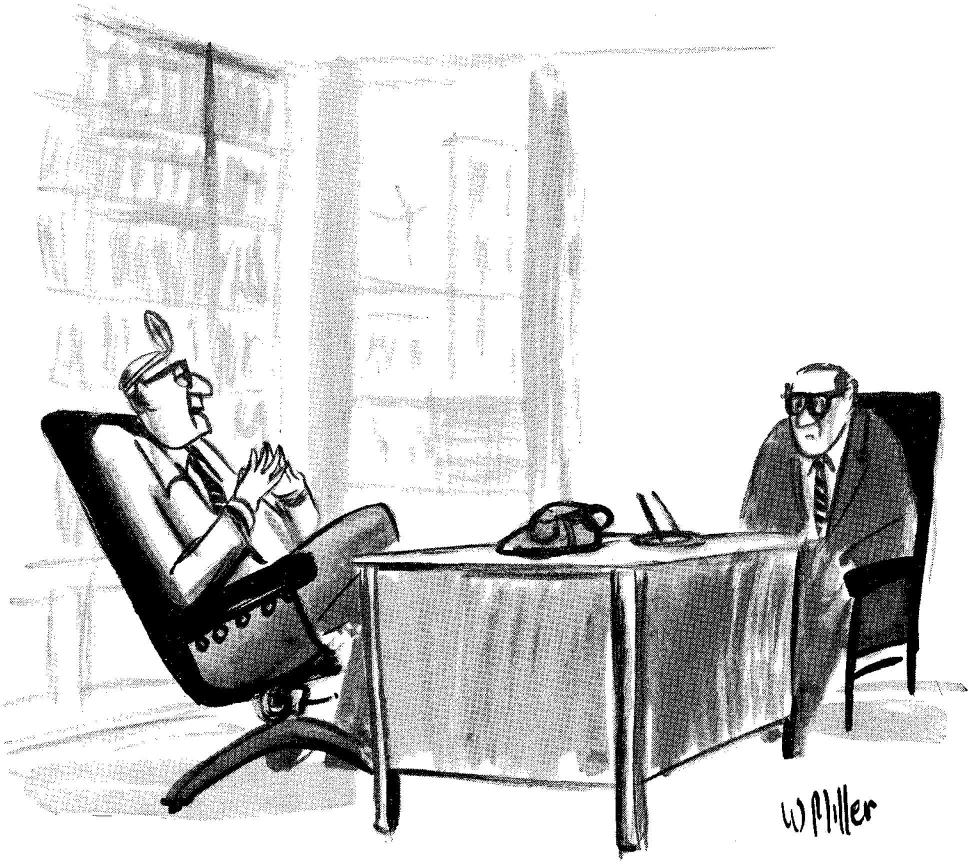
"Then you'll have to wait for it, won't you?"

He would wait and, when it was up, whip his shorts and shirt over the stays, and turn, this time with his brother, and race toward the shore.

He would fly to the water faster than his feet could carry him. Over the sharp shells and stones he would dance. His brother would be just rushing in ahead of him, splashing up the sunny green and silver water fantastically and then hurling himself under. At eight and a half, his brother was already a prodigious swimmer. The boy himself could not rush in that way. After running wildly toward the water, he would stop and approach it carefully and respectfully, now that nothing stood between it and himself. Where the smooth sand ended and the shelly, stony foreshore began, he would prance on the sides of his feet, jump over the braid of seaweed—a residence of flies—and mince awkwardly over the second shelly rim to where the sand was smooth and wet as it approached the water. This he padded onto comfortably, squeezing it dry where his footprints fell, until he reached the thin strand of live green seaweed floating just at the water's edge. Over this he would step to stand ankle-deep in the water. Cool, sweet, pure, the babylike waves rolled over his feet, soothing them after the sharp, minute bruises of the shells.

The water. Even now that it was finally upon him, he felt no fear and thought of nothing but what lay immediately before his eyes. He would walk into the water up to his calves. He would stand still then and look down at it. He would walk into it up to his knees and look down at it again. He would look at it and through it to see his feet. He would bend over and wipe off the sand that had shifted over his toes under the water. Beneath the water there, they looked like somebody else's toes. He would lower his rear end into the water. It was shockingly cold just then. He would put his head so close to the water that his brow lay on it and peek at his feet, half buried in the sand. Then he would reach down under the water and gather pebbles and stones from the bottom, and these he would allow to sift between his fingers onto his ankles and instep. He would watch with careful relish as they dropped down under the water to fall once more to the bottom with a curious unearthly motion, tickling his feet as they went.

Then he would become frolicsome, even familiar, with the water—touch it, splash it, pat it, treat it roughly. He would splash little splashes, putting his head close to the water and looking sidewise to see the splash shine in the sun. Once done with that, he might, bored and happy, simply stare out ahead of him, not thinking of anything at all.



"I would suggest a few weeks away from people, places, and things."

• •

THE boy loved the water. He loved it and he hated it. He loved it for much longer than he hated it, but he hated it more intensely than he loved it. He loved it for hours and days. He hated it for half an hour only—the time, always after lunch, when he was made to learn how to swim.

He loved the crisp little waves that expired and expired so unremittingly and tirelessly on the sand. Even at their least, their power was greater than he had expected, they carried farther than he ever thought they could. He had always missed the sea. Even before he had known it he had missed it. He had always been surprised by the sea. It was a spectacle that never faded, never palled on him, because it never repeated itself in quite the same way twice. The sea was strong and showed its strength.

He had thought of death in his bed and knew exactly what it was. His fear of water was part of his knowledge of death, a knowledge he had only when he was young, and which would leave him in time, and although he found the water beautiful, glittering, enticing, he knew something about it—that he could never stand in contention with it. A drop could kill him. Death was moist.

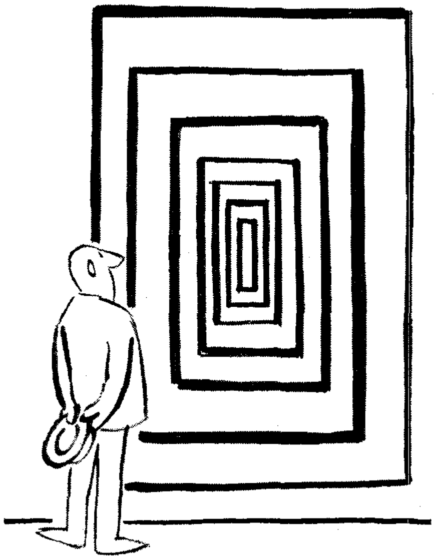
His mother had never learned how to swim. Now she felt that it would not be seemly for her to learn. It was his father who would try to teach him, as he had taught his older brother two summers before. But all this was after lunch. All morning long, he had no thought of it. He would play in the shallow water with a preoccupation into which no fear entered. Then, after lunch and after he and his brother had lain down for an hour, their heads covered by towels, his mother would say, "Time for your swimming lesson." He would wake up from his nap with a start, blinking.

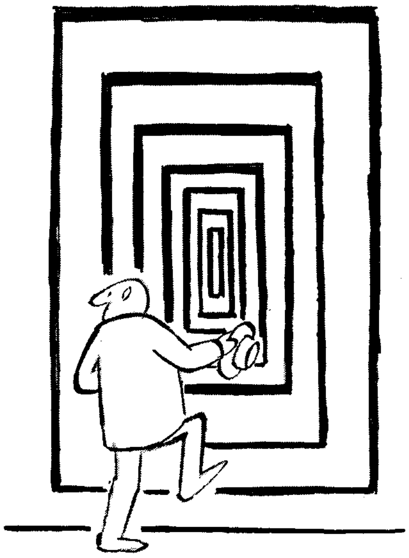
The cloudless skies that until now had given of their blue as an absolutely free gift turned black, as though someone had punched them. The water, too, turned black. He knew before he began that he would not succeed.

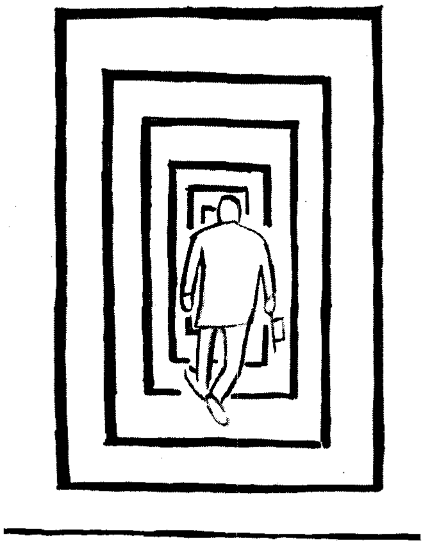
His father took his hand in his, and he toddled off next to him down to the water's edge. He ran to keep up with his long stride, but actually he wished to withdraw his hand and himself from his father entirely and vanish in the opposite direction down the beach. His father's hand felt horrible and dangerous, and he wanted to let go of it. To himself he gave the excuse that he wanted to step over the sharp shells at his own pace, but he knew his father might not believe this, for his father, as he knew, was very sensitive to insult by his children. So he did not take his hand away.

As they walked down to the water, he and his father would try to talk together. At these times, and at all other times, he would talk to his father unfamiliarly, as though to a very important stranger. He either tried to be quite natural, which was artificial, or else he tried to be boldly confident, which was also artificial. To neither of these attempts at sociability did his father make any response at all, for his father was even more shy than he himself was. For the boy, however, this silence was part of his father's greatness. For his father was very great indeed—too great, in fact. Walking beside him, the boy was blinded by fear of the coming lesson; the blackness of it was blinding—its endlessness, and its inevitable failure. But what paralyzed him most was the greatness of his father, and when he took his father's hand to be led to the water, he did so with an agony that could not resist that greatness at all. He pretended it was fun, but he knew that his father was too superior a being for him to learn anything from. His stomach churned with the knowledge that he would make a fool of himself before him, appear cowardly, inferior, dull, stupid, and inept.

"First, we'll get wet," his father







said, and picked him up high above the beached seaweed, walked with him out into the waves, and lowered him into the shallow icy water.

To forestall a second step, the boy sat down in the water with a sudden plop, laughed in a manner completely unnatural, and looked at his father for approval. The water was painfully cold on his middle at first, and he hoped that his laughter would put his father off the task. He hunched up his shoulders and watched to see what his father would do.

Leaving him, his father waded out into the water with long, sweeping paces, his arms making oaring motions as though they were pushing him forward. When he had got into deep water, he leaned over, pushed forward, and dived under. For a minute, he vanished entirely from view. The boy waited and watched, unable to calculate where his father would appear again. Finally, his father emerged at what seemed a great distance from where he had disappeared and swam a few strokes out to sea. Then he stopped and turned and swam back. Where the water became too shallow to swim, he pulled himself along by the bottom with his hands until he came up face to face with him, his hair dripping down on his brow.

His father's face, so different from his own, was now on a level with his. Its textures, planes, and contours were alien and older and coarser and darker. The boy felt like reaching out and patting it with his hands, but he did not do so. Instead, he dug his hands into the stones, pebbles, and sand under the water in which he sat.

"What do you want to try first?" his father asked.

"I don't know," he said.

"Breathing?"

"Not breathing." He began kicking the water with his feet.

Breathing he disliked very much. In breathing he was obliged to lean over the water and put his face into it and blow bubbles. In addition to this, he was obliged to keep his eyes open. In addition to this, he was obliged to turn his face from side to side to get more air to blow bubbles with. As it was not possible for him to do any one of these things one at a time, to do all of them at once was—was the reason a cold shudder followed his words "Not breathing," and why he began to kick the water abstractedly.

"What, then?" his father said.

He did not answer, placing all his concentration on his feet.

"Kicking?"

He did not answer.

"You have to begin somewhere."

He continued to stare at his feet.

"Upsy-daisy," his father said and seized him and lifted him into the air in his arms again. They began to walk out into the water. He clutched his father tight, wrapping his legs around his chest and flinging his arms around his neck. The deeper they went, the tighter he clung, and he did not look at his father but turned his head in the direction they were going. Slowly and steadily the water came up, lapping over his legs, his hips, his stomach like a sort of unusual clothing in which both he and his father were wrapped and intimate.

"Oooooh," he said.

"Not so tight," his father said.

He looked straight out to sea. He did not lessen his grip.

"Not so tight."

"It's deep," he said.

"Let go," his father said.

"I'm scared."

"I won't let you go," his father said.

But he didn't hear anything. The water was all around him now, and he knew that his father's body was his only support, so he held on even tighter, looking wild-eyed at the water.

"Let go!" his father said.

He looked down. His father's feet touched bottom, but he knew they did not provide any real support at this depth. He hugged his father's neck even tighter.

His father turned his head from side to side to loosen his grip. "If you don't let go, I'm going to be very angry," his father said.

As his father already was very angry, he did not pay any attention to this and he did not let go.

"Do you think I'm going to let you drown? Do you think I brought you all the way out here to drown you?"

Because this was exactly what he thought, and he realized the ignobility of so thinking, he did not answer but only looked at the water with his round eyes and shuddering mouth opened wide.

"Relax!"

"I want to go back."

"Look at me!" His father shook him gently, so that his head bobbed around, and he looked at his father's face timidly and bewilderedly. He looked, but he did not see. A wave splashed against his face, and he shook his head wildly to free his eyes of the water that shrouded them.

"Relax. The whole secret is to relax. Nothing will happen."

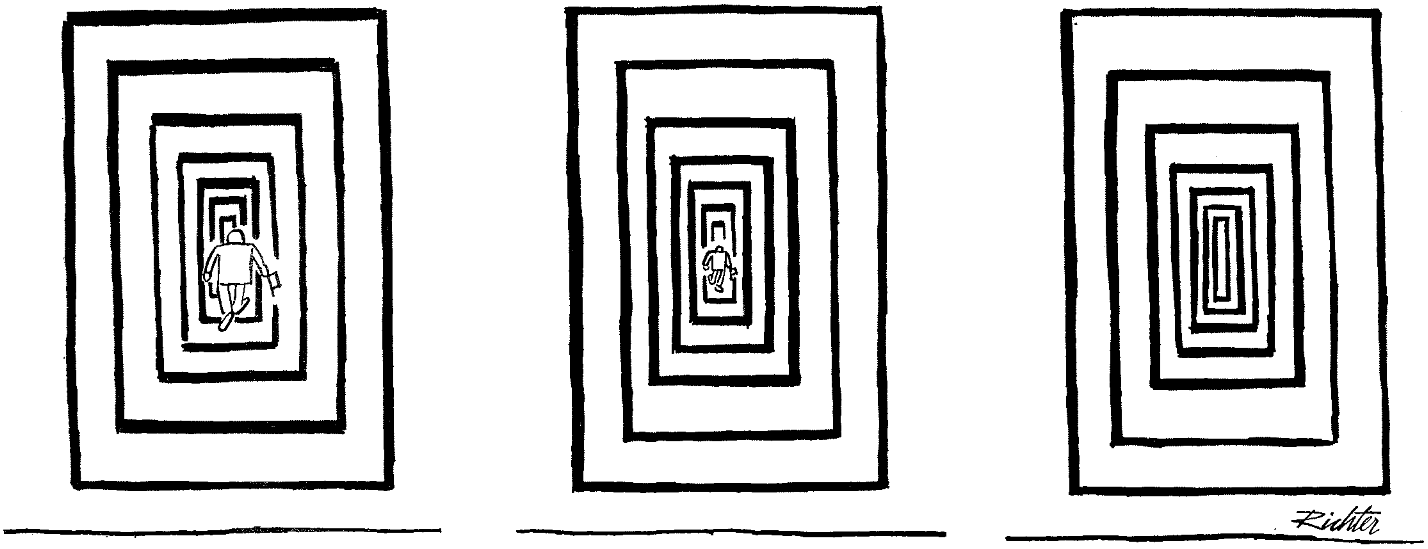
His heart beat like a bat in a bottle.

"Don't be scared," his father said.

"I'm cold," he whined.

"Then we'd better start treading water," his father said. "That's what we came out here to do in the first place."

His heart stood still.



"Don't worry, I'll hold you," his father said, holding him out at arm's length in the water.

He stared at his father. He hoped that his father would. He knew the water would not support him at all. The water would only drag him down. All his concentration was placed upon the two arms that connected him to safety. He was petrified lest they leave him, and his legs made frantic, futile running motions in the water to try to get him back to the safety of his father's body, which lay at the end of those arms.

"That's the way," his father said.

But he knew that it wasn't the way, and so did his father. Everything was wrong. The water tickled the back of his neck unbearably and gave him goosepimples. He threw his head back to be free of it. He wanted to scream.

"Breathe through your nose."

He did not do this. He breathed any which way he could. He breathed until he gagged.

"Rest."

He went on kicking. He looked wildly at the sky, his head turning from side to side. He made a little pleading sound.

"Rest, I said."

The water was burning him, licking him like flames. He gasped for air with every drop that touched his face, staring at without seeing the blue sky, which looked down blankly upon him.

"Rest! Rest!" his father said, and stopped him by taking him back into his arms.

"Is it over?" he said.

"Over?" his father said.

He giggled.

"Don't you want to learn how to swim?"

His lip pouted.

"Well, don't you?"

He lowered his eyes. He looked at the nape of his father's neck. He wanted to put his own head there. "Yes," he said. The only way not to cry was to lie.

"Don't you want to swim like the other boys?"

"Yes." He lied again, but this time much less surely, with the only answer he knew to stave off his father's exasperation.

"You're a frog, then," his father said, and held him once again at arm's length out into the water.

"Now watch. This is how frogs do," his father said, and demonstrated how frogs do, kicking his legs under the water. "One, two. One, two. See?"

But he did not see. He could not do it at all, and when he tried, the only thing he could think of was the water itching his back and the sensation of fishes sliding around his ankles and calves. He could feel them bump him, he was sure. He thought of eels and sharks. They seemed to beat against his ankles. Only the water was slicker, slimier, and more sinister than their touch, and all he could think of was that in another moment he would drown in it and die.

"One, two. One, two."

He looked past his father's shoulder into the blue sky above the horizon. A little grunting noise came out of his mouth at each useless thrust of his legs.

"You're not getting it," his father said, and stopped.

His father then drew him into his arms and, holding him with one arm, reached down and manipulated his legs under the water, one by one, like the legs of a paralytic. "One. Two. One. Two," his father said. This demonstration proved too difficult, however, and when his father looked up he saw that he was following it with a fixed concentration that resisted it like stone.

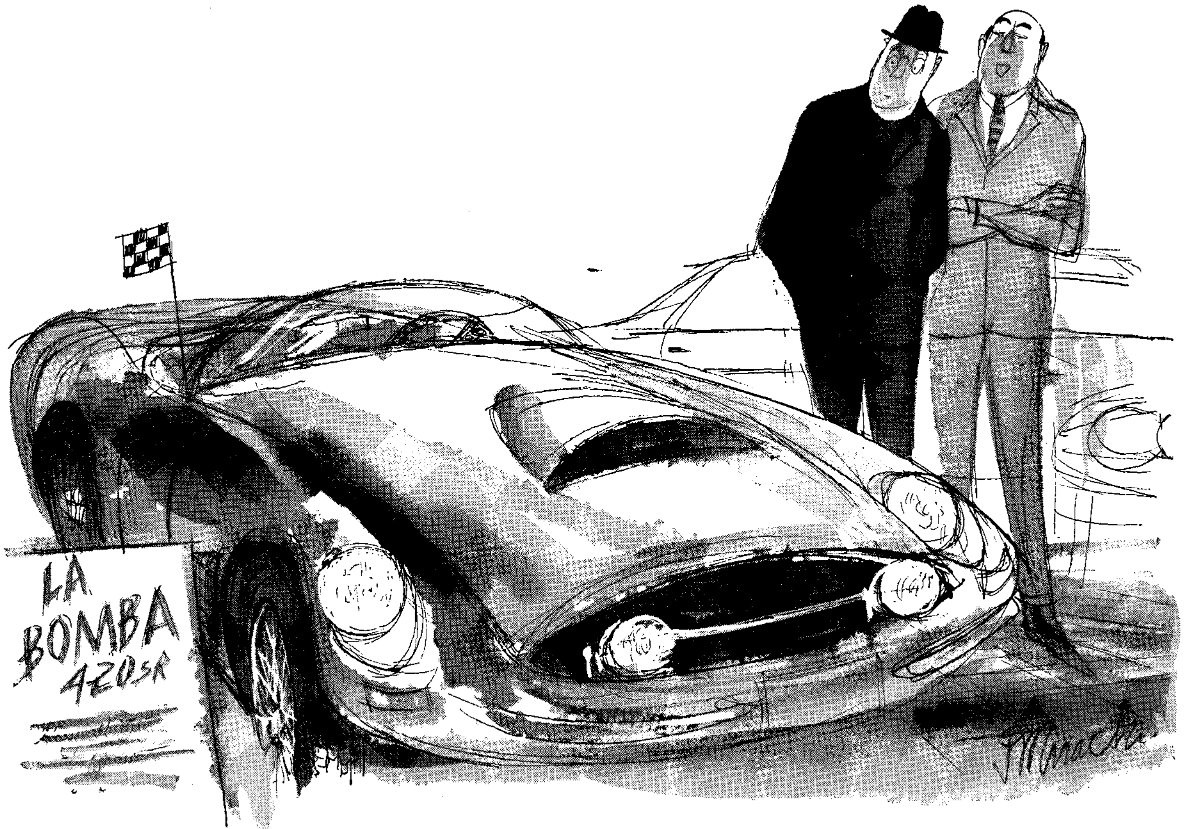
"O.K., we'll stop," his father said.

With this, he came to life, and as though the failure of this portion of the lesson indicated the failure of the lesson as a whole, and as though in response to an invitation that had certainly not been given, he leaped out of the water, skeltered up his father's arms onto his shoulders, wrapped his hands around his brow and his legs around his neck, and hugged his father's head to his chest with his hands over his father's eyes like a dripping-wet, piggyback monkey.

Beneath him, his father sighed.

He stopped hugging and sat up, and his father started moving toward the shore. He let go of his father's brow, feeling it was impertinent to touch him. It was awful. His father's disgust with him was wordless, yet he didn't really care. Being free was worth his father's disappointment with him if it meant that the swimming lesson actually was over. He did not ask his father if this was true, however, for fear he might be given the answer.

Instead, he marched on his father's shoulders toward the shore like a victor. Half of his body was already dry from the sun, and as he rose higher and higher above the water there came into his eyes a look of incredulous hope for a possibility he did not really dare to entertain—that the lesson actually, finally, and perhaps forever was over. Slowly, the water swished around them and receded, and, his relief and excitement increasing with the water's decrease, he looked with rapt attention toward the shore. The possibility that the lesson was at an end—this possibility, cancelling out his father's anger with him and completely outweighing it, this unvoiced longing—grew in his head like a crown, an invisible reward given to him who hadn't deserved it at all. This fantastic dream burgeoned into a roselike



"Yes, sir! That baby would get you to the church on time."

• •

reality within him, and he breathed more and more deeply with every step they took. No more swimming. Every step made it more and more likely.

"I'll teach you the Australian crawl," his father said.

He did not answer.

"How 'bout it?"

He still did not answer.

"Eh?"

"Why is it the Australian crawl?" he said slowly.

"Because once you learn it you can swim all the way to Australia."

A vision of the accomplishment of this unnecessary and undesirable feat crossed his brain like a snatch from a dirge.

His father reached around and picked him off his shoulders, grabbing him about the waist so that he was parallel to the water. "You're a seaplane," he said. "Rrrrrrrrrrr. Rrrrrrrrrrr." His father zoomed him in short passes back and forth over the water.

He looked down and saw the water moving darkly below him. It looked as slick, dangerous, black, and hard as a mussel. When his father made a sweeping motion toward it, he laughed uncertainly.

"Now we're going to land," his father said. "Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr."

He saw the water coming up at him. His eyes opened wide. He closed his mouth and stopped breathing. As the water touched his belly, he cringed.

"Kick!" his father said.

He kicked in big, foolish charges from the knee. He jerked his head from side to side and blew water and air out of his mouth in quick, desperate rasps. He felt his father's hands under his stomach and realized how completely he was in their power. The firmer they were, the more powerless was he, the less in command of his own safety. This thought, which took a vague and therefore more terrifying form, distracted him from his kicking, so that his left foot struck out erratically into his father's side, pushing him out of his grasp and down into the water.

But before he knew what had happened his father snatched him out and gathered him up into his arms. "Hey," he said. "What're you trying to do, learn all by yourself?" His father looked at him carefully to see if he was all right. "Before you know it, you're going to be better than Johnny Weissmuller!"

He did not listen to what his father said, but only stared and shivered in his arms. When he heard his father say nothing more, it dawned on him that his father's last words had compared him to Johnny Weissmuller. He began to laugh. His father laughed, too, and when he saw his father laughing, he began to cry, and immediately the crying overcame the laughing, overcame everything, in fact, and he cried loudly, heartfully, and without tears.

"How's this?" his father said. "Crying?"

He did not stop.

"Come on, now," his father said. "It wasn't all that bad. You've got to be brave."

His father accented this last word sentimentally, and although the boy was not really listening to his father's words or drawing any consolation from them, he did hear this word "brave," and he hated it at once as an impossible ideal to which he could never attain and, under the circumstances, an enemy. His father hugged him to his chest to calm him, to comfort him, and especially to quiet him, but this, combined with the word "brave," made him cry even louder, and real tears came.

"There, there," his father said. "Don't cry." His father hugged him and kissed his hair, and since he had run the gamut of his tears, he suddenly stopped crying altogether.

"Don't you want to learn the Australian crawl?"

"No," he said.

"Why?" his father asked.

"Because . . ." he said.

"Because why?"

"Because I can't do it," he said.

"Well, if you give up right away . . ." his father said coaxingly.

"I'm too scared," he said.

"Scared?" his father said. "No. You're not scared. You've got to be a soldier. Then you won't be scared."

A soldier was the last thing in the world he wanted to be. He wanted to be a little girl to whom no one would ever say, "You've got to be a soldier."

"Would you like to learn to float, instead?"

He closed his eyes tight. He wanted to be alone. He wanted his father to leave him alone so that he could sit in the sand by the edge of the water and feel it lap brightly over his legs and recover. He knew that if he said no he would be left alone and would be allowed to do these things, but he felt also that he had better say yes. If he said no, his father and mother might go away without him. If he said no, they might never come here again. If he said no, his mother might beat him. If he said no, his father might be angry and become even quieter than usual. So he said, "Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," he said. The spacious sea, the azure air, the glittering, shimmering expanse of ever-moving blue water, the ships, the sails, the sunlight, the heat, the dry breeze, the shore, the bathers, the distant sounds upon the sand, the glistering cars, the remote peace that buoyed all around him—all were present and all were meaningless. His eyes closed and his heart constricted as he lay in his father's arms.

His father lifted him up into the air with his back to the water, stiff as a corpse. He gripped his father's arms with his hands as he was lowered slowly down. As he felt the water lap his back and sides, he gripped the flesh of his father's arms tighter, but his hands slipped.

"That isn't so bad, is it?" his father said.

He made a little noise.

"Bring your head forward a bit," his father said. "Move your arms."

He put his arms stiffly into the water and moved them up and down spastically, striking the water with powerful, impotent blows. The water came over his chest and tickled him. Gushing about his ears, it deafened him with hollow, looming sounds.

"Raise your feet," his father said. "Raise your toes."

He tried to do this, but his feet were so far at the end of his now lengthy body and so heavy that he couldn't. But in trying to he looked at them. This brought his head forward and threw the air in his lungs into the center of his body, where it could perform its buoying function properly. He began to float, in fact. And tentatively, finding him floating, his father withdrew his hands and let him go. Instantly, feeling they were gone, he panicked in such a way that his father could not catch him.

Down he went, upside down, backward, head first, a thousand feet. He gasped for air. Water flushed into his lungs. His hair stood on end. His feet pedalled wildly for the bottom. His arms thrashed, reached everywhere, to find the pebbles, to push himself upright, to catch hold of something, to find a purchase somewhere, to beat, strike, kill, drown the water itself, his deadly enemy. Nothing availed. His head sank. His back sank. His arms sank. His legs sank. Everything went down, sank, touched bottom, and he was drowned.

The water was blacker than anything he had ever known. It was blacker than nightmares, blacker than death. Nothing, neither his horror, nor his struggle for breath, nor his furious lashings, made any impression upon that blackness at all. Not even death intervened to relieve it. Nothing relieved it in the aeon between the moment when he fell into it and the next moment, when he realized that he had touched bottom.

When he did touch bottom, his feet and hands immediately sought it out, and he sat, squatted, bent, and then stood up into the air, on his own feet, and he was saved. Water poured off his frame. He was saved. The water was not even up to his chest. He coughed and gagged and coughed again, but as he coughed and gagged and coughed again, he knew that he was not saved. He was alive. But he was not saved.

The sea was black. Glittering black. He saw it with a terrible anger, with a powerful and furious resentment, and, when his lungs were restored to him, he screamed. He screamed in panic and he screamed in hate. He screamed to demand that the gods of the land, whose child he was, save him from the capricious malices of this monster that wished to seize him before his time. He screamed over and over, without modulation, his terrible and inexorable order. The sea was black, and he screamed for the safety of the multitudinous colorations of the land. He screamed with his eyes closed, eyes that he had as yet not dared to open for fear he would see that the sea was still delusively silver and green. It was not. The sea was black.

His father bent down and picked him up in his arms. "Now, now," his father said. "Never mind."

He pushed himself away from his father's chest and continued to scream.

"There, there," his father said. "Never mind, now." His father began to walk with him toward the shore, but before his father had reached the shore he scrambled and kicked in his arms so violently that his father was obliged to put him down in the shallows, where he went on screaming.

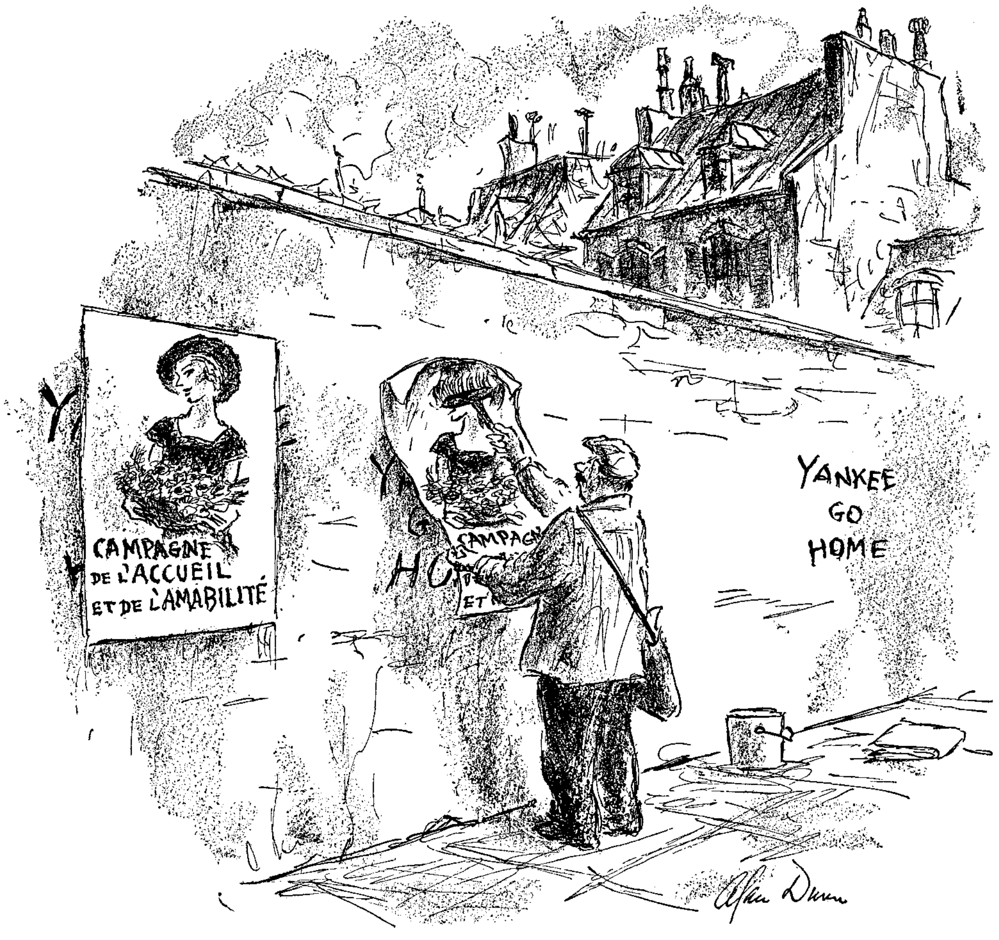
His father bent over him solicitously. "I'm sorry," his father said. "It was an accident."

The boy could not believe what had happened. He could not believe it. The worst he had feared had come to pass.

"I didn't mean it," his father said. "I'm sorry."

He screamed on.

His father took his arm to try to turn him around. He wrenched it out of his father's grasp. His father bent around and looked into his face. His eyes were



closed. His lips were blue with cold. His father gently took his hands.

He jerked his hands down. "Mummy! Mummy!" he screamed. If his father touched him once again, he would run out into the sea and drown himself.

"There, there," his father said, and took hold of both his arms.

"Mummy! Mummy!" he screamed. His father would not let go of his arms. "Mummy! Mummy!" he screamed, bending over, begging in panic and fear, pulling away from his father's arms, begging to be let go, and did not wait for his entreaty to be granted but twisted his arms out of his father's grasp, opened his eyes, and ran screaming for the shore.

His father watched him run up to where his mother sat on the blanket, but he made no move, except an involuntary one, to stop him. When he saw him reach his destination safely, he turned his back, waded out, bent himself forward over the water, pushed off, dived under, and swam away.

"WHAT is it?" the boy's mother said to him.

He tried to throw himself into her arms. She held him off quite firmly and said, "What is it this time?"

"I drowned," he said.

"You didn't drown. You just got a little water on you."

"I drowned!"

He wailed even louder, and when she saw how frightened he was, and knowing it was the quickest way to quiet him, she put her magazine aside and held him to her bosom. He stopped crying at once and threw his arms around her sides and cuddled between her breasts, choking and sobbing in the lulls of his crying.

"There's nothing wrong with the water," she said. "What is there to be frightened of? Look at your brother. Is he frightened? You've got to make sacrifices in this life. The sooner you learn that, the better. You come running to me when you've done wrong. Do you want people to think you're a coward? Is that what you want?"

He nestled his head in her breasts. Although he heard every word, he wasn't really listening to what she said.

She pushed him away from her. "I asked you a question. Do you want people to think you're a coward all your life?"

"No," he said.

"No. Well, then, you've got to learn. All the other boys will know how and you won't. Is that what you want?"

"No."

SEPARATE PARTIES

(For My Daughter)

While your great-grandmother and her sons
Champagned her eightieth birthday
Into a timeless, elegant disguise,
You stayed aloof, kept away
From their brave oblivion,
Hugging your two-year generation like a prize.
No one would guess
The silent fact to which you gestured *Yes*.

Divorced, I see you seldom, a legal sleight
Of hand, making you seem, when you appear, a trick,
Or a conjurer getting into the act.
This time, your voice a wand, you called the olives grapes,
Discovered a river under the tablecloth,
Spoke into pleasing shapes
The gargoyles on the mantel,
Saved a wayward moth
From the deadly candle.

Simply by word of mouth,
Unfallen angel, you hung a world
Out in the sun to glisten.
It had its own light, too, like a pearl.
All I had to do was listen.
Yet, deserting your role,
You called me by my name—
I'd rather
Have been that metaphor, your father.

Now you've gone home. Alone in this dark house,
Where light is artificial but itself,
I sink in a cushy chair, pelf
From the estate
Of a man I couldn't change, just hate,
Whose blood I get to save
For the transforming grave,
And think of nothing special.

The taste of my cigarette
Stales in my mouth. I think of this debt
Neither money nor self-spite
Has power to set right.
For supper, I can have bread or water
With my inheritance. I'm not partial.
Child, though magician, elf, you're not
My imagination but my daughter.

—Dabney Stuart

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"You get a little wet, or you swallow a little water, and you think that you drowned. That's ridiculous. Isn't that ridiculous?" She paused. "Answer me."

"Yes."

"What's wrong with you then, if you know?"

"I don't know."

"Well, you'd better find out, me hearty, and pretty quick, too."

"I can't help it."

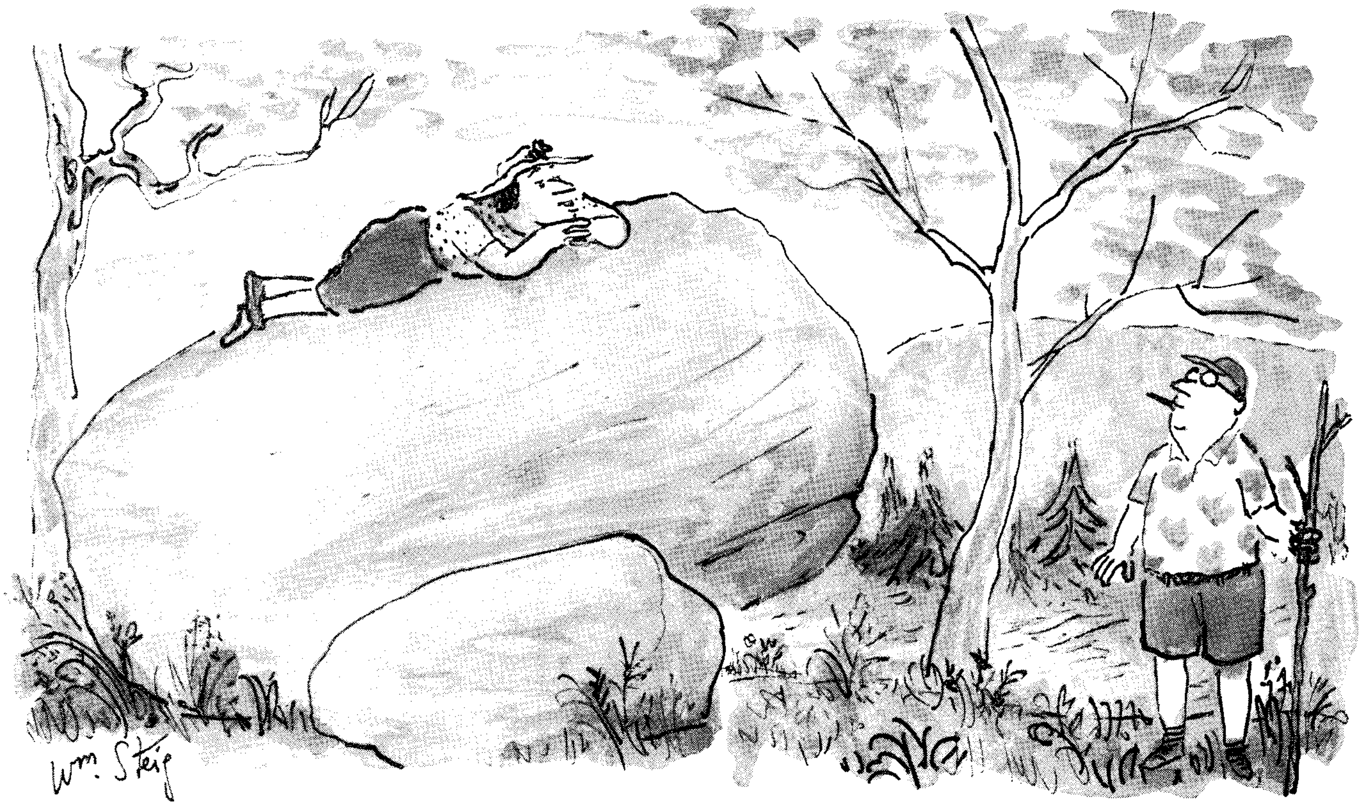
"You can't help it! You know that nothing is going to happen to you. Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"Well, what's wrong with you, then?"

"I don't know," he said, and his lip began to tremble and his head filled with tears. "I was frightened," he said, and he began to cry once again.

"You'll never learn," she said. "You'll never learn," she repeated, with a weariness she had done nothing to deserve, and meaning not just swimming but something important about the secret of survival in general, something that she knew but was too wise or too weary to impart, or that he was not worthy to hear. "You'll never learn.



"Here I am."

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You'll always be the same." She picked up her magazine and went on reading where she had left off.

IN time, the boy did learn to swim. He learned that very summer, in fact, all by himself. His mother had taken him to the beach with her bridge-club girls. It was a weekday, and his father was not there and his brother had stayed at home. His brother did not like the ladies of the bridge club, but he did. Their matronly shapes, their countless cigarettes, their cursing, their wicked, intemperate laughter, their mincing gluttony, their snide and salacious gabbing were a spectacle he enjoyed and one in which he felt at home.

In the late morning of that day, when the ladies had taken themselves out for a dip, he went into the water, and there, with a wild thrill and a brilliant delight, he taught himself how to swim. He dog-paddled. It was not what his father had tried to teach him, but was a tireless and effective dog-paddle.

The tide was low that day, and the ladies had to walk almost a quarter of a mile before the water was even up to their waists. They walked out, swimming a few strokes now and then, and the exercise it took sufficed them. They swam no more but stood about in the water, which came just up to their breasts, gossiping. Eight ladies standing in the water, when out of nowhere a little white-haired boy swam out to greet them.

"Look, Mummy, I can do it. Lookit. Lookit. I can swim!"

"What are you doing out here?" his mother said. "Get back in at once. It's way out of your depth. How did you get out here anyhow?"

"I swam. I can swim!"

"You can not."

"I can!"

"Who taught you?"

"I learned it myself. Just now. Look!"

"What do you mean, you learned it yourself?"

"I did. I learned it. Look!" Victory was keen. Her incredulousness did nothing to dispel it.

"Look at him, girls," she said. "He can swim!"

"I just learned," he said to them. "I taught it to myself." He paddled around in a circle so that he could see all of their faces as they admired him.

They all praised him, ogled him, applauded him. She did, too. He was his mother's brilliant boy.

"Now get into shore at once," she said. "It's way over your head."

"No," he said. "I can do it. I'm not tired."

Whether it was over his head or not didn't matter, because he could swim. He paddled around with his head perched above the water, his hands chopping the waves beneath his chin, his feet kicking along beneath him. He moved at an astonishing pace for one who, until that day, had not moved at all. Around and around he went, paddling through the ladies as though they were pylons of an obstacle course. The women talked to him, jested and laughed with him as he went, cutting across their pleasant chatter as he did so. They would feign, or really experience, surprise as he would paddle up behind them, touch them with a cold finger on the back of their necks, and paddle away with a shriek that would mingle with theirs. The sky was lowering that day, and the water was black and warm—as he, for the first time, noticed it is on dark days. Around and around he paddled, in and among them, back and forth, in to shore and out again, laughing and bobbing, his face dripping with water, so damp and waterlogged it looked as if the next moment would be his last. Sometimes his round white head would sink merrily beneath the waves as he tried to perform some mad and intricate maneuver, but he would emerge spitting and laughing, with a look of hope on his face that had replaced there the look of something else.

—R. BRUCE MOODY

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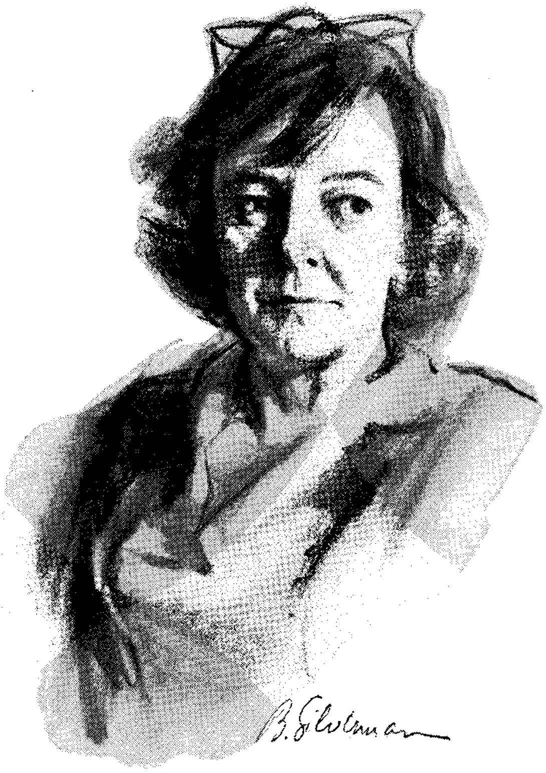
A graduate of the Tony Bennett Junior College, she speaks fluent French, Spanish, and Italian.—*Newsweek.*

But of course!

PROFILES

THE TREATMENT OF PATIENTS—I

FOR the last five years, a not uncommon sight in East Harlem has been that of a hatless woman in casual street clothes surrounded by a cluster of men—black, brown, swarthy, and fair—who joke with her and ply her with questions and arguments as she walks toward a store-front office on East 103rd Street, just east of Second Avenue. The woman is Dr. Marie Nyswander, a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst; the men are drug addicts, in whose treatment Dr. Nyswander is an expert; and the office is a Narcotics Office run by the East Harlem Protestant Parish, a multi-denominational religious organization that deals with community problems as well as with individual spiritual needs. Addicts may go to the office to get help in entering hospitals for detoxification or in finding jobs after they are released, or they may congregate there just for company, filling in their long afternoons by exchanging case histories or chatting with members of the parish staff. Dr. Nyswander makes frequent trips to the office to see the addicts, some of whom are patients and friends of hers, and to recruit volunteers for her latest project—a program of research, initiated by the Rockefeller Institute and joined in by the Manhattan General Hospital and other hospitals, in which a long-acting, synthetic narcotic called methadone is substituted for heroin. In talking about this work, which she is doing under the direction of Dr. Vincent P. Dole, of the Institute, she is always careful to emphasize that it is still in a very early stage, but she goes on to state a firm belief that it may eventually lead to a major breakthrough in the understanding and treatment of drug addicts. She points out that while methadone is addictive, it does not impair the functioning of either the brain or the muscles, and, furthermore, that an addict who remains on methadone cannot be readdicted to heroin or any other narcotic. The use of methadone has permitted Dr. Dole and Dr. Nyswander to explore the makeup of the addict in a way that was never quite possible before, and it has enabled some addicts—perhaps for the first time in their lives—to become self-supporting, responsible members of the community.



Dr. Marie Nyswander

When Dr. Nyswander has not been working on the methadone project, which has been taking up most of her time in recent months, she has been conducting an experiment in "store-front psychiatry," in a bleak tenement next door to the Narcotics Office. On Tuesday and Thursday afternoons in an "office" on the first floor of the tenement, she has received and treated all addicts who have come for help. She has been visited by several hundred addicts all told, and although she has not achieved a spectacular record of "cures," many of the same patients keep coming back. Indeed, addicts continually seek her out, thereby challenging the cliché of the passive addict who cannot be reached by psychiatrists or social workers. Her patients drop in without appointments, because she has recognized the fact that most addicts are not attuned to keeping schedules—or, in the words of one of the ministers connected with the Protestant Parish, "They have appointments in their own culture that take precedence over appointments in the square culture."

The addicts who have come to know Dr. Nyswander are impressed by her for several reasons. First of all, she comes to their own neighborhood, in East Harlem, instead of being available only in some alien section of the city. One East Harlem addict, a Negro in his late twenties, who has known Dr. Nyswander since 1960, recently recalled, "The first time we met, instead of getting right into the usual thing about my childhood and my family, she wanted to know more about what was going on in the neighborhood. It shook me up. So I took her on a tour and introduced her to the fellows. She wasn't a bit afraid. You can feel the fear in a lot of people who come up here." Another major reason for Dr. Nyswander's high standing in the community of addicts is her candor, and she is also admired for her ease in speaking the argot of her patients, and for her quick, mordant wit, which is not dissimilar to the wit of the addicts themselves. "It's hard for us to develop a relationship with any stranger," a young Puerto Rican has pointed out. "And it's especially hard when the stranger is a professional man and uses words that are beyond you. You know, not many of us finished high school. Besides, most doctors are so damn serious. So what can you do? You tell them what you figure they want to know, but you don't open up. Maybe that's why most doctors seem to think we all have the same story. But she doesn't put us all in one box. She sorts us out, because she gets inside. I can talk to her and blow my top if I want to—and, believe me, she can blow *her* top, too. Or I can just light up a cigarette and talk about anything. And she'll never turn her back on you. Look, what it comes down to is she swings. I mean she's alive. She's really alive."

One afternoon not long ago, I accompanied Dr. Nyswander, a slim, attractive woman in her middle forties, with blondish-brown hair, hazel eyes, and a voice of many textures—from a growl of exasperation to a whoop of enthusiasm—as she walked briskly along Second Avenue toward her office. She counterpointed a swift flow of talk with forceful movements of her hands. "Addicts think of me as hip," she said. "I don't know exactly what that means. Except perhaps I am hip." She laughed and went on, "Essentially, when you work with an addict, you have to make sure that you yourself don't have a need to be needed—a need to be important to him. You have to be careful you're not writing a contract in which you give him something and you want something back. In any case, he's not about to give it to you. You may think you're helping him a lot, but from his point of view it's meagre. His tremendous self-pity makes it seem like a drop in the bucket." Dr. Nyswander waved to two young men who were leaning against a store window. "I have no vested interest in getting addicts off drugs," she went on. "I like them whether they're off or on. I like them because they're not stereotyped. We middle-class people all have pretty much the same anxieties, the same conflicts, the same upward-mobility strivings, and people who don't get on that escalator sometimes develop a uniqueness that I find enormously rewarding. You read novels in which the characters are unique, and you enjoy the experience. Many addicts are just as original, as you can discover if you can cut through your own conformity." She was silent for a moment, and then said, "Not that I'm sentimental about them. They can be very exasperating. But I don't make them feel guilty—I hope. They're forever provoking their families to add to their store of guilt, but they can't play that game with me."

Some of the panes in the hallway door of the tenement on East 103rd Street were broken. As we opened it, three small children burst past us into the street. Inside the office, Dr. Nyswander pulled a long chain, turning on a bare hundred-watt bulb. The room had two windows, but they were covered by curtains of brown cotton, and the same fabric had been used to cover a narrow cot. For the rest, the room had a few chairs, a desk, and a filing cabinet.

Dr. Nyswander's first visitor that afternoon was a slight, dark-haired, soft-spoken man in his twenties wearing a black leather jacket, black pants, black shoes, and black socks. With him was a plump, amiable woman, perhaps three or four years older than he, who introduced herself as his sister. The young man had come to New York from Puerto Rico in 1948, had become addicted to heroin in 1955, and had recently finished serving a three-year jail term for possession of narcotics. He had immediately gone back on drugs, and now, he said, he wanted to commit himself to a state hospital for detoxification and rehabilitation.

Before Dr. Nyswander started to fill out the requisite papers, she offered the young man a cigarette. He refused, shaking his head weakly and staring at the ceiling.

"When did you have your last shot?" she asked.

"Last night."

"How many bags are you kicking?" A bag is a glassine envelope containing a mixture of heroin and milk sugar, with some baby powder and perhaps a little quinine added.

"Two five-dollar bags a day," he said.

Dr. Nyswander examined the form in front of her with distaste, and said, "What occupation should we give?"

"His occupation is walking the streets," his sister said.

"I'll put down 'surveyor,' eh?" Dr. Nyswander smiled at the addict.

He was not amused, and began to tell her about various factory machines that he was capable of operating. For a moment, his face became animated, but then he said, just audibly, "I haven't been able to get a job. I stay with the habit."

"He almost got married a few weeks ago," his sister said.

"If you get married with a heroin habit, I'll hit you over the head," Dr. Nyswander said, smiling again.

There was a sound of running in the corridor, a crash of glass, and a series of sharp cries. No one in the office took any notice. The Doctor returned to the form. "They want to know what symptoms have been manifested during the current addiction."

The sister grimaced. "They should know by now," she said.

"Tell me," Dr. Nyswander said to the young man. "What were the happiest days of your life?"

He looked at her blankly. "I can't remember any."

"Doesn't that strike you as strange or unusual—that a young man can't remember any moments of pleasure?"

He half grinned, and stared back at her.

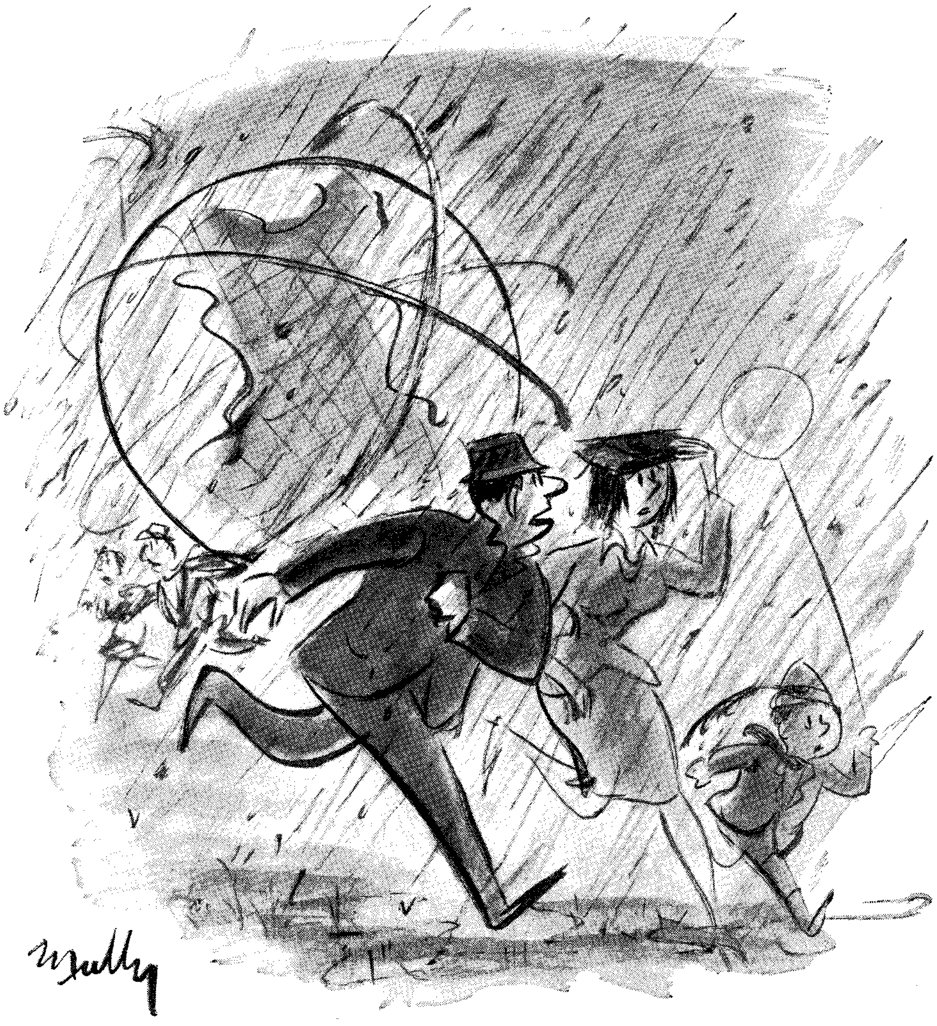
"Do you think maybe you feel too guilty? Do you think maybe you feel you don't deserve to remember any pleasure?"

"No."

"All you remember is misery?"

"It's so hard to remember anything," the young man said.

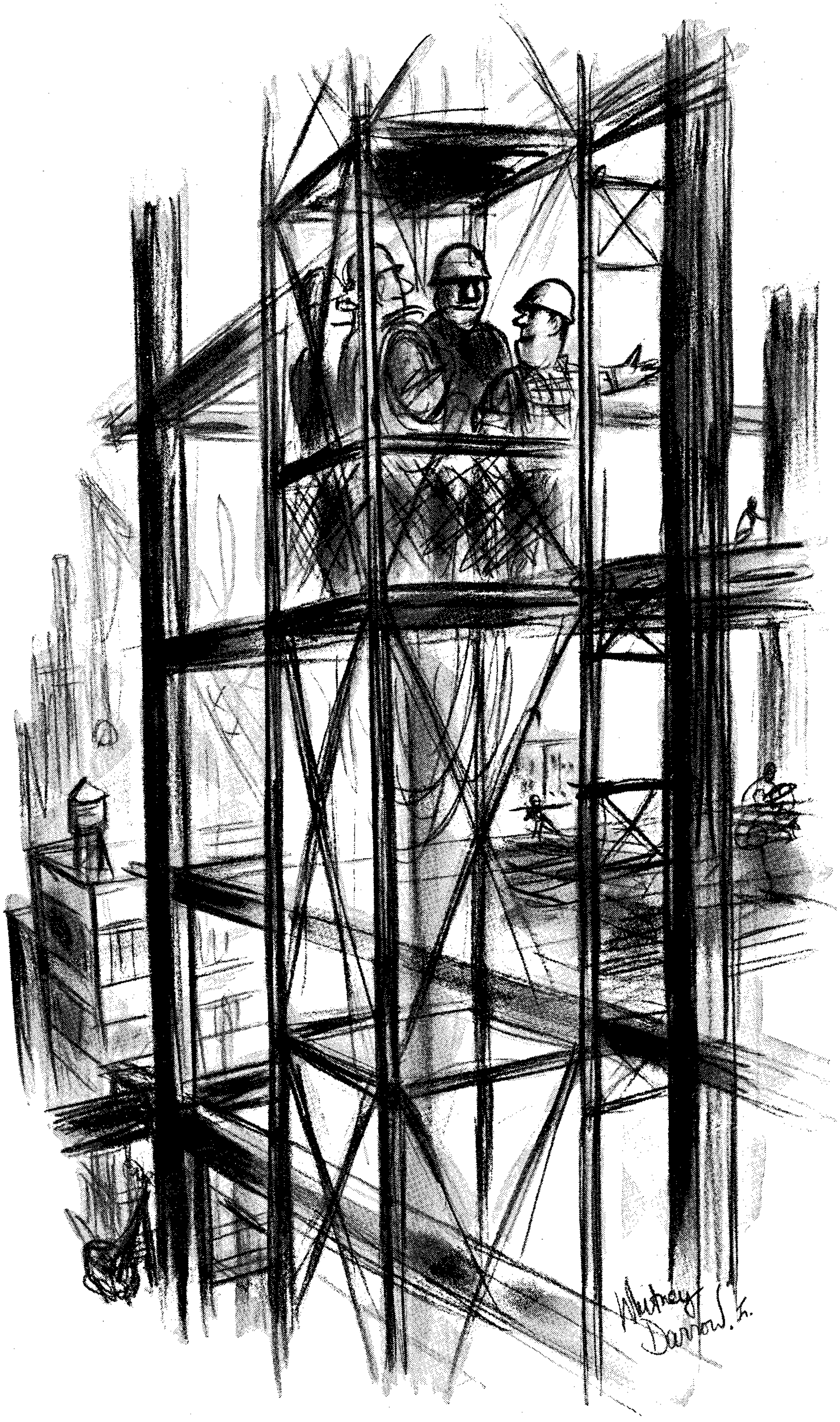
Dr. Nyswander finished filling out



"See what I mean about Robert Moses?"

the form, and the addict and his sister left.

The Doctor frowned. "That man has been detoxified six times at Metropolitan Hospital alone," she said. "Now he wants to lock himself up for what may be as long as three years. He's tired of the hustling involved in getting the money for drugs." She drummed her fingers on the desk. "He's one of the ones who don't say much when they come here," she went on. "Some of the others will talk as long as you let them. Of course, the value of conversation just for the sake of conversation is limited, but there are some things that can be achieved in that way. The main thing is to keep a relationship going. Actually, the work I've done with addicts here could be called pre-therapy. Someone has to help the addict build a bridge between his subculture and the outside world. I help, and when he's ready to cross the bridge, I'm here. I can help withdraw him from drugs. I can give him letters of reference for work. In this pre-therapeutic relationship, I do things I wouldn't consider in strict psychotherapy—in my private practice. I have coffee and sandwiches with these patients, and once I paid the rent for one of them. Sometimes this kind of relationship is sufficient in itself to hold on to them until they're ready to get out of the subculture. In that sense, what I do here can be termed a form of therapy. Other addicts, after beginning here, need deeper therapy, and some get to the point at which they can try it, with me or someone else."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Fourteenth floor—housewares, linens, needlepoint. Please watch your step. . . ."

There was a knock at the door, and a tall man of about thirty came in, carrying a tape recorder. He was preparing a series of programs on addiction for an FM network, and Dr. Nyswander had agreed to let him interview her. She is shy of interviews, even when they are taped, and as the machine was being set up, she put on a pair of dark glasses.

"Why do you specialize in addiction?" the interviewer asked.

"I'm always asked that question, and often it's asked suspiciously," she said. "Oh, I don't mean you, but so many people pose the question as if they had to believe I started in this because of a personal problem in my family. Some even look quickly at the pupils of my eyes, and when I see that happening I can't resist rolling up my sleeves."

The tape stopped, because of some mechanical failure, and the interviewer tried for ten minutes to get it started again. He couldn't, and after a while he left, glumly.

Dr. Nyswander took off her glasses, lit a cigarette, and leaned back in her chair. "I suppose the answer to that inevitable question must include my reasons for being an analyst in the first place," she said. "I have a strong feeling for the beauty and dignity of man. And somehow I have a feeling for the joy experienced by others—or at least their capacity for joy, and their desire to be liberated from repression. I like to be in on the process of release if I can. Unfortunately, many psychoanalysts reduce all of life to a jargon—a safe jargon. They won't depart from middle-class customs and values. But analysis ought to free you to experience joy and tragedy on a higher level than the interpersonal family level—relating to mother, husband, wife, or children." She rose and walked up and down the room. "Suppose a patient has finished his anal-

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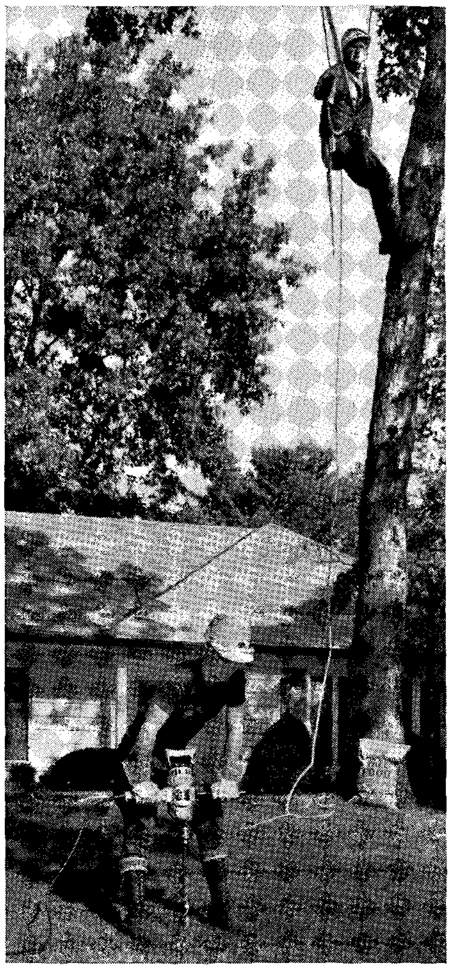

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ysis," she went on. "An analyst might say the man is now able to express his aggression. But against whom? Only his wife and children? I'd be disappointed if someone I had analyzed found such a sterile solution. Is this all that there is to life? We still know so little about man's capacity for creativity, for experiencing beauty. Man may be able to experience freedom in a degree we can't yet imagine. We have to keep going into the unknown." She sat on the edge of the desk and leaned forward as she said, "That's why drug addicts can be so fascinating. In one sense, some of those I know up here strike me as being among the few comparatively free people I've met. Of course, they have a compulsion, but their compulsion is to drugs, not to smiling when they don't mean it, and entertaining the boss for what they're going to get from him. The addict's relationships, except when he's scrounging for drugs, are usually honest and direct. Deceit isn't a basic part of his personality. It's superimposed, because he can't get his drugs honestly. When he's not hustling, his reactions can be trusted."

Dr. Nyswander stood up and slapped the desk. "Addiction cannot be reduced to a simple masochistic, mechanistic act," she said. "For some addicts, drugs may be a way of keeping alive whatever life and joy they can feel. Until they're able to experience joy directly, drugs may perform a kind of stemming action for them. And while drugs are stultifying, they may also function for some addicts as a way into a mystical experience. I don't mean that people in this country who become addicted do so in a conscious striving for mystical experience. But the action of the drugs, combined with the fact that in our culture addicts are cut off from society, forces some of them into a compulsive mysticism. They talk about the clarity of feeling, the oneness of perception they have when they're on. In India and throughout the East, they've had drug addicts for centuries. They grow up with them, they feed them, and they consider them part of the community as a whole—a counterbalance to the materialistic proclivities of their society. In some cultures, religious mystics are forbidden to involve themselves in the tensions and desires of ordinary life. They're supposed to just sit and think. But there's no room for that kind of mystic in our culture. The best we can offer a few people is the Institute for Advanced Study, at Princeton. Addiction becomes a reflection of failure, and the addict is

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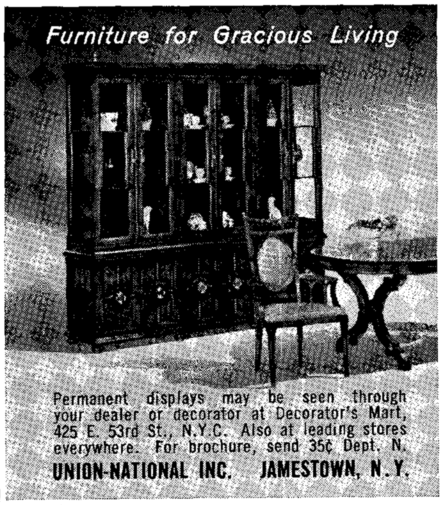

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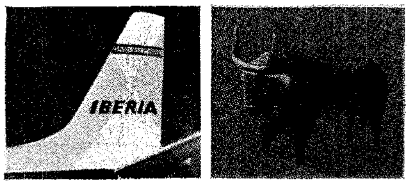

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forced to look at something within him that every man has within him but that few men have fully faced—the fear of basic, total failure. Yet once a man has been down as far as many addicts go, he has a chance to find his *own* way out. Confronting failure so nakedly can bring out a rare kind of honesty. Hasn't nearly every great religious leader and artist and writer gone through horror, agony, torture, and temptation? And some of them, after being cut off from all the predatory, repressive factors in society, have come up with an ethic that they follow not because they've been told it's right but because they've derived it from themselves."

Dr. Nyswander lit another cigarette, sat down, and said, "I'm not saying that addicts are poets or religious searchers, but many of them do seek the same quality of feeling that poets do. While most of them don't have the ability to make poetic observations, they do feel an obligation to themselves of a sort that is not common to this society. They want to know how far they can soar, how far they can see. And whether an addict succeeds in finding his own voice or not, he has at least looked his failure so fully in the face that he can't really rationalize anything he does. Oh, he tries, and sometimes, when he's put on the defensive, he seems to do it effectively. It's not a lifelong rationalization, though. An addict confronting his reality existentially is quite different from the man who commutes to the city, drinks too much, and sleeps with call girls at conventions or with his neighbor's wife. I wonder which of those two kinds of experience is more apt to lead a man to discover the truth about himself. It seems to me that the average person making his way successfully in America must feel very shabby at the end of the day, because of his compromises, half truths, and withheld statements and reactions. Then how great must be his despair when he realizes that his seventy-five-thousand-dollar home and his two cars don't bring him any joy! For many people, it may be, alcohol and tranquillizers and barbiturates are serving the function of keeping a little joy alive, of giving life some meaning. As it happens, the opiates are less debilitating, mentally and physically, than barbiturates, tranquillizers, or alcohol. That is, they would be less debilitating if social and legal pressures didn't so change the situation that terribly destructive elements enter into opiate addiction. There is no evidence that heroin causes mental deterioration,

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for instance, even after an addiction of as much as fifty years. And although addicts neglect their bodies, they're a surprisingly healthy lot."

Dr. Nyswander smiled. "I am not advocating that addicts remain addicted," she said. "Anyone who wants to get off should get off. And many addicts probably will if they're given a free choice—I mean, if their addiction isn't stimulated by poverty and deprivation, as it so often is in this country. For one thing, in heroin addiction there are undesirable marginal effects, like diminished sexual pleasure, and, for another, there is something fundamental in man that desires that other kind of freedom—the freedom from *having* to do or take anything. Drugs can't be an end in themselves—or, rather, I'd like them not to be. But there's more than one impetus for giving up drugs. You may give them up out of misery, but that kind of decision comes from total despair, not from health. You may, however, get to the point where you can relinquish drugs because you've found your own voice and can maintain it without help. It's *that* way I want for those patients of mine who decide for themselves that they want to get off."

There was another knock at the door, and this time the caller was a short, wiry boy who looked about eighteen and unmistakably Irish.

"Sit down, Billy," said Dr. Nyswander. "I expect you'll be interested in this discussion. We were talking about reasons for staying off."

The boy smiled, sat down, cocked his head, and listened.

"The motivation has to be strong and from the inside, because the pulls in the other direction are powerful and complex," the Doctor continued. She looked at the cigarette in her hand. "I was off cigarettes for eight months a couple of years ago, and I learned something. The craving for cigarettes exists as an entity, separate from the pleasure of smoking. And the craving didn't diminish with time. After six months, I still had dreams in which I'd surreptitiously cop a cigarette. Holy cow, if it's that hard to stop smoking, think what it must be to stop taking a drug like heroin—a drug that satisfies man's most basic cravings. The addict on drugs feels sexually satisfied, his stomach feels full, and he doesn't have to cope with aggressive strivings."

Putting out her cigarette, Dr. Nyswander said, "There's so *much* we don't know about addiction. We need a vast reservoir of information, because the problem has so many basic components. You always have to look in-

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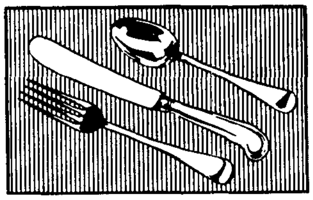

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ward to see if you're missing an area of knowledge and so are kept from bringing everything you can to the subject. The reason we've learned so little, of course, is that for the past fifty years the American medical profession has abandoned the drug addict. Because of the laws and the way they're administered, we've turned him over to the criminals. As a result, we're not even sure what kinds of addicts we've got here. British experts describe the addict as one who is normal on drugs, and that probably *is* the definition of the true addict. Off drugs, he may manifest a severe character disorder, but while he's on he can function more or less normally. In this country, though, we're confronted with the phenomenon of the law-produced addict—somebody who may not be a true addict at all and is just sociologically hooked." She looked at Billy.

"You don't mean me?" Billy asked.

"Yes, sir," said Dr. Nyswander. "You're a non-addict addict."

Billy shook his head slowly, and said, "I never thought of myself as a non-addict addict. It's very disappointing."

"You didn't make it. Sorry. You have no reason for drugs. You're not that afraid of aggression—whatever problems you have in that area you could have mastered for yourself or with the help of an analyst. You've got girls, friends, a future, a past. And you're a hell of a good musician."

"So why am I using drugs?"

"As long as it's smart, as long as it's against the law, young people like you will become attracted to drugs as an adolescent way of rebelling, and also of exploring life. And if the drug you choose is, let's say, heroin, a pharmacological action takes over and you're saddled with the thing. As long as we treat addicts as criminals, not patients, we're going to have non-addict addicts, and we're not going to be able to focus on the really interesting problems—why is the true addict normal on drugs, and where in the central nervous system are drugs absorbed and tolerated? Is this the same area that man's fears and anxieties stem from? There's some indication that a person who is psychotic or has had a lobotomy can't become addicted, but we don't know what has to be intact in the brain before addiction is possible. And in what part of the unconscious, if any, does addiction come into play? These are some of the problems I want to study—not the sociology of the addict."

A few minutes later, I got up to leave. As Dr. Nyswander saw me to

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the door, she said, "The present situation is so damn senseless and can so often be tragic. Wait—someone put it more accurately: 'The American narcotics problem is an artificial tragedy with real victims.' "

THE cultivation of the opium poppy, *Papaver somniferum*, for nepenthean and medicinal purposes has been traced back to the Sumerians, who devised an ideogram for the flower meaning "the plant of joy." Opium was also used medicinally by the Egyptians, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans, and eventually it spread to India and then to China, where it was either taken orally or smoked, sometimes to relieve pain, and sometimes for pleasure. Not until the middle of the nineteenth century did addiction come to be a serious problem in the United States. In 1805, F. W. Sertürner, a German pharmacist, became the first man to isolate morphine—an active ingredient of opium—and over the next thirty years several other alkaloid derivatives of opium, including narcotine and codeine, were discovered. Then, in 1853, in Edinburgh, the hypodermic needle was invented, and the injection of morphine and other narcotics quickly became common. In the American Civil war, narcotics were so generally used to ease the pain of the wounded that addiction was known as "the Army disease." Meanwhile, opium smoking was introduced into the United States by Chinese immigrants. However, the most pervasive cause of addiction in this country in the nineteenth century was the inclusion in patent medicines and other curatives of a generous proportion of narcotics. By the last decade of the century, much alarm was expressed over the proliferation of "dope fiends." (One Sears, Roebuck catalogue

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announced Sears' Cure for the Opium and Morphine Habit, which was to be given without the addict's knowledge.) Then, in 1898, heroin was isolated—an achievement that added to the confusion. Heroin, a synthetic alkaloid that is made from opium or from morphine and is stronger than either, was thought at first to be non-addictive, and was substituted for morphine in tonics and cough medicines. Not until about 1910 did the majority of physicians become aware that heroin was addictive after all.

In 1912, the United States took the lead in an attempt to establish international regulation of the opium traffic, through a conference that was held in the Netherlands and was known as The Hague Opium Convention. The delegates agreed to control production, sale, transfer, and use of narcotics, but, even so, for another year or two it remained possible for addicts in the United States to buy morphine in a retail drugstore for about a cent a grain. Then, in 1914, Congress passed a bill that became known as the Harrison Act and that has been the basis of this country's regulation of its internal drug traffic ever since. The Harrison Act, in an attempt to control the production and distribution of narcotics, with the particular goal of making them available only for medical and scientific purposes, provided that all handlers of narcotic drugs had to be registered, and imposed a special excise tax on all transactions in such drugs. At first, there was no indication that the new act would prevent a doctor from continuing to treat addicts according to his own best judgment, but, as things worked out, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, which functions under the Treasury Department, began to assume control of the medical treatment of addiction. Almost at once, federal agents began investigating physicians who prescribed narcotic drugs, and in the early nineteen-twenties many such doctors were prosecuted and sent to jail. In those years, the Supreme Court first upheld the conviction of doctors who were clearly not treating patients but were selling drugs to all comers. In one such case, in 1922, the court upheld the indictment of a doctor who had given an addict prescriptions for three hundred and sixty grams of morphine, two hundred and ten grams of cocaine, and a hundred and fifty grains of heroin. The indictment here "charged, in effect . . . that prescribing drugs for an addict was a crime, regardless of the physician's intent in the matter," according to Rufus King, a well-known attorney and expert on the legal aspects of drug addic-

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tion. Armed with this decision, King wrote, the Narcotics Bureau launched "a reign of terror." In a 1957 article, called "Narcotic Drug Laws and Enforcement Policies," he said of this period, "Doctors were bullied and threatened, and those who were adamant went to prison. Any prescribing for an addict, unless he had some other ailment that called for narcotization, was likely to mean trouble with the . . . agents. The addict-*patient* vanished; the addict-criminal emerged in his place." As Dr. Nyswander has put it, "When the legislators and enforcement officers ignored the terrible needs imposed on the addict by his disease, his one alternative was to turn to the underworld for relief."

This and other early decisions were not the Supreme Court's last word on the subject, however. In 1925, Dr. Charles O. Linder, of Spokane, Washington, was charged with having sold an addict-informer one tablet of morphine and three tablets of cocaine for self-administration. In a unanimous decision vindicating Linder, the Supreme Court pointed out that the Harrison Act "says nothing of 'addicts' and does not undertake to prescribe methods for their medical treatment," and concluded that addicts "are diseased and proper subjects for such treatment." Nine years later, the Circuit Court of Appeals of the Tenth Circuit applied the finding in the Linder case to a case known as Strader vs. United States. In reversing the conviction of a doctor who had given an addict morphine, the Circuit Court declared that a physician was not precluded "from giving an addict a moderate amount of drugs in order to relieve a condition incident to addiction, if the physician acts in good faith and in accord with fair medical standards."

In the opinion of Rufus King, the Linder and Strader decisions came too late, for by 1925 the pattern had been set. "The trick had worked," he wrote. "The doctors had withdrawn, and they never permitted the addict to reapproach them. The peddler had taken over, and his profits soared as enforcement efforts reduced his competition and drove his customers ever deeper into the underworld, where they were easy prey. It is significant that the present-day regulation of the Narcotics Bureau advising doctors of their rights in dealing with addicts blithely ignores what the Supreme Court said in the Linder case."

Even if most doctors had not already been frightened off, there proved to be a catch in the safeguards for physicians outlined in the Linder and Strader de-

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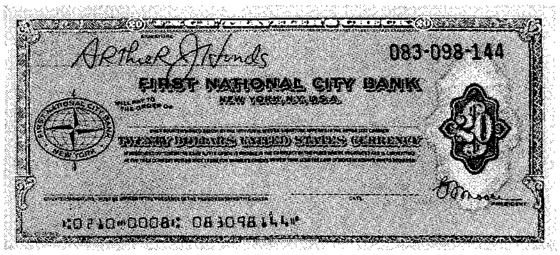

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cisions. The catch has been explained by Judge Morris Ploscowe in a book called "Drug Addiction: Crime or Disease?," published in 1961. "A physician who treats and/or prescribes drugs for an addict patient in good faith according to medical standards will be protected from a conviction," Judge Ploscowe said. "But his good faith and adherence to medical standards can only be determined *after a trial.* The issue . . . must be decided by a judge or a jury. . . . The physician has no way of knowing *before* he attempts to treat and/or prescribe drugs to an addict, whether his activities will be condemned or condoned."

Between 1919 and 1924, more than forty American cities, including New York, experimented in providing aid to addicts through clinics that dispensed low-cost drugs. The American Medical Association, however, strongly opposed the ambulatory treatment of addicts, and the Treasury Department also took a decidedly negative view of the clinics, and in the face of probable federal prosecution all the clinics soon closed. In an interview in the periodical *Modern Medicine* in 1957, Dr. Nyswander noted that poor planning and confused administration had led to the failure of the New York City clinic, which opened in April, 1919, and closed in January of the next year. There were, however, several outstanding clinics elsewhere in the country, and of these Dr. Nyswander has observed, "All reports showed they would be successful, but the narcotic agents arbitrarily closed them before definitive problems could be worked out. Fortunately, the medical libraries contain a book by two Public Health people, 'The Opium Problem,' by Terry and Pellens. This book contains the medical reports of the clinics and is vastly interesting reading. It indicates that, if the clinics had been continued, addiction today would be a simple medical problem and not the complicated sociologic problem it has turned out to be."

At the same time that private medical help became unavailable to addicts, hospitals began refusing to admit them. For one thing, hospital personnel observed that many addicts volunteered for detoxification only when their outside sources of drugs disappeared temporarily, since they knew that in the hospital they would be given drugs during the initial stages of withdrawal, and any relief was better than none. As soon as the amount of drugs was substantially reduced, such addicts usually left the hospital and were not seen again. For another thing, there was an increasing record of episodes in

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which addicts bribed hospital attendants to get them a supply of drugs or forcibly compelled nurses to open narcotics cabinets.

The Bureau of Narcotics was comparatively free to test its theory that the most effective way of preventing addiction was to increase the penalties for narcotics violations, and over the years the Bureau's program has been furthered by increasingly harsh federal and state legislation. Gradually, loopholes in the Harrison Act were filled in, and in 1925 the production or importation of heroin was prohibited by law, while a few years later unauthorized possession of narcotic drugs became explicitly illegal. In 1956, Congress passed the Narcotic Control Act, which raised minimum sentences for drug violations and denied judges the power to permit probation or parole in many cases of narcotics-law violation. At the White House Conference on Narcotic and Drug Abuse in September, 1962, James V. Bennett, who was then Director of the United States Bureau of Prisons, described the narcotics offenders under his care: "It is . . . extremely difficult to get this group to participate in our rehabilitative program. Few of them will wholeheartedly undertake a course of academic or trade training; they are indifferent members of our self-improvement classes, and show little interest in any of the opportunities that are open to them. That, of course, is due largely to the fact that we can provide no incentive for them. . . . They are doing what in prison parlance is called 'flat time'—a sentence without hope of parole or remission no matter how hard they may try to better themselves. . . . The consequence is that when their discharge finally comes many leave little better than when they entered. In fact, some of them may be worse because whatever skills and industrial contacts they may have had have been lost. Even those who serve the shortest possible sentence . . . are devoid of friends or relatives and they are feared, shunned, and discriminated against on every hand. Is it any wonder so many return to the only thing they know that will permit a brief escape?" In spite of the rigors of their punishment, however, narcotics violators constituted fifteen per cent of the federal-prison population in 1960 by contrast with a little over four per cent in 1946. The trend toward longer sentences and mandatory minimum sentences, without chance of parole, was a major reason for the increase.

The states have gone along with the federal government's punitive approach

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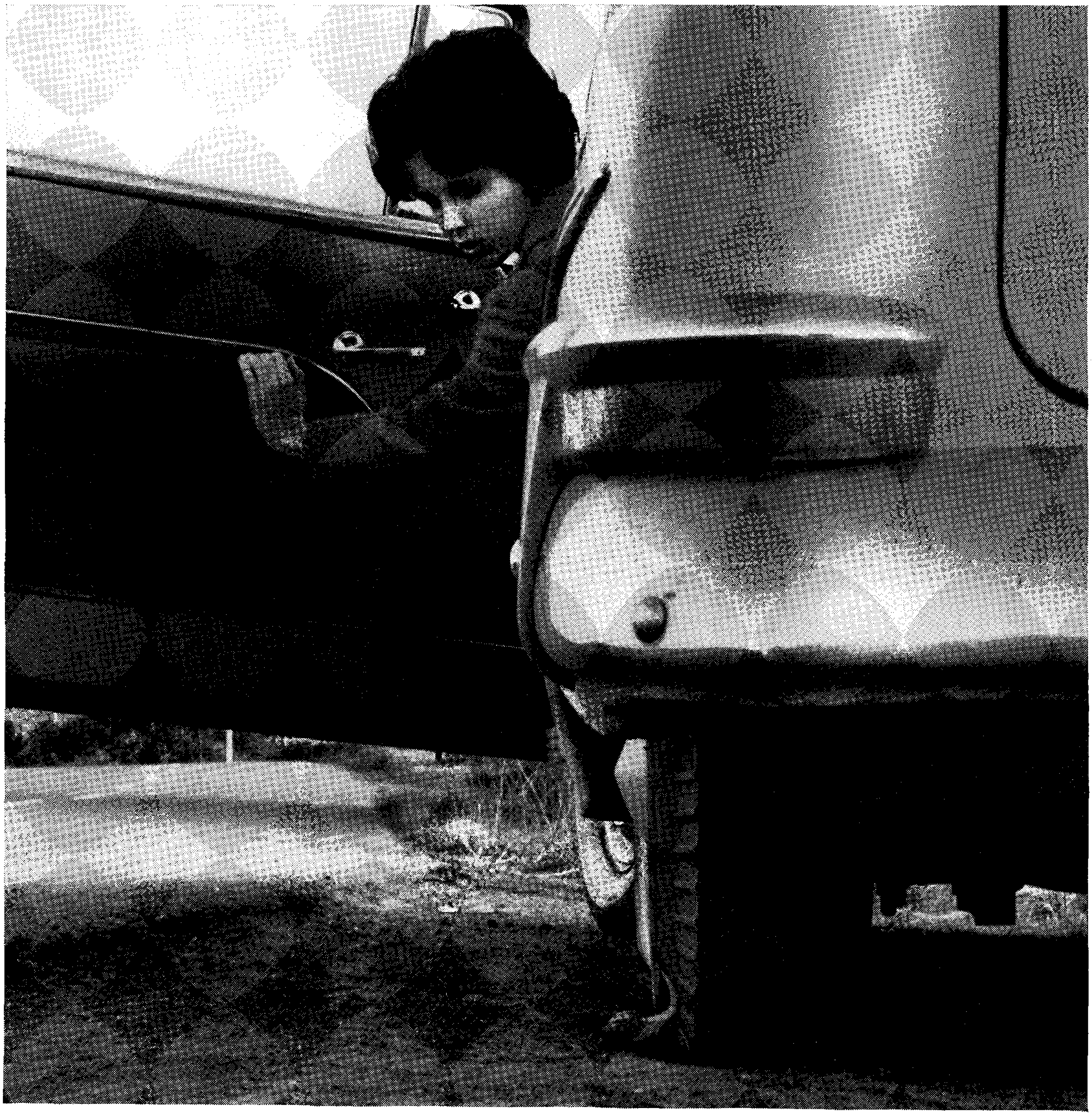

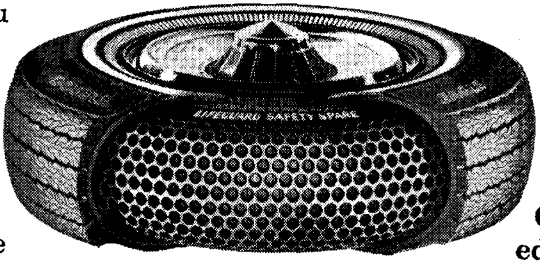

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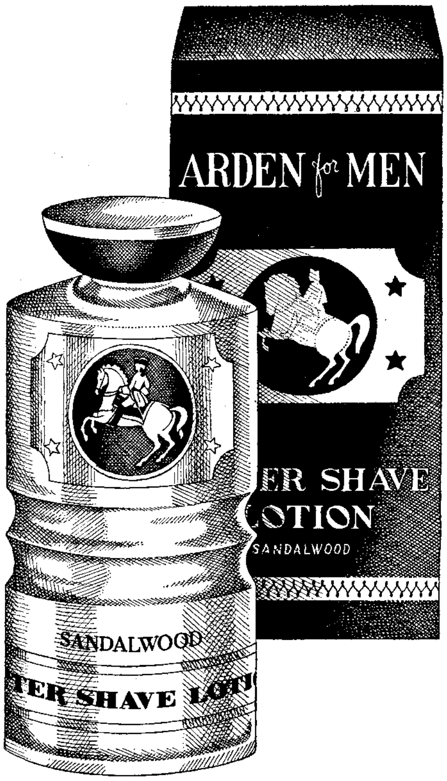

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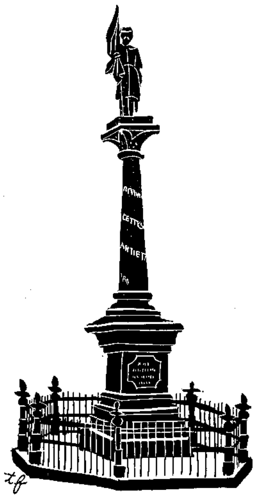
to drug addicts. There has been an "almost unanimous trend toward increasing the severity of penalties in all the states," according to a book, "Narcotics and the Law," written by the attorney William Butler Eldridge and published in 1962 by the American Bar Foundation. "Maximum sentences of forty or more years as well as an increasing number of life sentences are liberally sprinkled through the provisions," Eldridge goes on to say. "Death penalties have been added for sales to minors. Nearly half of the states have some limitation on suspension, probation, or parole which applies specifically to narcotics violations. . . . Despite the dearth of really conclusive evidence of the effect of severe repressive laws . . . the statutes consistently appear to reflect the idea that severity and severity only can cope with the problem."

Some states have tried to define addiction itself—as distinct from the possession, sale, or transfer of narcotics—as a crime. In June, 1962, the Supreme Court decided that under the Constitution to "be addicted to the use of narcotics" could not be made a criminal offense. The case involved a California law under which an addict was automatically regarded as a criminal. The court declared, "It is unlikely that any State at this moment in history would attempt to make it a criminal offense for a person to be mentally ill, or a leper, or to be afflicted with a venereal disease. A State might determine that the general health and welfare require that the victims of these and other human afflictions be dealt with by compulsory treatment, involving quarantine, confinement, or sequestration. But, in the light of contemporary human knowledge, a law which made a criminal offense of such a disease would doubtless be universally thought to be an infliction of cruel and unusual punishment in violation of the Eighth and Fourteenth Amendments."



To the addict, however, the court's decision is of small practical comfort, for once he is in possession of his drug, he has become a criminal anyway. Moreover, both federal and state laws fail to differentiate sufficiently—or in some cases to differentiate at all—between non-addicted major jobbers in the drug traffic and small-time addict-pushers. At one time or another, most addicts turn to the selling of drugs as a way of getting enough money to buy drugs, and most of the laws fall as heavily on them as on those to whom the selling of drugs is merely a highly profitable business.

IN any discussion of the punitive approach, Dr. Nyswander is almost sure to point out that it has been responsible for the creation of a distinct addict subculture. An exact census of that subculture is extremely difficult to take. It is known that the number of addicts decreased between 1938 and 1945, because it was virtually impossible in those years to smuggle heroin in from abroad, and that since the mid-forties there has been a decided upsurge, but the methods of record-keeping throughout the country are so diverse that no one really knows how many addicts there are. In the fall of 1962, the Ad Hoc Panel on Drug Abuse reported to the President that "the discrepancies between Federal, State, and local enforcement agencies are so great in some instances (more than 100 per cent) that the Panel prefers not to make any numerical estimates at this time." In December, 1964, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics announced that there were 55,899 addicts in the country, but some authorities believe a million to be closer to the actual figure.

In 1956, in carrying on a campaign to return the treatment of addicts to doctors and to challenge the stereotype of the addict, Dr. Nyswander wrote her first book, "The Drug Addict as a Patient." Its intent was to demonstrate that the addict, resistant to treatment though he might be, could be dealt with by doctors who were willing to acquire a basic knowledge of addiction—a theme on which no other book had been published since the passage of the Harrison Act. In 1957, Dr. Nyswander received a letter from Dr. Joh. Booij, of Amsterdam, who, as the editor of the *Folia Psychiatrica, Neurologica et Neurochirurgica Neerlandica*, was about to review the book. He was troubled by the possibility that he had not fully understood some of her statements. "From your book, I got the impression that in the U.S.A. these addicts are not treated like patients but are taken in prison," he wrote. "Is that right? I am quite as-

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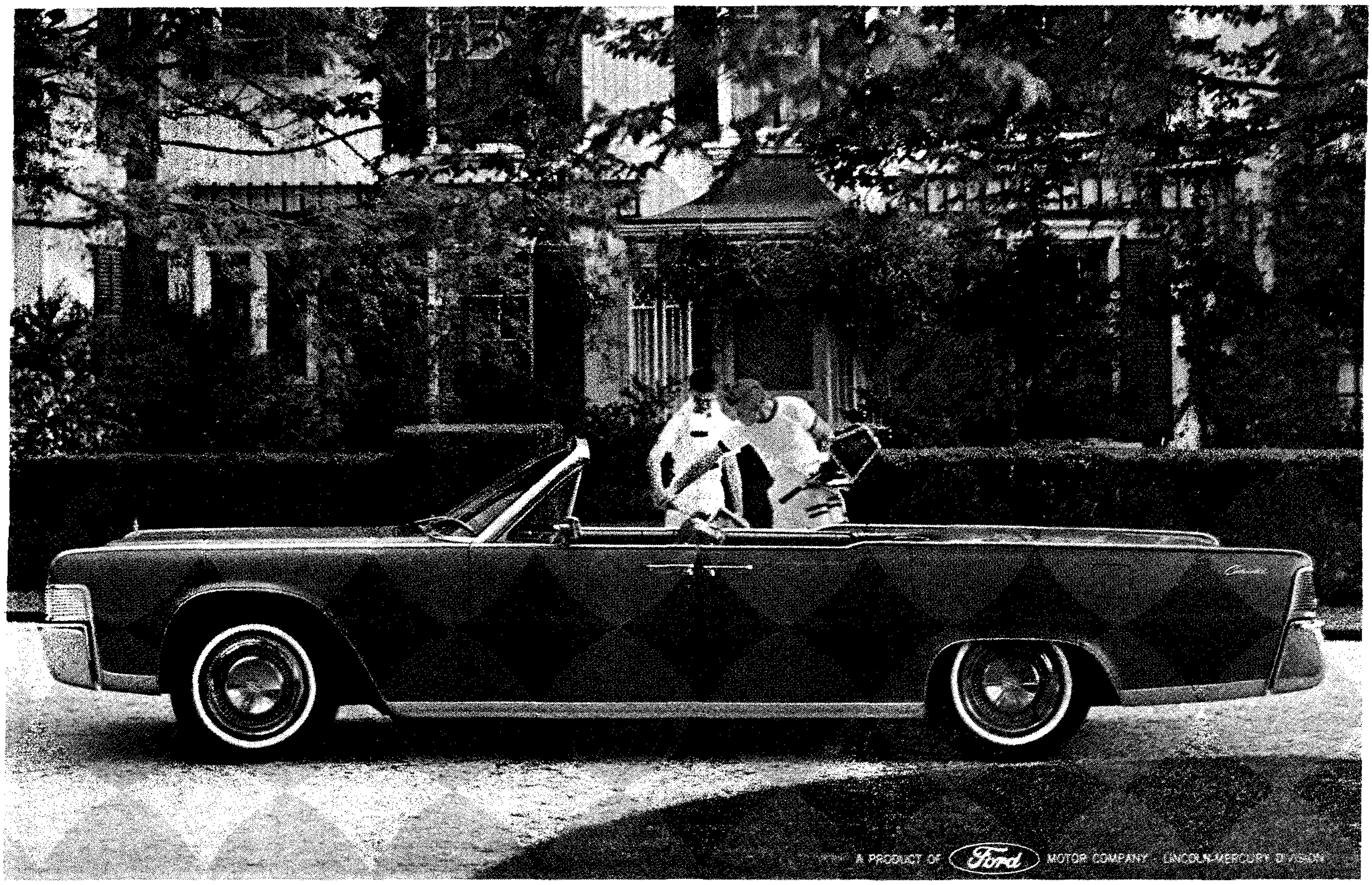

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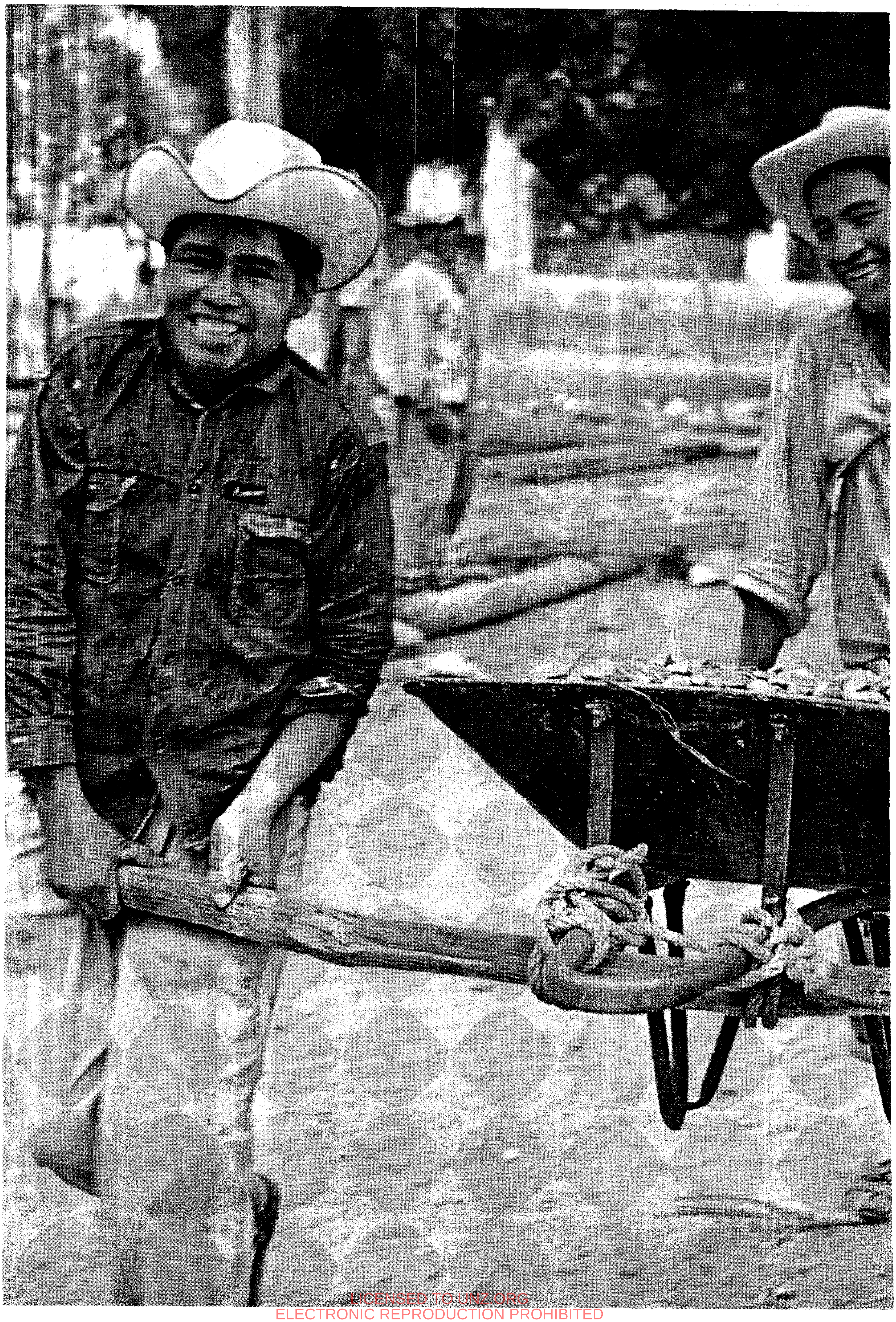

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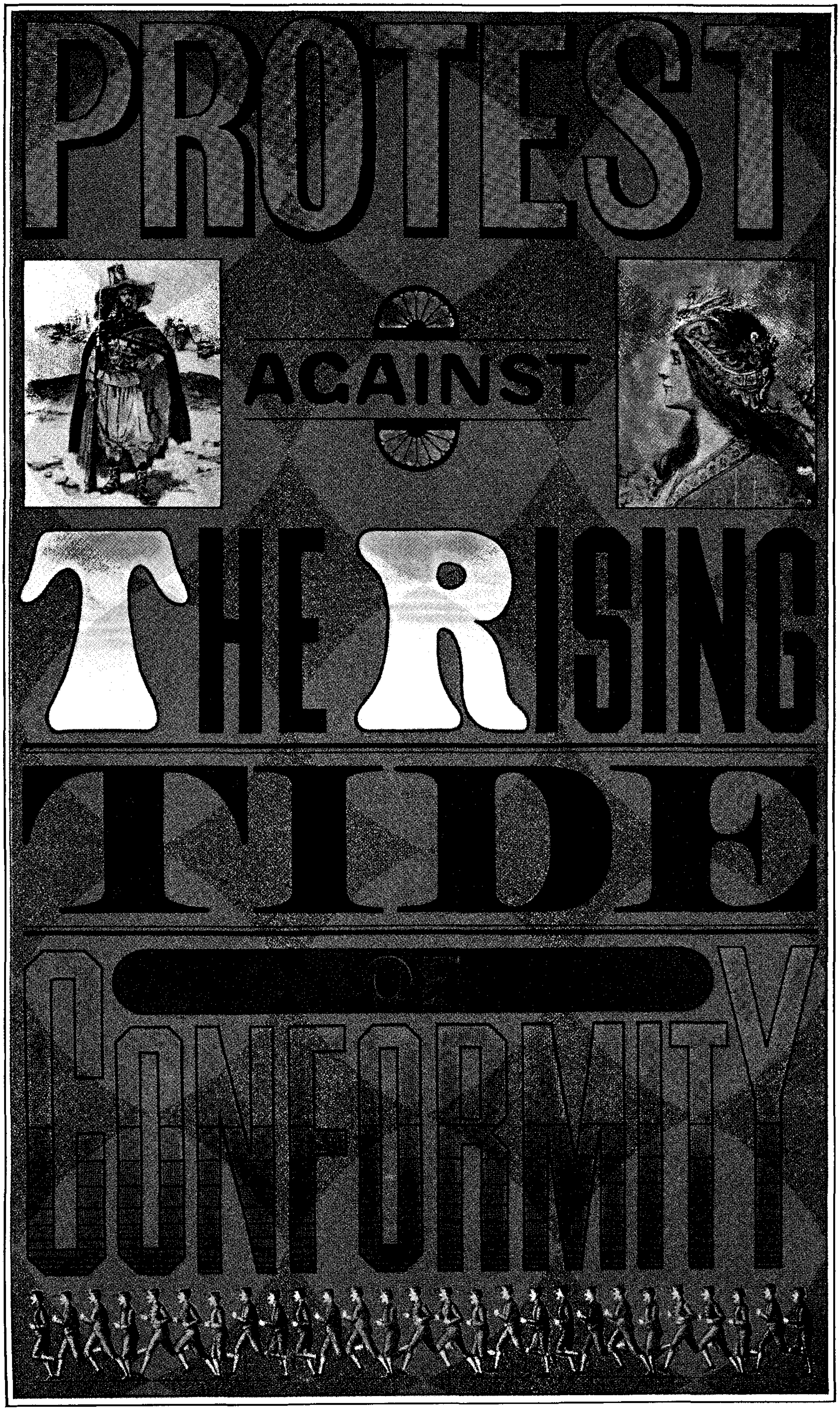
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tonished to become aware of this. How is it possible that these patients are taken in prison?"

"Before the Harrison Act, women addicts outnumbered men two to one," Dr. Nyswander said recently. "That ratio has been reversed. Before the Harrison Act, too, the addict population consisted in large part of the medically addicted and adults from the middle class. Now the majority of the nation's addicts are from working-class backgrounds—inhabitants of urban slums, and often members of minority groups. And they're younger. America is the only country in the world with a large and growing number of adolescent addicts. The reason is that adolescents—by the nature of the beast—fight authority. Throughout the world, adolescents are like a sensitive minority group just waiting to be misunderstood and attacked. Traditionally, their criticism of the adult world has been acted out in student riots and radical political activities, but in this country today their target is the puritanism that is still part of our heritage; for some adolescents, addiction becomes the most tempting and the most easily rationalized of all revolts. That's why adolescents are so difficult to treat. A nineteen-year-old once told me that an addict in his late twenties had tried to persuade him to get off drugs. '*He* can talk,' the boy said. 'He's had years of it. I'm supposed to kick it and I've only been on for two years. I'm being gypped.' For some teen-agers, getting on drugs becomes a way of proclaiming their independence. These adolescents get a kick out of the sense of identity they feel from being in revolt. Accordingly, at this point in their lives they have very little motivation to be 'rehabilitated.' Whatever fear this kind of adolescent has he covers up, sometimes even from himself. There are more adolescent addicts every year. Many kids who used to rebel against authority by joining fighting gangs have switched to drugs. Simultaneously, there has been a tremendous increase in addiction in schools—not only schools in slum neighborhoods but private schools and high schools in the suburbs."

In addition to helping create this particularly refractory group of adolescent addicts, the punitive approach, Dr. Nyswander believes, has helped make the nature and quantity of the drugs themselves more unpredictable. To increase their profits, entrepreneurs of the drug traffic have repeatedly cut the amount of heroin in each bag. One veteran heroin addict told Dr. Nyswander not long ago, "I can't under-

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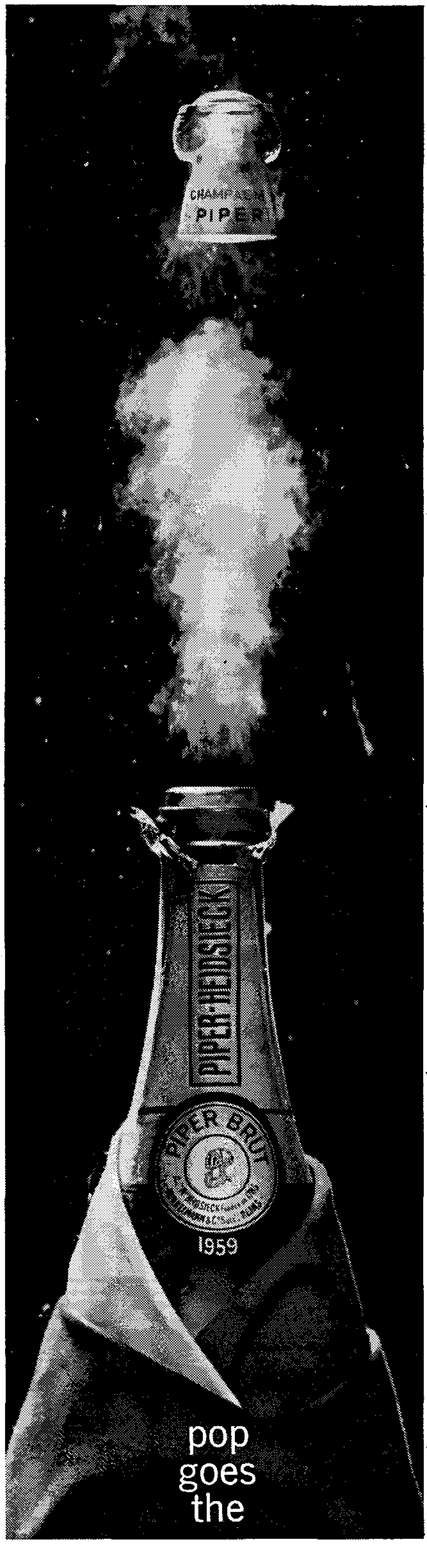

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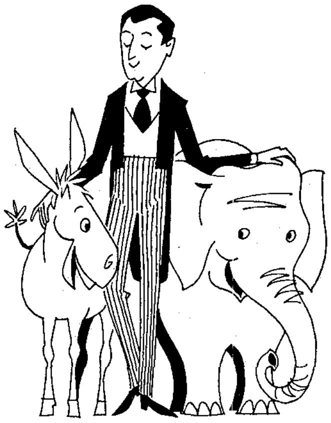
stand why any kid would *want* to get on these days. There's nothing in the shots anymore." In consequence, the addict can never be certain of what he's actually buying. After all, there is no one to set and enforce standards. It may happen that a succession of bags acquired by a single addict will all be of different strengths. This can lead to serious accidents, for if the addict injects more actual heroin into his system than he thinks he is injecting, he may die. Deaths resulting from drug addiction—particularly death by overdose—used to be rare; in 1950, for instance, there were only fifty-seven such deaths in New York City. Last year, there were more than three hundred.

These days, too, more addicts are developing what are called "mixed habits," a form of addiction that Dr. Nyswander has explained by saying, "In the past, very few heroin addicts also used barbiturates. Now, because heroin has become harder to get and is increasingly diluted, more and more of them try various combinations of sleeping pills and the like to get the results that heroin alone used to provide. I should say that more than fifty per cent of today's addicts use other drugs to potentiate whatever heroin they can buy and to tide them over when no heroin is available. And these substitute drugs are more dangerous than heroin. They can alter judgment, cause mental deterioration, and bring about convulsions." Another complication resulting from mixed habits is that when an addict takes an overdose and is brought to the hospital, the doctor in the emergency room can no longer be sure what to do. If he could assume he was dealing with a straight heroin overdose, he could save the addict's life, but when he doesn't know what the addict has been taking, he may not be able to make a diagnosis quickly enough.

"Despair," Dr. Nyswander said recently, spreading her hands in a gesture of anger and impatience. "Despair is always pulling addicts down, and it may be a factor in fatal overdose. We—I mean the doctors who feel as I do—have to get the addict coming to us instead of to the pushers, and the only way to do this, and get him out of this subculture, is to give him drugs. Where we go from there, in terms of rehabilitation, we won't know until we've done a great deal more research on addicts who are getting drugs legally. As a matter of fact, we have had some knowledge of how addicts function when they don't have to worry about getting drugs. I'm not thinking of our methadone research at the mo-



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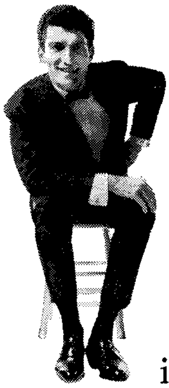

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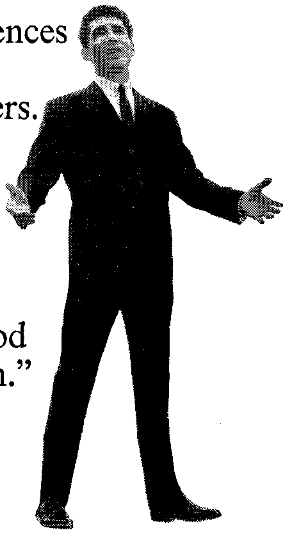

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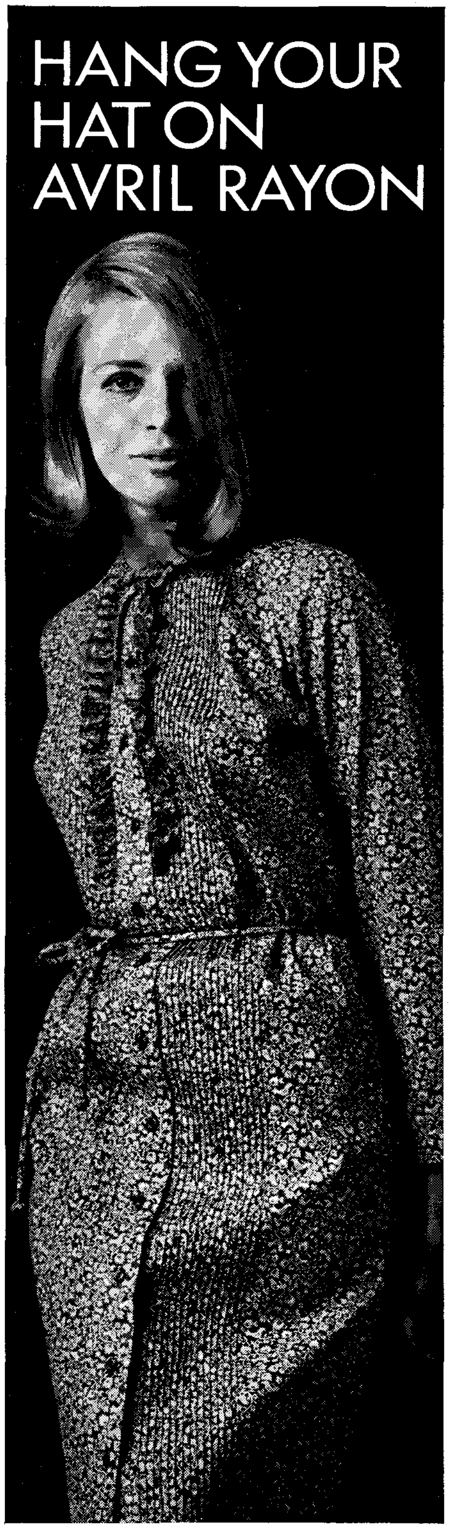
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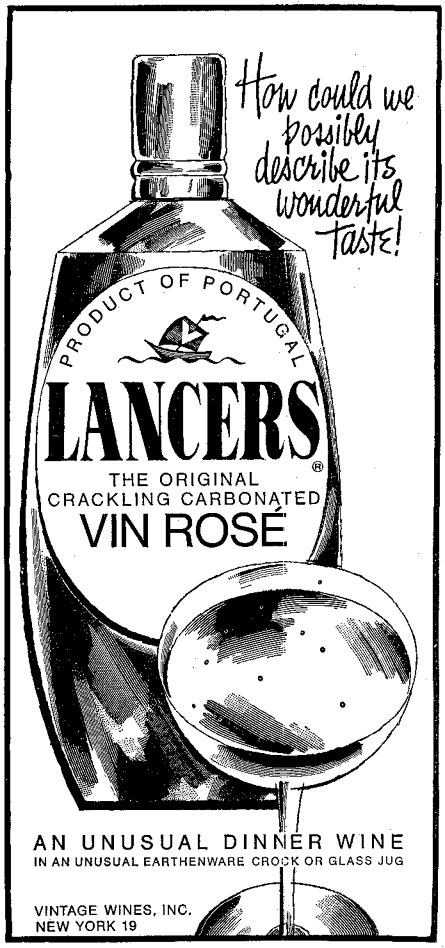
ment. That's another story. I am thinking of cases in which the addicts themselves *have done the research*, and we've been able to learn things from them that we can't find out from addicts in institutions. It doesn't happen often, but once in a while one of the so-called vilest addicts in East Harlem will find a doctor who will give him drugs, or will come upon some other easy source. Under those conditions, he is likely to keep a job, maintain his family intact, and cut out his criminal activity. We see more of this kind of adjustment among middle-class and wealthy addicts who either discover a brave doctor or have a disease that gives them a legal excuse for acquiring a regular supply. In these people, you see no social deterioration. I have yet to hear of the arrest of a well-to-do addict."

IN recent years, there has been increasing support for the inauguration of research projects in which addicts would be legally permitted to maintain their drug habits during treatment. In 1954, the New York State Medical Association proposed to the American Medical Association that narcotics clinics be established under the auspices of the Bureau of Narcotics, at which addicts would receive drugs at cost or without charge while attempts were being made to cure them. The following year, the New York Academy of Medicine advocated, as one method of treatment of addiction, that drugs be supplied to addicts at low cost under federal control; whatever the percentage of cures, the Academy pointed out, this approach to the problem would at least take the profit out of the illicit drug traffic. In February, 1962, the Medical Society of the County of New York suggested that "physicians who participate in a properly controlled and supervised clinical research project for addicts on a non-institutional basis . . . be deemed to be practicing ethical medicine." Such clinical research could include, if it seemed indicated, the prescribing of narcotics. In June, 1964, the Advisory Council of Judges of the National Council on Crime and Delinquency declared, "The narcotic drug addict is a sick person, physically and psychologically, and as such is entitled to qualified medical attention just as are other sick people. As a sick person, the addict should receive whatever medical care he may need, as an out-patient of a clinic or private physician or, when necessary, in a hospital. . . . As the Supreme Court pointed out in Linder vs. United States, the present law is inter-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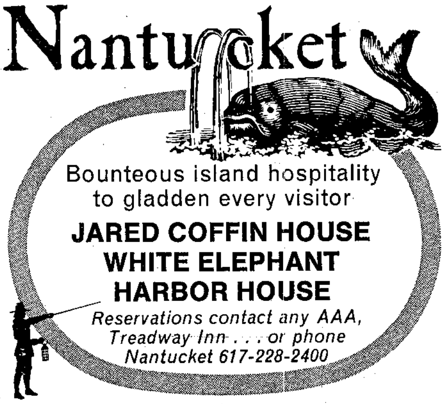

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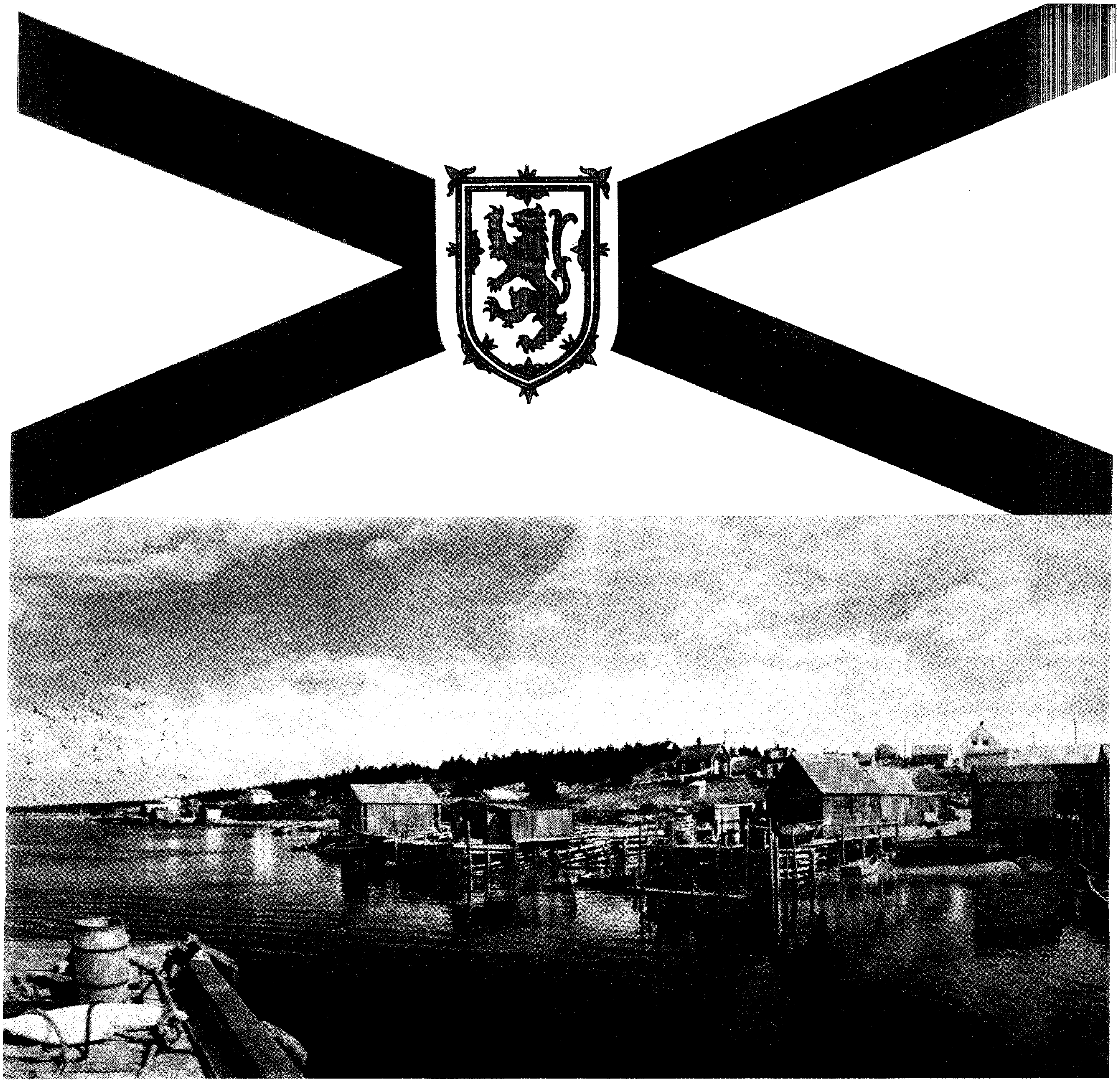

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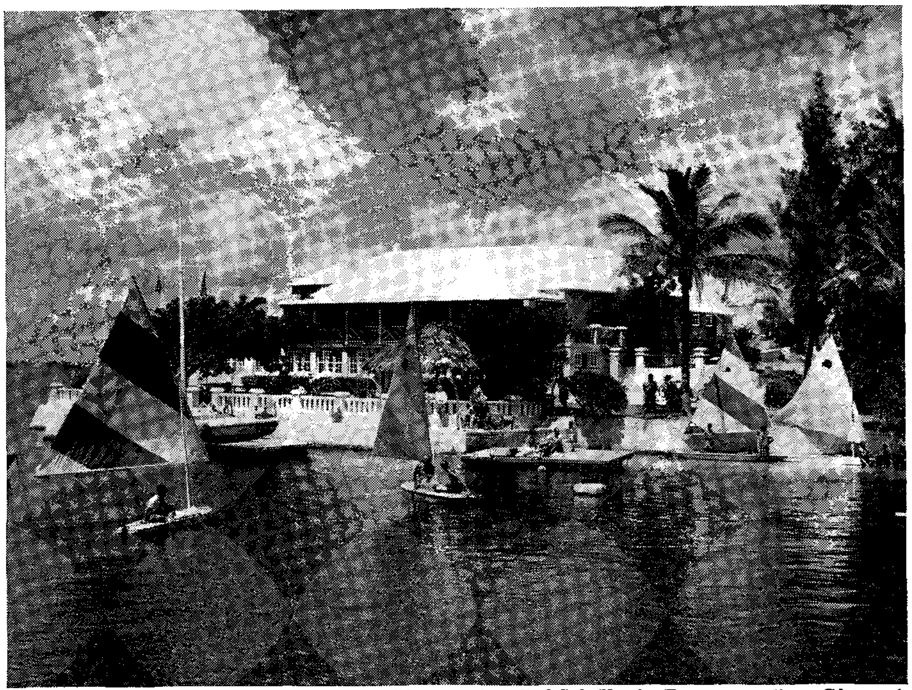
preted—and should be so interpreted and enforced by the Narcotics Bureau or any other government agency—as allowing prescription of medicine, including narcotic drugs, 'for relief of conditions incident to addiction.' Despite this interpretation, the nature of administrative enforcement of the Harrison Act deters physicians from performing their ethical duties. Accordingly, the Advisory Council of Judges recommends that necessary action be taken, either by statute or by the appropriate bureaus and departments, to have the interpretation of the Harrison Act, as set forth in Linder vs. United States, carried out administratively and the regulations of the Bureau of Narcotics amended to conform thereto." This year, the General Board of the National Council of Churches urged, among other changes in the treatment of drug addicts, that doctors be given the full power "to determine the appropriate medical use of drugs in the treatment of addicts."

The weight of official medical opinion, however, is still against the legalization of drugs and the ambulatory treatment of addicts. One standard argument is that to provide some addicts with drugs would be to admit defeat of the hope of ultimately "curing" addicts. Dr. Nyswander disagrees with this argument on the ground that there is insufficient evidence to justify it, and so does Dr. Alfred M. Freedman, the chairman of the Department of Psychiatry of New York Medical College-Metropolitan Hospital Center, where Dr. Nyswander is an assistant clinical professor of psychiatry, currently on leave of absence. At the White House Conference on Narcotic and Drug Abuse in September, 1962, Dr. Freedman said that "in a rational approach to the problem of addiction, drug abstinence becomes one method along with many others," and in various papers he has emphasized the possibility that for an as yet undetermined number of addicts drug addiction may be a chronic disease and that those who are looking for a way to "cure" addicts should recognize that "by definition the duration of chronic illness is measured not in days, as is the case in acute illness, but in months and years, and recovery is seldom distinguished by a clear-cut end of symptoms." The success of most programs is judged by the number of addicts who never again relapse, and Dr. Freedman has suggested that this method of evaluation "may be eliminating a significant number who function in the community with variable success." As he put it, "They have brief



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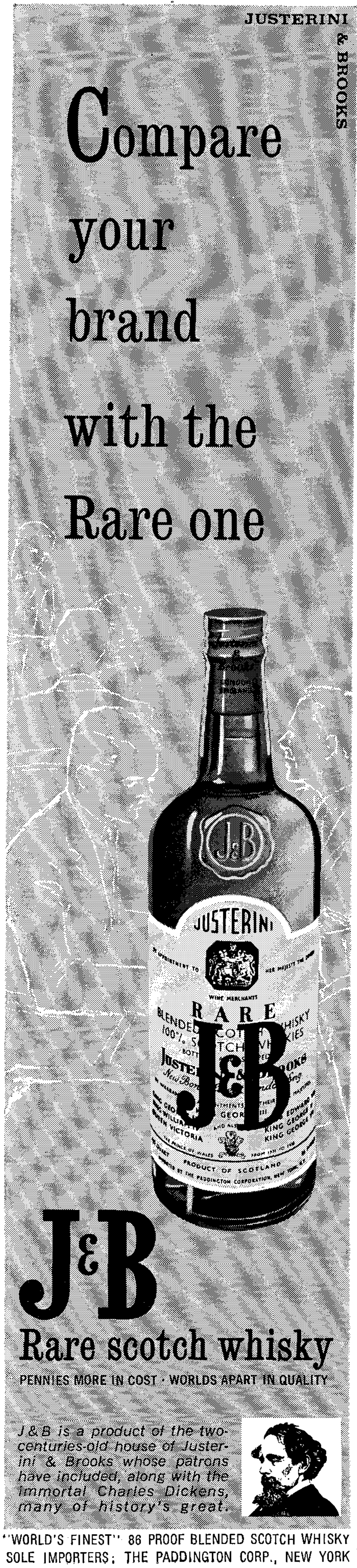
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relapses but manage to abandon the use of narcotics for a period of time by themselves or with medical aid. We do not know at the present time to what extent this is true, but it is not being measured and it should be. The weekend alcoholic is accepted in our society although the full-time alcoholic is considered a problem. . . . It may well be that the concept of 'successful treatment' of narcotic addiction requires redefinition."

Another frequently heard argument against the legalization of drugs is that addiction is immoral. Dr. David P. Ausubel, professor of education at the University of Illinois, has written extensively on addiction, and among his objections to the Nyswander approach is that "legalization would give drug addiction an unfortunate modicum of moral sanction that would encourage its spread among potential addicts." Dr. Nyswander disputes this point vigorously. "Giving drugs under medical control has nothing to do with right or wrong, good or bad," she says. "To turn the question of legalizing drugs as one method of treatment into a moral one makes no sense to me. At the Public Health Service Hospital for addicts in Lexington, Kentucky, they give drugs to addicts, both prisoners and voluntary patients, during research. Is it any more moral to do research in a prison than outside? The question that should be asked is: Does giving an addict drugs help him get out of a situation in which he is stimulated to remain addicted by deprivation and, in the case of adolescents, by the continuing chance to oppose authority? Does giving him drugs help him take his first steps back into society? To speak of providing drugs as a last resort is inaccurate. It can be the first resort, the first way back, in a program of rehabilitation that has the addict's consent."

The most recent trend in official treatment systems is represented by civil-commitment laws, which have been adopted in one form or another in New York, California, and several other states. Under New York's Metcalf-Volker Bill, for example, a drug addict may voluntarily apply for admission to a state hospital for withdrawal and rehabilitation. He may also be proposed for civil—as opposed to criminal—commitment by his family or by anyone living with him. Furthermore, a drug addict who has been arrested, whether or not his arrest is for an offense connected with drugs, may have the criminal proceedings against him stayed while he is committed to a hospital or other "in-patient institution" under the supervision of the New York State Mental Hygiene Department. There are exceptions to this last provision—an addicted seller of drugs, for example, cannot apply for civil commitment—but if an arrested addict qualifies for this alternative to a possible jail term, his hospitalization must be followed by a period of out-patient probational supervision, and if the doctors consider him cured within three years, the criminal charges will be dropped. The New York system operates largely on a voluntary basis, but the civil-commitment procedures in some other states do not require the addict's consent. At the White House Conference on Narcotic and Drug Abuse, Stanley Mosk, Attorney General of California, said, "Civil commitment broadly means the involuntary placement of the addict in an institution for treatment aimed at rehabilitation. It is an alternative to punishment. . . . Civil commitment may be initiated by the addict or his family, but its utilization by law enforcement is rapidly becoming its most important aspect." Currently, there are indications of growing support in Congress and in the White House for a federal civil-commitment program, perhaps allied with the construction of additional federal and state hospital facilities for addicts. Also in favor of the compulsory civil commitment of addicts have been the American Medical Association and the National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences.

"I hope we don't have to go through another thirty years of failure to find out that civil commitment is not *the* answer, either," Dr. Nyswander said not long ago. "More and more people are coming to admit that imprisonment, with or without medical treatment, doesn't work. But civil commitment with medical treatment is still, in most cases, compulsion. Often, the first thing an addict will do when he gets out of jail is to take a shot, so he can feel like a human being again instead of an

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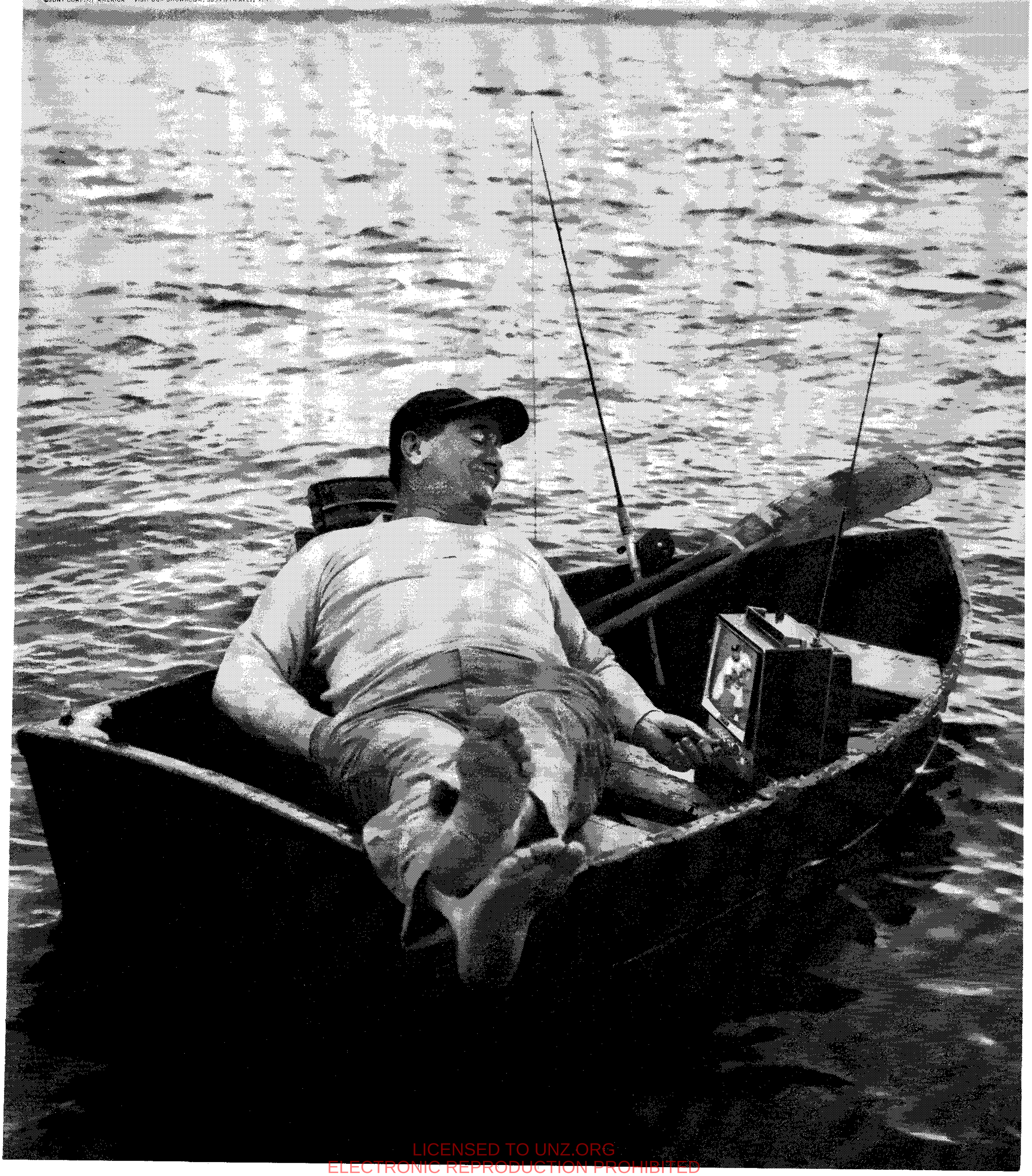
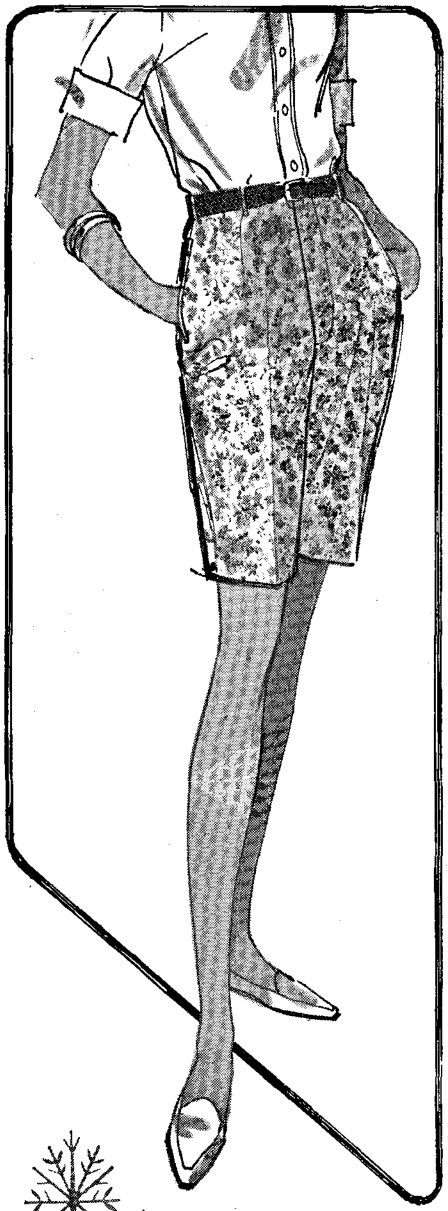


outcast who has been quarantined. I'm afraid that if an addict is forced into a hospital before he's ready to get off drugs, the same thing will happen. Some addicts can be withdrawn at home. Some can be helped in a hospital. Some can be reached with psychotherapy. Some function well in treatment systems like Synanon, in which they're guided by a staff of former addicts and gradually assume authority on their own, without any help from drugs. But all the Synanons and all the psychiatrists in the country cannot meet the needs of all addicts. For addicts who are not ready to get off drugs, however, I do think our experience with methadone indicates that this drug may be an important bridge to rehabilitation. You can't ask most drug addicts to stop and consider what vocation they want to follow—or to evaluate anything else—as long as their primary preoccupation is to get drugs. When an addict no longer has to worry compulsively about his source of supply, he can concentrate on other things. At that point, as we have discovered in our research on methadone, the word 're-habilitation' can take on some meaning. Of course, if an addict decides to go off drugs right now, you can get him into a program that doesn't take his need for drugs into account, and his prognosis may be good. But most addicts are slow to make that decision."

Upon being asked how long she thought it would be before the concept of rehabilitating the addict was no longer synonymous among the majority of doctors and law-enforcement officials with keeping him off drugs, Dr. Nyswander raised her eyebrows and laughed. "I'm optimistic," she said. "Look." She searched through a folder of clippings. "I'll show you how discredited the old, punitive methods are becoming. Here's an editorial in the *Wall Street Journal*. The *Wall Street Journal*, mind you." In its lead editorial for April 17, 1963, the paper criticized various official approaches to addiction and pointed out that "rehabilitation and cure are not necessarily identical." The editorial went on to recommend that "we should begin considering how physicians, under careful rules, can be allowed to treat these sick people as they do others; and we can start searching for ways in which the tragic incurables can be put on sustaining doses that will keep them from desperate acts." Dr. Nyswander next pulled out an editorial in the *Times* for February 27, 1965, which declared, "The best hope for smashing the illicit traffic in narcotics lies in the dispensing of drugs under



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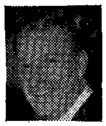

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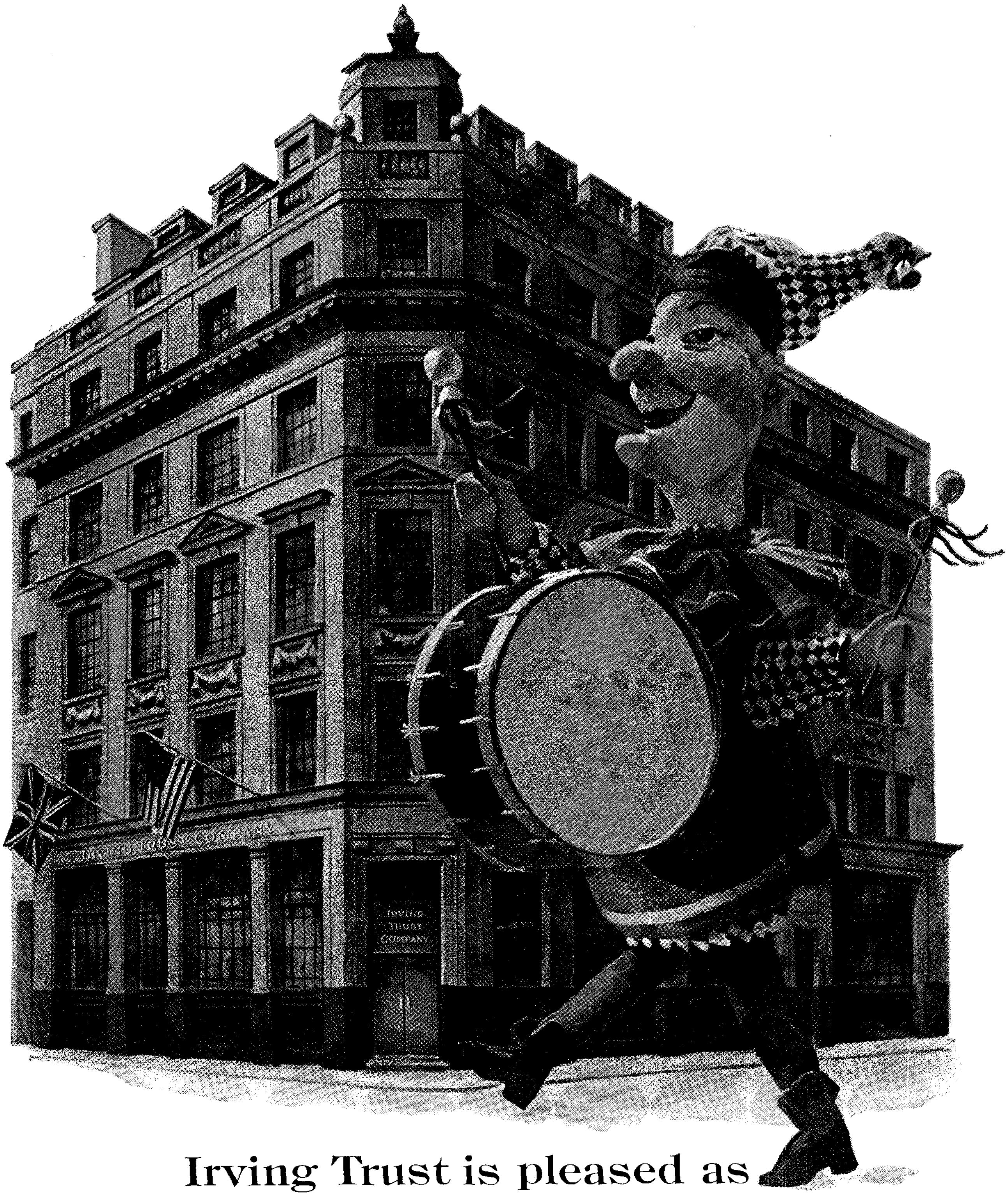

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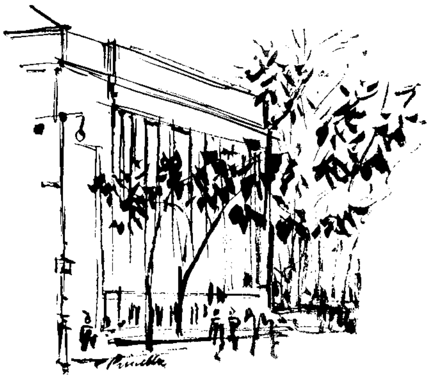
medical controls—particularly at hospitals in the needy sections of the city, where physicians and psychiatrists can initiate well-rounded programs of medicine, counseling and therapy as a basis for helping addicts overcome their dependence on narcotics."

IN recent years, Dr. Nyswander has acted as a consultant to a number of programs concerned with drug addiction in New York City—whether municipal projects or programs conducted by voluntary agencies. In 1959, for example, she was research-committee chairman of the Mayor's Advisory Board on Narcotics Addiction, and she has just been appointed by the city to set up units in a number of New York's teaching hospitals for further experiments with methadone. Dr. Nyswander has also had considerable experience in the treatment of medical men who have become addicted to narcotics. Physicians come to her as patients from all over the country. Some are in legal difficulties because of their addiction, and others want to break their habit for fear of imperilling their careers. Dr. Nyswander is accepted as an expert witness by the Attorney General's Office in cases involving addicted physicians. When a doctor's license to practice is suspended because he has become a drug addict, his first step in applying for its return can be to ask any one of a group of approved physicians to give a prognosis of his case. Dr. Nyswander is one of that group. She may also be asked to testify for a doctor who is up for sentencing on a narcotics charge. "In either situation, I never testify for a doctor unless I have a secure feeling that he is seriously working on his problem," she says.

In addition, Dr. Nyswander conducts a private practice, which has grown to the point where a new patient usually has to wait between three and six months before a place can be found for him on her schedule. In her private practice, she deals not principally with addiction but with the full range of problems that are ordinarily brought to



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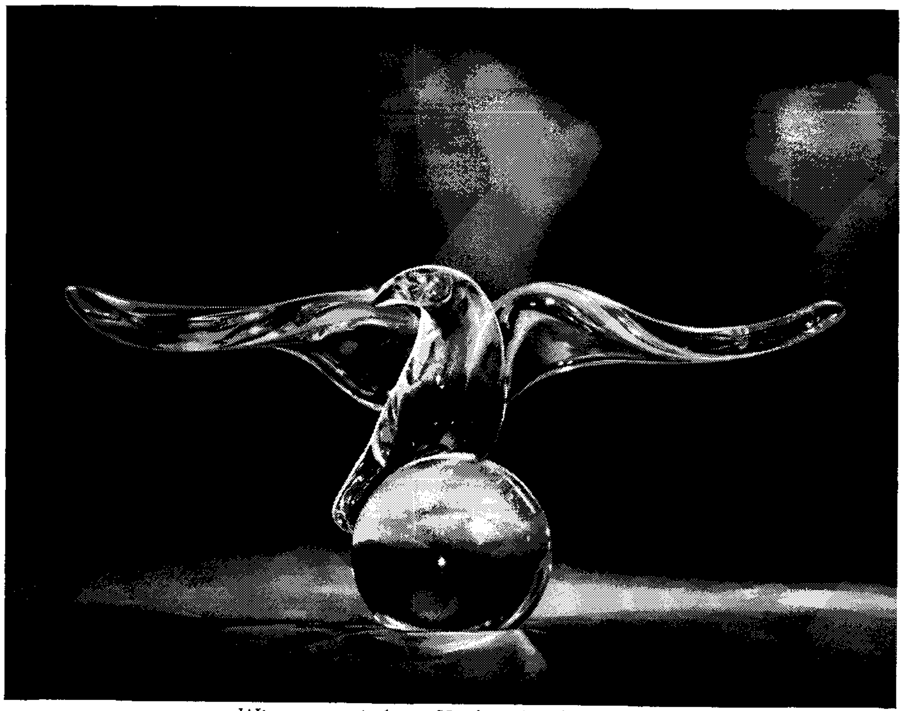

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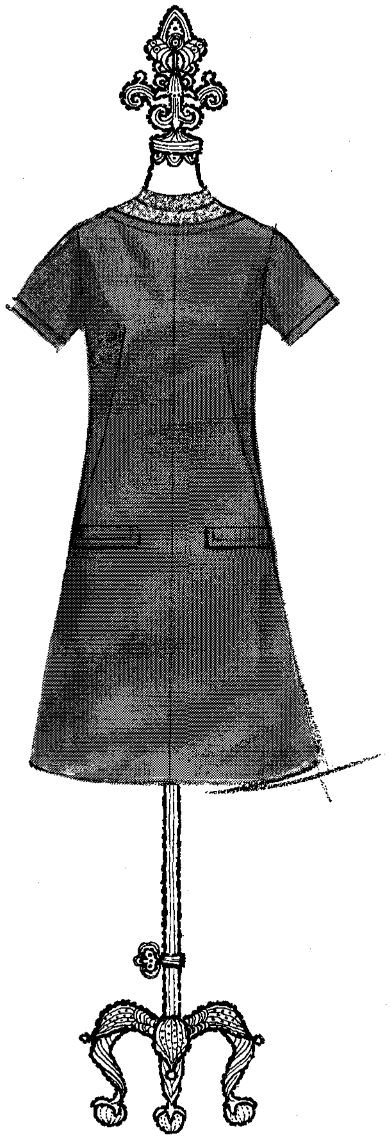

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a psychoanalyst. Her technique is essentially Freudian. "No one has displaced Freud's basic concepts," she says. "In analysis, I never break technique. In our field, if you don't know yourself as well as you should, you can get off a little bit, and then you've founded a new school. But that new school is based on your own pathology." The fact that nowadays Dr. Nyswander devotes only a small proportion of her private practice to drug addicts is a sign of a gradual alteration in the general attitude of psychotherapists in the last few years. "In the late nineteen-forties and early nineteen-fifties, I was one of the very few psychoanalysts who would treat addicts," she explains. "Accordingly, I used to have to take every addict who came. Now that there are more people working in this area, I can send a patient elsewhere, provided he is able to pay for his therapy."

Even today, however, many psychiatrists and psychoanalysts are reluctant to accept addicts as patients. "I never work with them," one prominent analyst says. "I admire the people who do, but I need to feel hope in dealing with a patient. Addicts keep falling back and back and back. I would rather spend my time with patients about whose future health I can feel more confidence." Dr. Romano Antonelli, a former colleague of Dr. Nyswander's at Metropolitan Hospital, is one of the psychiatrists who do treat addicts, but he says he understands why other members of his profession do not. "The addicts miss appointments, for one thing," he points out. "They just don't perceive time the way the rest of us do. It's part of their symptomatology. Also, they're unreliable as far as payment is concerned. And if you don't watch out, the emptiness and boredom they feel proves to be contagious. They can be very threatening; you start to question your own values when you see what the addict wants of life."

In spite of her recent policy of referring many addicts to other therapists, Dr. Nyswander continues to get many requests for help. Dr. Charles Winick, a psychologist who is an expert on addiction, explains this by saying, "Dr. Nyswander has been the most visible figure in psychiatry working on addiction. No one in the country has stayed with the treatment aspects of the problem so long and so creatively." A parent may remember seeing Dr. Nyswander's name in the paper and telephone her about a son, or a doctor may recall an article of hers in a medical journal and send her a patient. Hospitals, municipal and voluntary agen-

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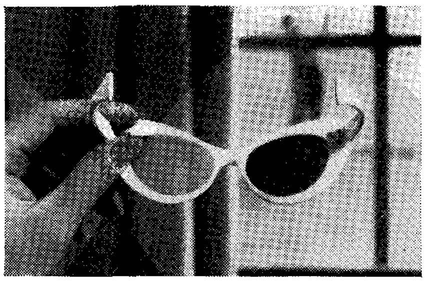

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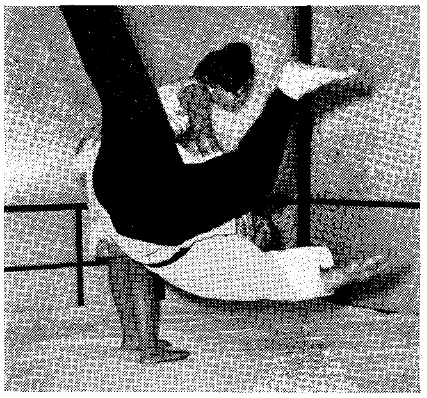

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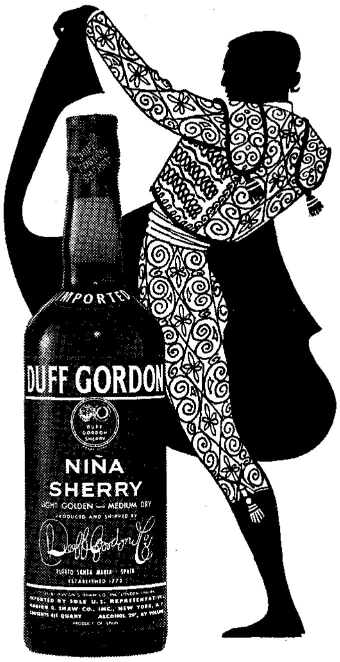

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cies, and the New York County Medical Society are among the other sources of the requests for help. In addition, as her work with addicts has become better known, she has had letters from isolated doctors around the country telling her about the addicts they have treated. "Hearing from them has strengthened me and has also given me a lot of useful data," she said one evening a few weeks ago. "My work is all one tremendous learning process, and I can learn the most from the widest possible spectrum of experiences. There have been times, however, when I've felt like some kind of information service—times when I've got as many as twenty calls a night. And then there was the time, about three years ago, when I got a midnight call from a man who had just discovered that his daughter was an addict. He had her chained to the bed and she was sick and vomiting. Over the phone, I had to quiet him down, and then I had to call a drugstore to get some medicine over there. He may still have had her chained to the bed the next day, but at least she wasn't sick. About an hour later, that same night, I got a call from a woman in East Harlem whose husband was an addict and had just stolen the family television set. There wasn't anything I could do about that."

Dr. Nyswander ordinarily receives at least two invitations a week to talk on television or on the radio or at civic meetings. She turns down almost all of them, recommending in her place doctors whose approach to addiction is similar to hers. "I dread public speaking," she explains, "but it's not only stagefright that makes me refuse all those invitations. I find it *untenable* to take part in the kind of radio or television program that really amounts to an exploitation of addicts as a way of gratifying morbid, voyeuristic public interest in what some consider a perverted way of life. Although it all may be a defense against my fear of public speaking, I do profoundly dislike being put in the position of an authority in *public*. A terrible dullness comes over me—a feeling of embarrassment, and shabbiness. I simply cannot get up before large groups of people and utter the clichés that are inevitable at the level at which such discussions are usually held. Life is too short to use up one's energy that way. However, I have a new confidence about participating in medical meetings on addiction, because this current research experience with methadone has been so exciting. We may now be at the beginning of collecting a solid,

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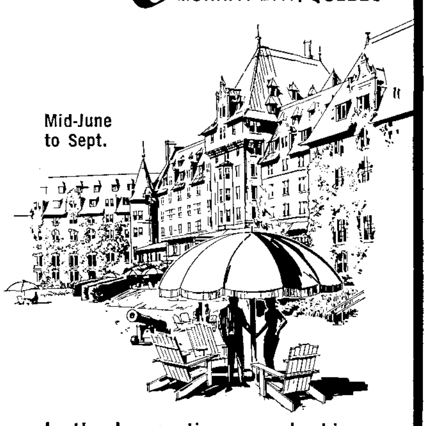

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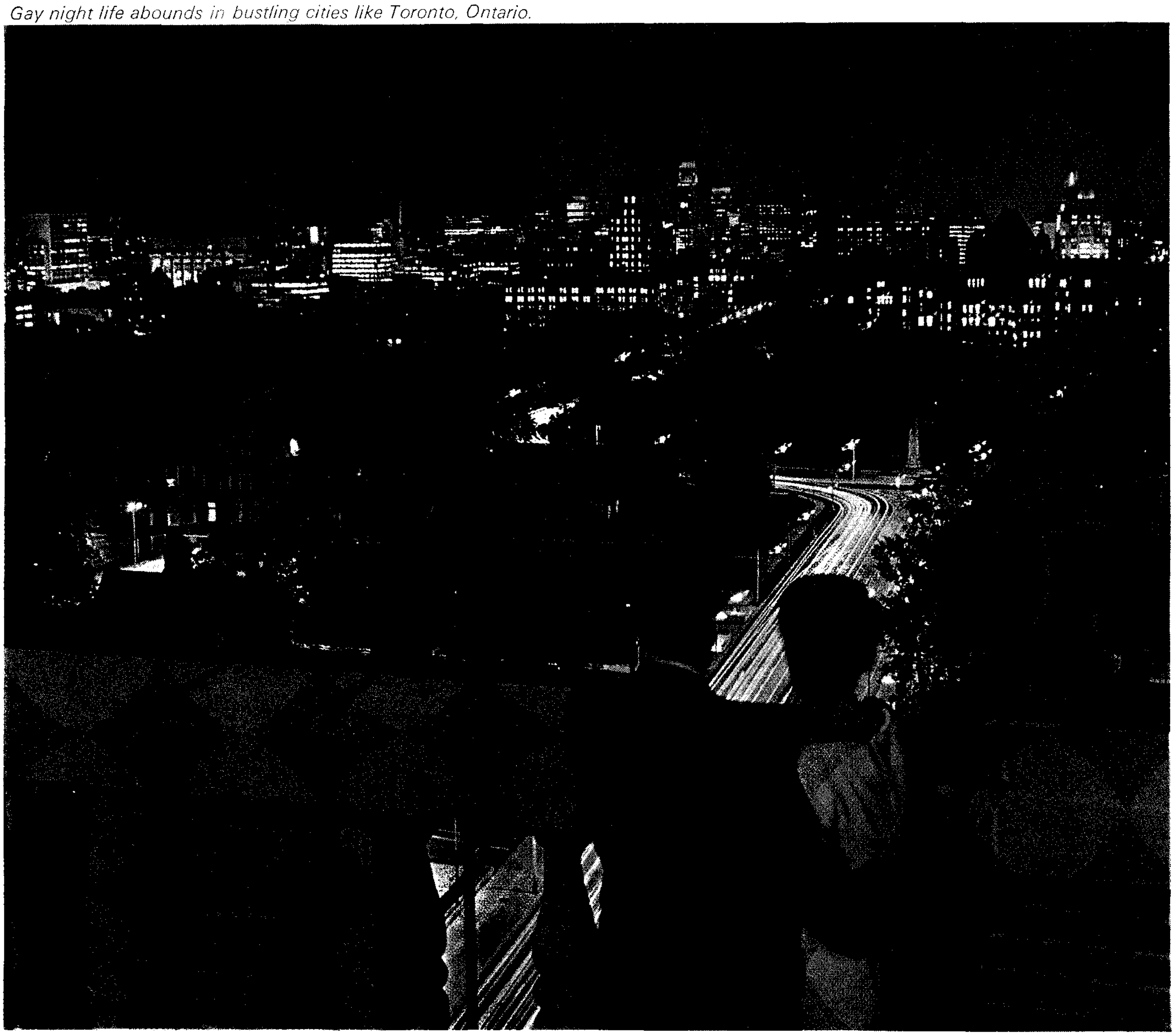

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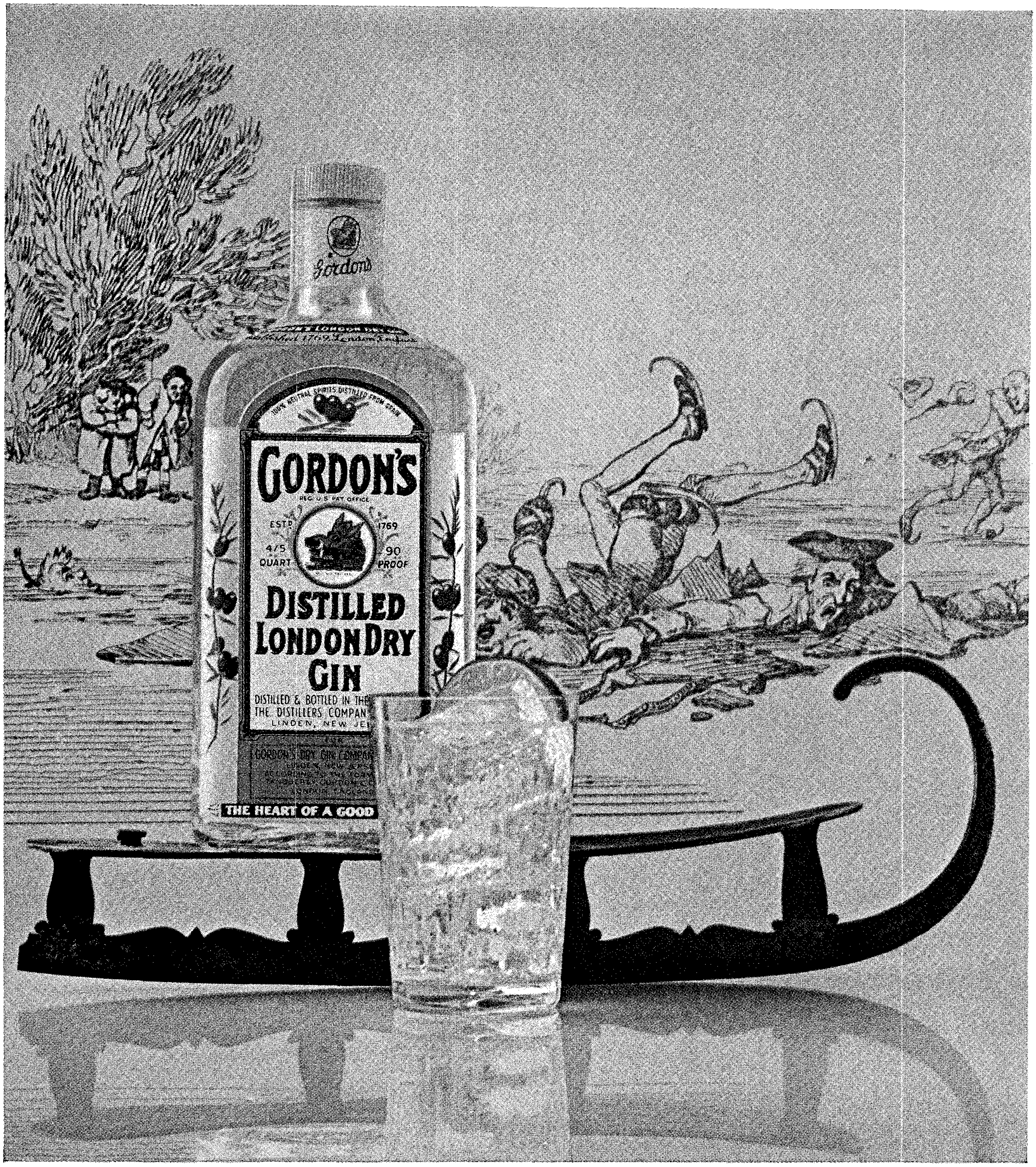
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systematic body of medical knowledge about addiction. If the research holds up as we expand it, we'll have both a medical procedure for doctors to use and, at the same time, patients with the ability to stand still comfortably while they're being studied—more than comfortably, because they'll be finding out who they are and what they want to be instead of having to spend all their time and energy scuffling for drugs on the street. I can't begin to really describe how it feels, seeing people who have been stunted for years by their desperation for heroin turn into full-scale human beings. Many of our subjects who have substituted methadone for heroin are now working on our staff at Manhattan General. I walk in, and I see our patients working as research assistants, as secretaries, as operators of I.B.M. machines. These are people who in the past would have been allowed in a hospital only under lock and key. Now none of the visiting research people—including agents of the Federal Narcotics Bureau—can tell which members of our staff are patients. Oh, we have a lot more to learn, but the prognosis is very heartening."

—NAT HENTOFF

(*This is the first of two articles on Dr. Nyswander.*)

•

"Act One," at the Capitol, is the film version of Moss Hart's autobiography that reached a large reading audience these past few years. Hart, if you need be reminded, was the other half of the memorable Rodgers and Hart playwriting team.—*Richmond (Va.) News Leader.*

And *you're* the King of Belgravia.

•

A meeting was set for next week of the Technical Sub-Committee to evaluate plans for the initial study in what is anticipated will be a chain or sequence of pilot studies leading up to a major study in which several measurement methods will be compared simultaneously.—*Press release from the Radio Advertising Bureau, New York.*

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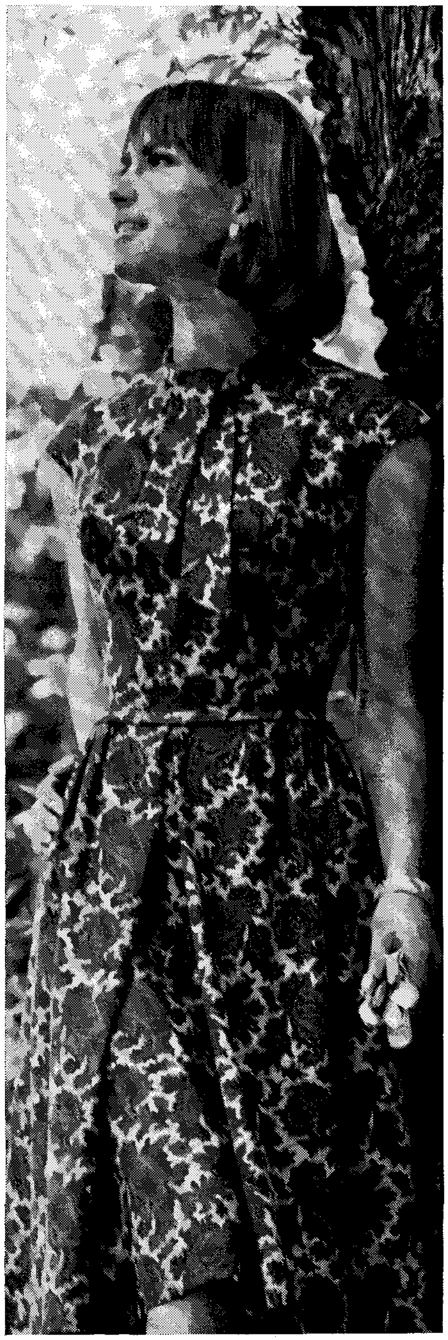

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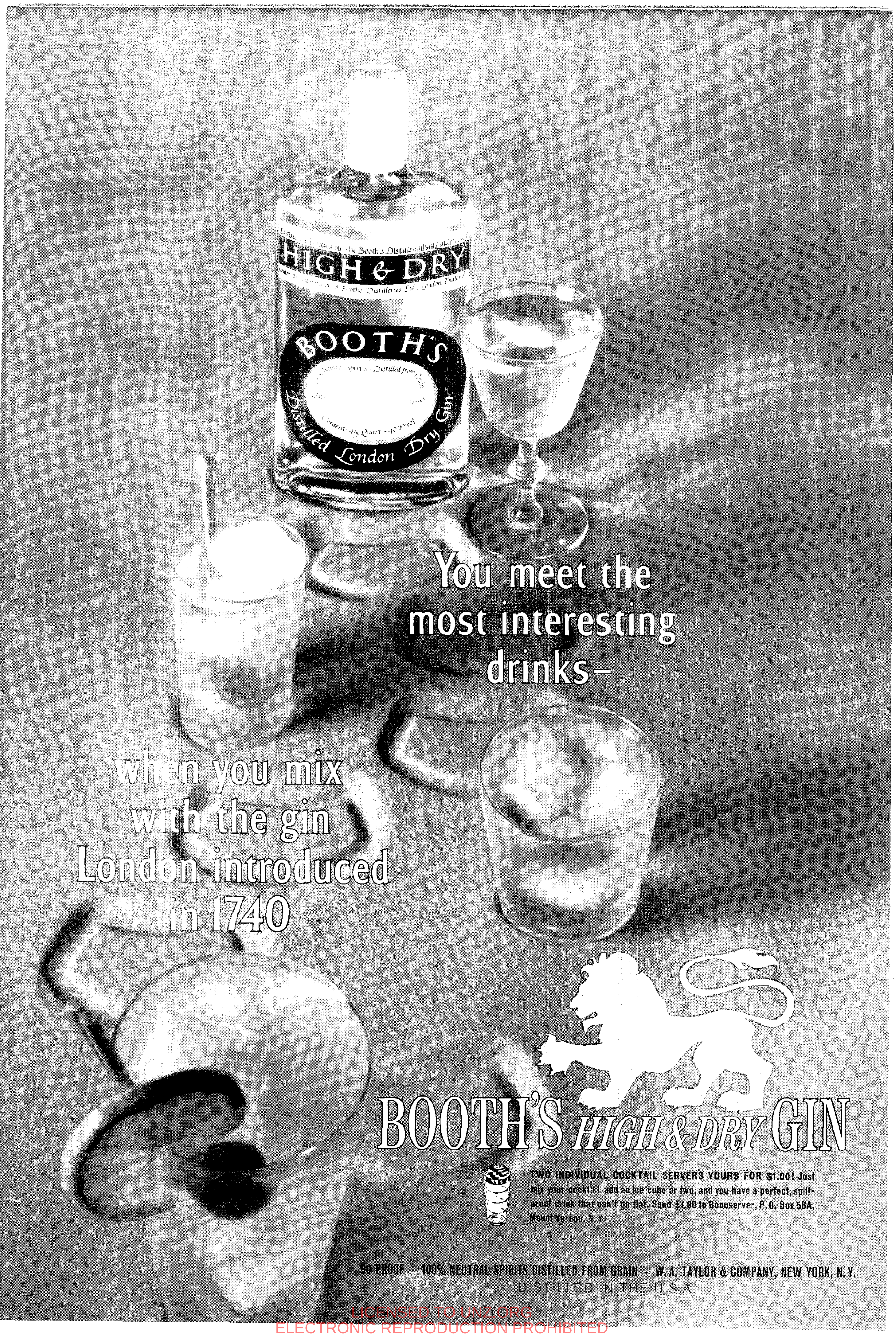
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Uses of the Past

THAT odd, one-of-a-kind comedy, "What's New Pussycat?," uses and at the same time comments upon most of the comic routines and technical tricks of cinema history, from the Keystone Cops to the *nouvelle vague* and, I suppose, after. Most, hell! If any of them goes unpinked during its nearly two breakneck hours of slapstick, roughhouse, flash impersonations, private nudges, chases, and the allusive, associative, nonsensical lines of Woody Allen's script—original and witty, and yet patently modelled on S. J. Perelman's scripts for the Marx Brothers—I can't imagine what it would be. If this movie can be said to be about anything, it is about the movies. Description is out of the question—it is not exactly parody or pastiche or satire, but what it *is* presents something of a problem. I can, though, put a few facts and impressions and opinions together and hope for the best. The setting is Paris. The male leads are Peter Sellers, Peter O'Toole, and Mr. Allen; the female leads are Romy Schneider, Capucine, Ursula Andress, and Paula Prentiss. The *vita* that it depicts in many glittering or beautiful spots in and out of town is extremely *dolce*. This disparity between up-to-the-minute content and all-the-way-back method may be the point of the whole enterprise. The camera is as much participant as recorder, and it moves so abruptly from scene to scene or from face to face that the effect is kaleidoscopic. Of all the surprises—and there are nothing but—perhaps the happiest is Mr. O'Toole's first-rate comic performance as a personable rake. Peter Sellers is in his element, sporting Lord Fauntleroy curls and a red velvet Fauntleroy suit, and flipping all over the place as a displaced Austrian psychoanalyst with a splendid Austrian accent. Mr. Allen is a puckish fellow who can handle a sight gag as well as a verbal one. (He can shave, for example, making one clean sweep across his face, l. to r., with a straight razor.) Miss Schneider is delightful, and the other ladies do what is required of them, I suppose. So does everyone else—cast and crew—under Clive Donner's extraordinarily inventive direction.

Even so, I have a few reservations. I admired a lot that went on, and was properly startled, but I didn't really *laugh* very much. There is a kind of closed-circuit complacency about the whole project that slightly gave me the pip. All concerned appear to be doing everything primarily for their own benefit, and it isn't appreciation, or even amusement, that they seem to want to elicit from the groundlings; if they demand anything, it is a kind of chic knowledgeability in their own special area of interest. In the face of all the wit and proficiency, it may seem ungrateful to miss innocence and wholeheartedness vis-à-vis the audience, but I'm afraid I did. Another thing: the silents were mercifully silent, give or take a local piano, but here the sound track must match the frenetic activity on the screen. "What's New Pussycat?" is a mighty noisy picture. I'd like to hear Burt Bacharach's score again someday, at about half its present decibel strength.

A FULL-LENGTH parody of a Western sounds unpromising, yet "Cat Ballou," which is just that, is a lark from beginning to end and funny much more often than not. In the most shrewd and good-humored way, it knocks to pieces the romantic conventions and sentimentality that have adhered to the Old West via films and television. It is an inside job—Hollywood kidding Hollywood—but it is not exclusive; one (this one, for instance) doesn't have to be an initiate to enjoy it, although a more devoted follower of Westerns than I am would probably spot more of its targets. The setting is a town—a musical-comedy town, really—called Wolf City, Wyoming. The time is 1894, long after most of the pioneer excitement has died down and the dust has settled. Lee Marvin doubles as a garrulous, whiskey-soaked gunfighter, the hero of at least one penny dreadful, and as a villainous desperado with a silver nose mask. Mr. Marvin gets full comic mileage out of the boozy old anachronism, quickly pulling out of a monstrous hangover after a few deep swallows of whiskey, trying to stick on a horse that is galloping off in all directions, trying to focus his battered attention on the job he has been hired for, or rambling on in a vacant kind of way about the good old days. It is a zany performance, into which Mr. Marvin has been able to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tuck many human touches. (The silver-nosed villain puts in only a few menacing appearances.) Jane Fonda plays the heroine—the Cat Ballou of the title—with just the right mixture of ingenuousness, righteous indignation, and determination. Tom Nardini is amusing as her faithful Indian bronco-buster, who blithely flicks a number of chips off his own shoulder, and so are Michael Callan and Dwayne Hickman as a pair of happy-go-lucky, gun-shy cattle rustlers. The spirit of the company is high, and everyone does well. There are golden sunsets, brown hills, limitless plains, falling pants, leaps from moving and luxurious trains, and a hairbreadth escape from the gallows. Each of the episodes is introduced by Stubby Kaye and the late Nat King Cole, as a couple of beaming minstrels who sing drawling, bogus ballads to their own accompaniment on mandolin or guitar; as much as anyone else, these two set the cheerful tone of the whole picture. Walter Newman and Frank R. Pierson wrote the script; Elliot Silverstein was the director.

WHATEVER "The Collector" may have been as a novel, as a movie it is a preposterous fake that pretends to deal seriously with psychopathic behavior but cannot be taken seriously even as a thriller. It evokes no pity, no wonder, no horror, no suspense, no belief, and who cares how it comes out? And all this in spite of the presence of Terence Stamp, who has proved that he can do good work when given some freedom of movement and a character instead of a synthetic to play, and of a beautiful beginner named Samantha Eggar. The story, for the benefit of those who may have missed the book, as I did, is about a young Englishman, psychologically maimed, sexually stunted, and obsessed by his lowly origins, who kidnaps an art student he has been stalking for a long time and holds her captive in the cellar of a remote country house, which he has bought with his winnings in a football pool. The movie is literal where it doesn't matter and slovenly where it should ring true. Visually, it does have its compensations. The corners of London and the house and the fields and hedges and roads that serve as backgrounds look fine in color, and, of course, there is always Miss Eggar. —EDITH OLIVER

•

Miss Harsanyi applied glowing tone to verses of a Frank Pagan mood.
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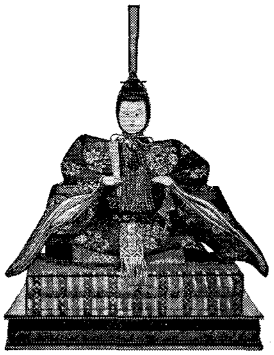

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 16

THE so far uncertain summer here, disappointing to everybody with its shortage of real June warmth, and even more worrying to water boards up and down the country because of the serious scarcity of rain, is anyhow blossoming out faithfully with the usual seasonal crop of pleasurable entertainments in London and elsewhere. The gala festival opening of the brand-new Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, at Guildford, brought crowds of playgoers and theatre people driving down from town into Surrey, as well as proud local residents, to see Ingrid Bergman give her international lustre to a suitable gala cast in Turgenev's "A Month in the Country." The effort behind the building of the charming little theatre is something to be proud about. Guildford is an ancient market borough with a strong theatre tradition, latterly kept going by a valiant repertory company playing in a rickety old building. Soon after the war, a group of public-spirited citizens decided to replace it with something first-rate and modern, but it was only about three years ago that these plans really started to take shape. The town corporation provided a site on the River Wey, and money poured in from all over the place to build the theatre, which was to be named after the enchanting French-born actress Yvonne Arnaud, much loved by the British public, who lived in the neighborhood until her death, in 1958. The building finally unveiled the other evening, designed by John Brownrigg, is reminiscent in setting of a far more elegant Stratford, fitting neatly onto an island site surrounded by the willows and alders of the millstream, on which, on the first night, swans cruised and punts glided past, their occupants quizzing the chattering crowds on the balconies. Sir Michael Redgrave, the guest director of the opening festival (the mixed trio of plays also includes Milton's "Samson Agonistes" and an eighteenth-century operetta, "Lionel and Klarissa"), played Rakitin to Miss Bergman's Natalia Petrovna in the Turgenev—the novelist's sad, perceptive portrait of his own helpless lifelong bondage to a woman who did not love him, the opera singer Pauline Viardot. Some critics felt that Miss Bergman's personality was too naturally calm and radiant to achieve the floundering emotions of Natalia's infatuation with her son's young tutor and her tormenting jealousy of her tomboy niece, Vera (the young couple excellently played by Daniel Massey and Jennifer Hilary). Visually, she was perfection, beautiful and ageless in a series of superb dresses designed by Alix Stone—pale, wild silks cut to show off her splendid shoulders and torment poor Rakitin. After this starry opening, the theatre will present all kinds of plays all the year round—a big local attraction and an agreeable extension of London's entertainment map as well.

THE award of the Golden Palm to a British movie at the Cannes Film Festival caused almost as much elation and surprise here as did last year's crop of silver medals picked up by Britain at the Olympic Games. "The Knack," now showing at the London Pavilion to packed houses, hurdles away in such champion breakneck style that the Cannes jury surely deserved some sort of palm, too, for panting along with it and appreciating its British brand of Crazy Gang goonery. This wacky, original, and hilarious film was adapted from Ann Jellicoe's play, which, of course, has been seen in New York. Directed by Richard Lester, who directed the Beatles in "A Hard Day's Night," the action dashes around London recognizably enough (landing up for a brief shot outside Buckingham Palace, where a snatch of the Monarch's voice can be heard fluting some calm sentiment or other behind the genial pandemonium on the sound track), but it really takes place in the cheerfully dotty, anarchic lune-scape that is in the mode today with the supposedly stolid British. Its four young performers appear to be carrying on in a sort of extramural outer space, labelled, for convenience, Shepherds' Bush, where one of them—a shy young schoolmaster named Colin—owns a shabby house. In what may roughly be called the plot, Colin, horribly bothered by celibacy, envies the prodigious sexual athleticism of his lodger, Tolen, an Olympics performer of the art of seduction, who hands his girls a bulging guestbook to sign before they leave, murmuring, "Please restrict your comment to one word only." The third inmate of the house is a philosophic Irish character called Tom, who gets everything out of his system by painting all flat surfaces within reach a glaring white. Rita Tushingham, a

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big-eyed innocent from the provinces, strays into this typical household under the impression that it is the Y.W.C.A. In a very funny, fantastic sequence, she and Tom and the yearning Colin somehow trundle and coax across London a huge iron bedstead that Colin has bought from a junk dealer in the hope that its dimensions will encourage him. In the end, he finds his girl, and the smugly virile Tolen meets his match—both in the person of Miss Tushingham, who faints before the expert can get her anywhere near the guestbook, recovers to dart through the streets falsely chanting "Rape!" to uninterested passersby, and barricades herself from the three terrified young men in Tolen's room, where she proceeds to take off her clothes and hang charmingly out of the window hurling his precious jazz records into the area. She is splendid, and so are Michael Crawford, Ray Brooks, and Donal Donnelly as the young man who longs for the knack, the one who has it, and the paint dauber who doesn't much care. There is throughout a sort of commenting chorus of indignant middle-aged Londoners viewing the foursome's larks from the adjacent pavements and pronouncing sourly that the young don't have any sense of tradition anymore, what can you expect with all the milk they give them to drink at school nowadays, they never allowed me to do anything like that in my day and I'm all the better for it I'm sure. The technical brilliance of the cameraman, David Watkins, is remarkable, as in the bleached-looking dreamlike shots of Tolen's hordes of conquests descending on the Albert Hall for a Tolen reunion night like absurd flocks of pale Swan Maidens.

THE Globe Theatre was packed last Sunday evening for a program of diverse talents gathered like a mixed bouquet under the title "Homage to T. S. Eliot" to honor the poet and to benefit the London Library, of which he was president. It was an extraordinary occasion, which began with Igor Stravinsky's solemn requiem for his friend Eliot, with words taken from the Mass for the Dead. Next, the scarlet-cassocked choir of Westminster Abbey crowded onto the stage to sing Stravinsky's "Introitus," a beautiful anthem setting of the lines from "Little Gidding" beginning "The dove descending breaks the air." Meanwhile, as a background to the performers, a towering Henry Moore sculpture titled "The Archer" sat like a vast, curving white dove itself. When the curtain

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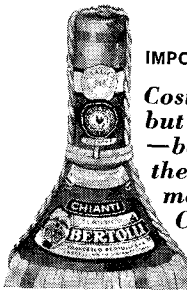

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went up to disclose this work revolving slowly in bluish light, it seemed to distill a powerful mystery of its own, filling the stage on which surely such a performer had never been seen before. Then came, as the main body of the program, the reading by some of the theatre's most celebrated male voices (the Eliot music apparently requiring the manly tenor rather than the soprano delivery, no actress contributed to this) of poems chosen for the occasion by W. H. Auden. Paul Scofield read or spoke superbly well parts of "The Waste Land" and "Ash Wednesday," Laurence Olivier read a section of "Little Gidding," and Peter O'Toole gave Prufrock's lament. The hit of the evening, though, was none other than Groucho Marx, whose appearance as himself, garbed as conservatively as a bank president and speaking in the mild, cultured tones of a university professor, was, to judge by comments in the intermissions, a staggering surprise to the audience, who had perhaps expected some eyebrow-and-cigar work and a few vintage leers. This new Mr. Marx, however, brought down the house with his meditative reminiscences of his friendship and correspondence with Eliot (a keen fan of his, who wrote to ask for a particular Groucho photograph, which, he explained, he wanted to hang in his room at the publishing office of Faber & Faber on the last vacant spot of wall space, between photos of Synge and Joyce). After that, he read the poem from "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats" about the reminiscing Thespian cat Gus.

The other high spot of the evening was a production of "Sweeney Agonistes," directed by Peter Wood and acted against a projection screen on which a luminous disc of brilliant spots and other optical razzle-dazzle, designed by Bridget Riley, constantly changed color. Crowded to the left of this contraption, the bandleader Johnny Dankworth led his men in a score he had composed. In its first half, it provided the perfect nervous, titillating obbligato to the chatter of the two whores, Dusty and Doris (very wittily played by Cleo Laine and Anna Quayle), as they paint their nails, read fortunes in the cards, and discuss men. Then the music swung into the songs about the Cannibal Isles, sung, with a neat patter of vaudeville dancing, by the American visitors Klipstein and Krumpacker, after which Sweeney entered to half speak, half sing his ruminations about the inescapable round of birth, copulation, and death. The remarkable young actor Nicol

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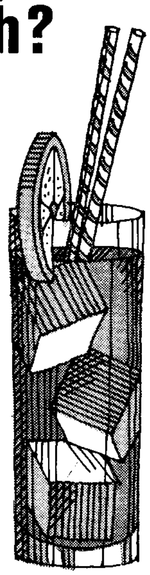

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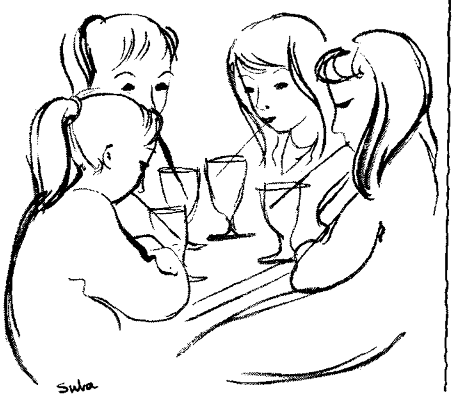
Williamson was excellent as Sweeney, in shirtsleeves and a dirty red waistcoat, with a bowler hat pushed back from his round, intelligent face. The hitherto unpublished last episode of "Sweeney" was included for the occasion. An old gentleman, dressed as Father Christmas but representing Father Time, enters carrying an alarm clock and saying that he has come from the Grand Union Depot, where he waits for the lost trains to bring in the last souls after midnight. On the whole, it seemed understandable why Eliot cut this bumbling visitor from the published script of the great party up at Dusty's and Doris's place. It was altogether a fine, moving evening, in which—for once on such occasions—the man it was designed to honor came through vividly in his genius and his friendships.

THIS year's Glyndebourne Festival mounted a new production of Donizetti's "Anna Bolena," an opera never given in this century in Britain, though the Scala gave it in 1957, with Visconti directing and Callas singing Anna. Down in Sussex last week, as in Milan, Gianandrea Gavazzeni was the conductor, and the opening night was a triumph. The only wonder is that the work, so Verdi-esque in its dramatic power, has not been resurrected before. It was Donizetti's first preoccupation with a British theme, and the tragic heroine ending her sorrows in a mad scene as the bride of Henry VIII seems more solidly drawn and touching in her misfortunes than Lammermoor's poor Lucy. Apparently, the liberties taken with English history by the librettist, Romani, were anyway no worse than Shakespeare's rearrangements of real events. Anne Boleyn did have an early suitor, Lord Henry Percy (who figures in the opera as Richard, to avoid confusion for Italian audiences with the royal Enrico), but he did not reappear disastrously in her later married life, and he died in his bed, not on the block with her, as the Italianate Riccardo does. Also, there is no



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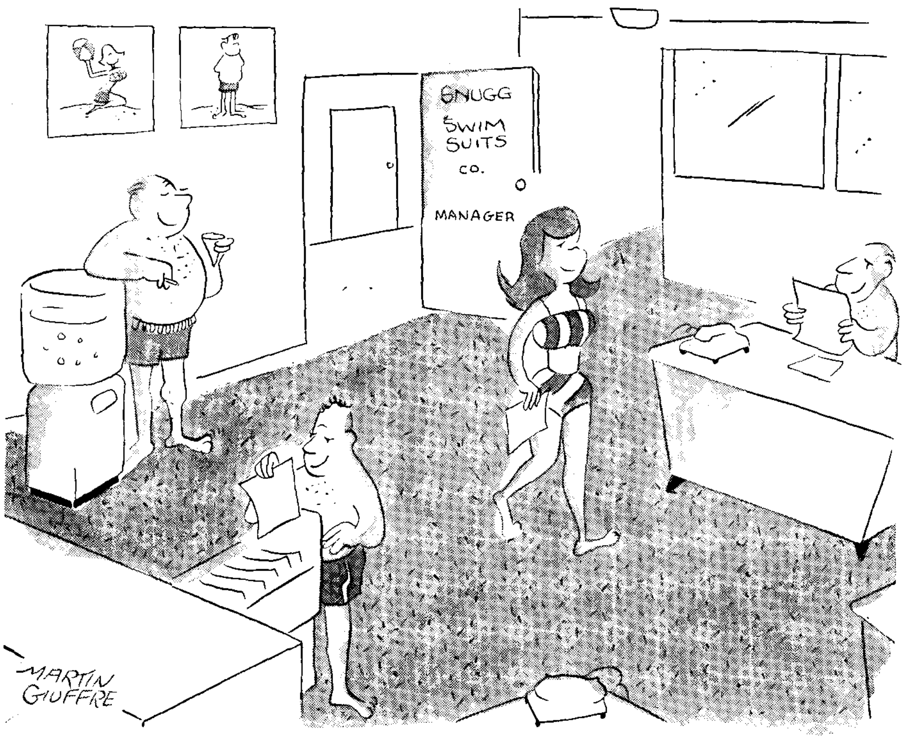

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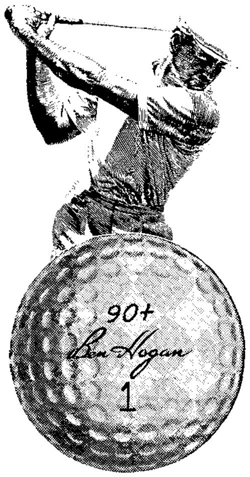

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evidence that Anne finally went out of her mind, unless her historically reported dutiful remarks on the scaffold about her "sweet lord" can be taken as signifying derangement. The opera contains some great outbursts of human drama—the scenes between Anne and Henry, who is already lecherously seeking elsewhere (sung by Carlo Cava straddling magnificently, like a foxy Holbein portrait), and between the wretched Queen and her conscience-smitten supplanter, Jane Seymour. The handsome young Turkish soprano Leyla Gencer sang well and looked superb as Anne. Franco Enriquez' production and Lorenzo Ghiglia's sets provided a series of chillingly sombre pictures of Tudor luxury, discomfort, and cruelty—groups of furred and velvet-robed courtiers awaiting horrible tidings in palace apartments as gloomy as the final dungeon, where Anne's sad, black-clothed ladies lamenting her fate somewhat recalled the great chorus of prisoners in "Fidelio."

NEXT week, Christie's will begin to sell the second half (the first half, including the Italian and Dutch Old Masters, was sold last month) of perhaps the most extraordinary collection to come onto London's auction market for years. This is the fabulous Northwick Park estate, valued at a million pounds, of the late Captain E. G. Spencer-Churchill, a cousin of Sir Winston's, who died last year at the age of eighty-eight. His long, passionate collecting life had begun as a child in Egypt, many years before he inherited the great house in Gloucestershire, and its nucleus of fine pictures, from his grandmother, Lady Northwick. By the time he died, he and his astonishing acquisitions were, of course, famous in museum and art circles, though unknown to the general public, and his spare, soldierly figure, often in a greatcoat of Sherlock Holmsian cut, was familiar in every salesroom. A bachelor, he delighted in having weekend houseparties at Northwick—where the staff had dwindled to a meagre handful, by his grandparents' lordly standards—generally of friends who could speak the special, esoteric collector's language, or, anyhow, play a good game of bridge, a secondary passion. He once asked some museum visitors whether they could spot a rather more modern item among his vast collection of antiquities, and enjoyed their scholarly, fruitless search for the lead toy soldier of the late Woolworth period that he had slipped in among the little Minoan

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bronze bulls and the Etruscan bronze warriors. He directed that Christie's was to sell his collection after the British Museum, the Ashmolean, and the Fitzwilliam had taken what they wanted. The Ashmolean, for instance, took its pick of his exquisite Attic vases. Now the Government has just announced that five of the Spencer-Churchill pictures, including a Gainsborough self-portrait and a wonderful picture of a notary by Quentin Massys, have been accepted by the state, to balance against death duties, and will go into national collections here and in Edinburgh. This has started an outcry that provincial art galleries have been passed over, as they usually are when such rare and splendid windfalls drop from the still marvellously loaded orchards of private English collections. The Spencer-Churchill sales this month are of his English pictures and his antiquities. Among the latter precious objects are elongated Etruscan figurines that remind one of Giacomettis, and a series of superb bronze hand mirrors of the third century B.C., beautifully balanced for a pretty woman's hand and engraved on their reverse sides with diamond-sharp classical figures of nymphs and satyrs. These are like Picasso drawings, and are, indeed, the antique art that Picasso admired and emulated.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Declaring that "Republicans need an intellectual base," Mr. Nixon lamented that "80 per cent of college professors in 1960 were Democratic-oritented and the professors of political science were nearly all down that line, and they're tremendously potent people."

"We've got to get through to the eggheads," Mr. Nixon said. "The intellectual above everything else, like Aristotle, should be the reasonable man who takes the hard, tedious road of finding the right position, whichma y not get the easy plaudits of the snap-judgment. We're sometimes the kind of people who say, 'Let's burn the schoolhouee down' or 'ban the damn book,' but that is not the way in our kind of world."—*The Times.*

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•

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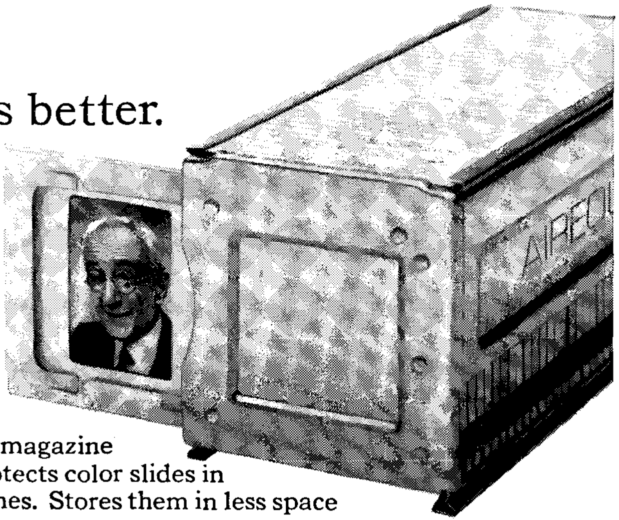

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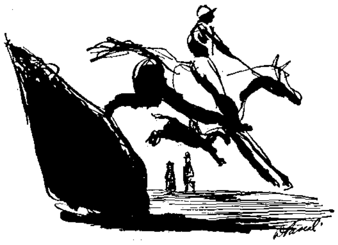
THE RACE TRACK

Grass Clippers

EXCEPT for the Bowling Green Handicap on Saturday, which was won by Or et Argent, and a couple of other events, the racing at Aqueduct last week was routine stuff. I shan't enumerate the claiming races at six furlongs, which it seems most of our horses are running in these days, because their dingdong monotony gets pretty boring. In compensation, the Bowling Green, at a mile and five furlongs over the turf course, was as enthralling a race as I've seen on the grass all season. This was due to, as much as anything, the efforts of Baitman, one of the less fancied of the eleven runners. First to show in front at the start, he led by open daylight until he was two furlongs from home, and, coming into the last quarter, he was still making such a game try that I couldn't help hoping he'd last, but he tired, and Or et Argent, who had never been far behind him, went on to win by half a length from Hot Dust, with Prince O'Pilsen three lengths in their wake. Baitman, who was fourth, must have set a cracking pace as far as he went, for the final time—2:40⅗—was only three-fifths of a second slower than the track mark for the distance, set by T. V. Lark in 1961. Although Or et Argent, a French-bred four-year-old by Buisson d'Or, hadn't been first in his last nine tries, he had shown that he was coming to hand when he finished fourth to Tenacle, Hot Dust, and Purser in his previous start, and on Saturday he paid only $15.30 in the mutuels. Hot Dust, I thought, had a rough trip in the Bowling Green, and Tenacle had no speed, while Knightly Manner, the favorite in the betting, who carried top weight of 123 pounds, seemed unable to get going. Crivelli, winner of the Italian St. Leger last autumn, was the center of attention in the paddock, but in the race itself he was out of the picture.



FOR the second time this season—in fact, for the second time in a fortnight—Ussery rode five winners in a single afternoon at Aqueduct last week. One of his mounts was Malicious, who rolled home by seven lengths in the Nassau County Stakes. Other items worth recording were Steeple Jill's victory over seven of her sex in the Summer Festival Handicap and the more surprising victory of Sparkling Siren, a 17–1 shot, in the Ribbons and Bows Handicap. Among those behind Sparkling Siren in the also-rans were Miss Cavandish, winner of the 1964 Coaching Club American Oaks, and Candalita, one of the top two-year-olds last season.

THE jumpers ended their stay on Long Island last week, Eagle's Top winning the Annapolis Hurdle Stakes by a neck from Freedom at Last, with Father's Footsteps third. Looking backward, I'd say that, on the whole, the sport between the flags, which will return to the Big A in the autumn, was better than it had been for several seasons. Still, I'd like to see more steeplechases and fewer hurdle races.

THE victory of First Family in the Leonard Richards Stakes, which is Delaware Park's most important race for three-year-olds, was hardly a surprise. After all, he was third in the Belmont Stakes. He's a nice colt, and we haven't heard the last of him. For the record, the entry of Swoonalong and Tuzana ran one, two in the Regret Handicap at Monmouth Park last weekend. And the running is fast at Chicago's Arlington Park. Pia Star won the Equipoise Mile out there in 1:33⅕, equalling the world's record for the distance on a circular track.

AS you've probably heard, the first step toward having a lottery for New York State—the revenue to go for education, of course—was passed by both houses of the legislature in Albany last week. If its supporters are as successful again next spring, the bill will go before the people in the autumn, and everything will be hunky-dory for 1967. No matter how you may feel about lotteries, this ends the threat of off-course betting shops in town, for which everybody should be duly thankful.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 16

MARCEL PROUST died forty-three years ago, and “Le Temps Retrouvé” was posthumously published five years later by his younger brother, the doctor, in 1927. In 1962, the French state acquired for the Bibliothèque Nationale, at a reported cost of almost a quarter of a million dollars, the vast—and obviously invaluable—collection of original manuscripts and memorabilia that had been preserved by the novelist’s niece and only heir, Mme. Suzy Mante-Proust. During that long *lapsus* in documentation, Proust had early become the most studied, written-about, and scrutinized European novelist of this century. With these new acquisitions—sixty general notebooks and twenty *cahiers* containing the entire handwritten finished text of “À la Recherche du Temps Perdu”—plus added memorabilia from half a hundred French Proust collectors, mostly aristocratic, the first complete and richly intimate exhibition ever organized around the life and works of Proust has now opened at the Bibliothèque. It is to be on view all summer. As the sapient catalogue preface states, “This exhibition restores the features and memories of the personages and the society” that furnished the material of his novels. And there, indeed, the personages all are, in their original portraits or cabinet photographs. There is the Laszlo portrait of the Comtesse Henri Greffulhe, with bared shoulders and bold, fashionable face, whom Proust first saw at a costume ball dressed as a mauve Cattleya orchid—the queen of Paris society and one of Proust’s sources for the Princesse de Guermantes. There is the photograph of the disdainful, beautiful Comtesse Adhéaume de Chevigné, basis for the Duchesse de Guermantes, who had spoken slightingly of the first volume of “À la Recherche,” and to whom Proust ambiguously wrote, “Madame, I am not writing to you, but I am writing only of you”—referring to “Le Côté de Guermantes,” which began his exacerbation with the same aristocrats who had earlier fascinated him, like a special human race. There is a colored likeness of the kindly, top-hatted Charles Haas, who later became the tormented Swann. There is a dramatic photograph of Marie de Benardaky; she and Proust were both fifteen when they fell in love in their way, she being later preserved by him as the provocative adolescent Gilberte. She wears in the photo the fur toque that Gilberte wore when she kept her lover waiting so long that wintry day. There is a Boldini portrait of the Comte Robert de Montesquiou, the decadent, notorious poet and Greffulhe cousin who was the corrupt Baron de Charlus in Proust’s re-creation; with the same secret vice as Proust himself, the Comte accepted Proust’s as if it were a reliable password, so as to let the ambitious bourgeois young literary genius enter the sacred precincts of the highest heraldic society, who thereafter gilded, darkened, created, and furnished his lifework. There is one curious, rather ludicrous snapshot of de Montesquiou standing before the rotunda of his Neuilly mansion, which he called the Pavillon des Muses, and where he gave amazing fêtes, attended by Proust. In the snapshot, he is shown in a perfectly tailored dark suit holding an enormous long-stemmed hothouse rose in each white-kid-gloved hand—a handsome, lush poseur. He was the hinge in Proust’s opening literary career, permitting the writer’s entry onto the scenes and among the characters he was to remember on paper and turn into literature. The earlier, more innocent epoch of Proust’s youth is represented in the exhibition by material from his holidays at the village of Illiers, which became Combray, hawthorns in bloom, and Swann’s Way. There are family pictures of his mother and of Tante Léonie’s Illiers garden, and an old postcard of the village square where the Prousts had been ensconced as tradesmen since the time of Louis XIII and where Marcel’s Grandfather Proust kept a modest, money-making shop.

The most fascinating part of the exhibit is, naturally, Proust’s manuscripts—the pages of his genius, written and written over, like embroidery in ink, with his stitchlike, pointed, hasty calligraphy as he felt that time was growing short. There is on display the page from “Du Côté de Chez Swann” that contains (though one can hardly discover it for the overscribbling) the most famous phrase he ever wrote, about his cup of tea and the madeleine: “*Tout Combray et ses environs . . . est sorti, ville et jardins, de ma tasse de thé.*” Later, in the years of reclusion after his mother’s death, when he was so hypersensitively ill that he was living in a cork-lined room, he nevertheless wrote the multiple last note-

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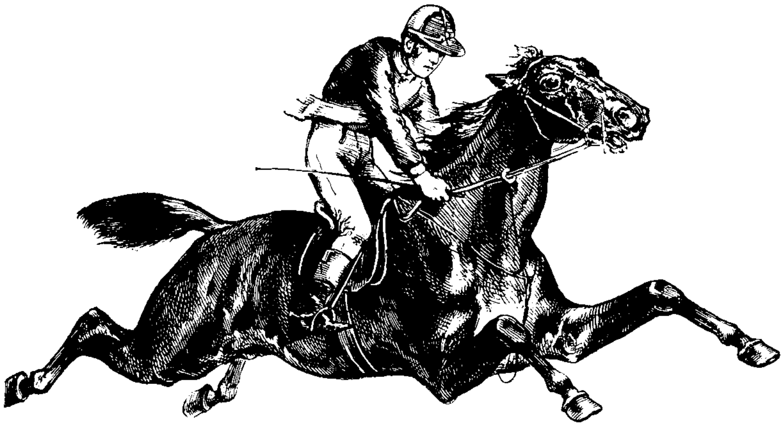

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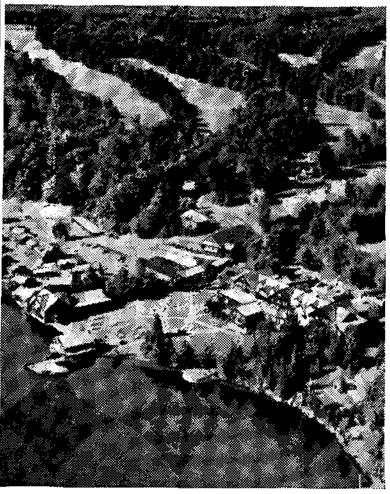

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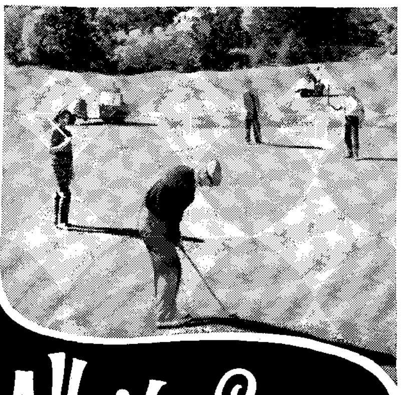

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books, which began with "Sodome et Gomorrhe." As the catalogue preface remarks, "That a man of sickly nature, more and more ill, most of the time in bed, had the force to cover so many pages is hardly believable." In order to make room for his repeated corrections and ultimate inspirations in writing "La Prisonnière," he pasted additional manuscript pages together, attaching the first sheet to his notebook page; in one instance, he arrived at a pasted-up insertion two and a half metres in length—a long yellowed scroll hanging inertly in one of the exhibition's showcases. There is also on view—and most touching of all—the last page of his work and of his life. At the bottom of his final page of "Le Temps Retrouvé," of which only two lines toward the end stand uncorrected, he wrote his last words, ". . . *dans le Temps*," and below them scrawled "*Fin.*" The next day, he died.

THE annual June and July Marais Festival is now in full swing, if one has the money and the strength to enjoy it. The Marais is that vast old heart of Paris near the Place des Vosges, still furnished with mostly dilapidated seventeenth- or eighteenth-century noble mansions. Over the past three years, it has been, in part, valiantly rescued by L'Association pour la Sauvegarde et la Mise en Valeur de Paris Historique, under the energetic patronage of André Malraux, Minister of Cultural Affairs. This organization fights against the sordid decay of time, against niggardly small offices eating their way into great architecture like termites, and against active, modern French businessmen eager to bulldoze beauty into bits in order to extend the city's motor-freeway system. The Marais programs scheduled for this summer in the courtyards of certain of these magnificent cleaned-up, restored edifices (or inside them if it rains, as it mostly has been doing here for the past two months) include a Marivaux play, at the Hôtel d'Aumont, and Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin," at the ornate, sculptured Hôtel de Sully. There will also be a modern "Don Juan" in Spanish, the Swingle Singers, chamber-music orchestras from Moscow and Prague, and Léo Ferré, the bitter-tongued French music-hall ballad singer, who will pack the place as Molière no longer can.

The Festival was opened at the Hôtel de Rohan by the ballet from the National Croat Theatre of Zagreb in Prokofieff's "Roméo et Juliette." In the Rohan's inner courtyard, the au-

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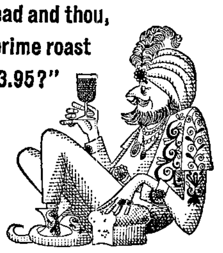

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dience climbed up into hard, non-upholstered seats in the wooden stands to watch the inevitable dangers of such performances—dancers banging their shins on the freshly carpentered staircases or snagging their draperies on the false garden hedges while making their exits with pirouettes. Two of the Croat dancers were stunning. They were Miljenko Vikic and Stane Leben, as the sullen Tybalt in scarlet and as a gay Mercutio in vivid purple, duelling and dying melodramatically, with Tybalt leaping down one full story from the balcony to roll dead at the footlights. There naturally being no taxis in the seventeenth-century Marais, this correspondent walked more than half a mile to the Hôtel de Ville to find transport—a lovely, exhausting, moonlit promenade among ancient buildings on cobblestone streets once comfortably served by sedan chairs. The hard wooden seats in the orchestra had each cost the equivalent of seven dollars and ten cents, and the splendidly printed program two dollars.

RECENTLY, for the first time in ten years, Anna Magnani returned to the stage, first opening in a kind of national triumph at last month's festival in Florence, then playing here in Paris for three nights as one of the rare high personal radiances offered by the current Théâtre des Nations season. For her vehicle she had chosen to revive Giovanni Verga's "La Lupa" ("The She-Wolf"), a late-nineteenth-century rustic melodrama of Sicilian peasant life and an early example of Italian theatrical *vérisme*, first played in 1896. Verga's fame still rests on his having written the libretto of "Cavalleria Rusticana," and he hopefully and vainly conceived of "La Lupa," which has the typical emotional, violent brevity of an Italian opera libretto of the period, as another Mascagni opus. It begins with the passion of a rich peasant matron, no longer young, for a country youth, whom she seduces by promising him her daughter as a wife and the maternal farmlands as wealth; it ends in crime when, as his mother-in-law, she still pursues him until he brutally murders her—with an axe. Unaware of the treacherous acoustics of the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, La Magnani could barely be heard during the first act on her opening night (a loss that the Paris critics lengthily deplored in their reviews), but in Act II all her faculties were amplified to her customary magnetism—her famous vibrant voice as stormy and electrifying as lightning flashing through the

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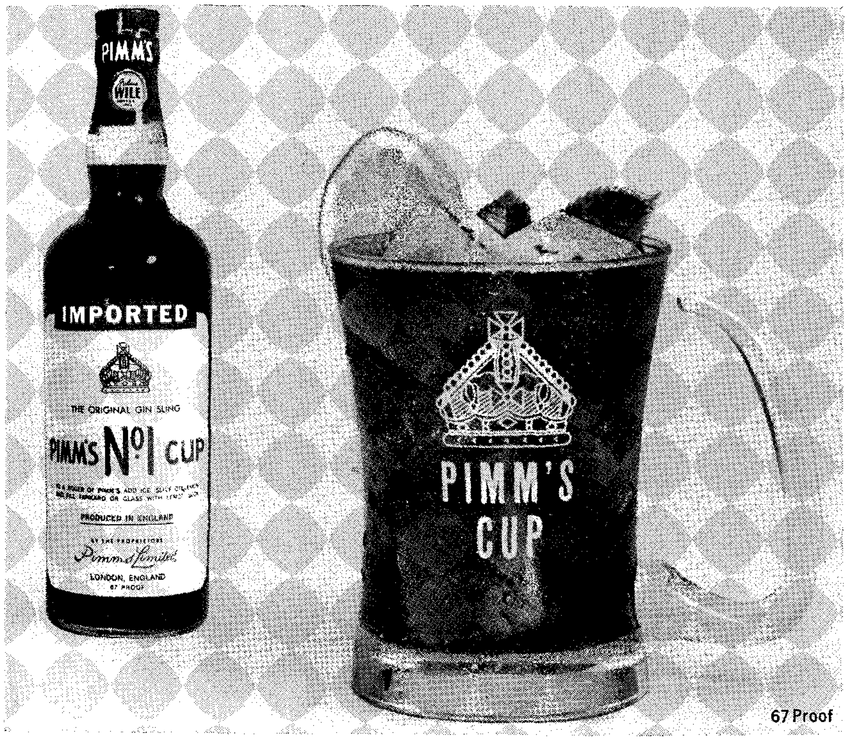

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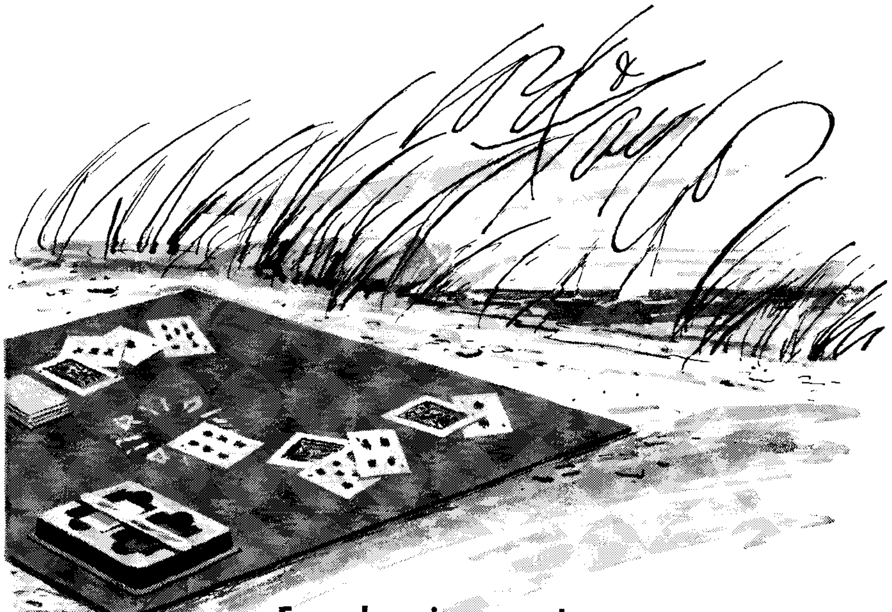

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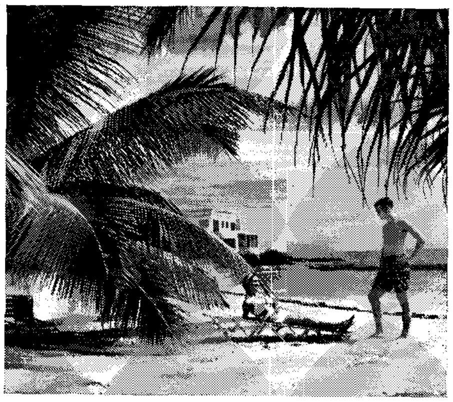
gloomy farmyard scene. The tempest of her emotional acting gifts displayed her dominance as a personality and a tragic actress in the grand tradition, unique in these times on any European stage. The rustic décors demanded of Franco Zeffirelli hardly offered him the aesthetic possibilities at which he excels.

FOR a country whose culture, and thus its educational standards, has long been a matter of special national heritage and pride, France this June has inopportunely run into the same *lycée* scandals and trouble that she did last, through the theft once more of the examination papers for the baccalaureate—or *bac*, as the students call it—which comes at the end of the *lycée*, or high-school, years and is the single visa permitting entry into French universities. Passing the *bac* is almost as great an agony for parents as for their offspring, because the student's whole future rests upon it. Last year, certain *bac* papers were stolen by a Ministry of Education employee from Marseille, and a few copies of them were sold to students in various parts of France, the *bac* exam being a nationally coördinated test. Christian Fouchet, the Minister of Education and a member of the Gaullist Party, at the time blamed the Marseille authorities for the leak—a dig at Marseille's mayor, Gaston Defferre, already a declared candidate against General de Gaulle in this fall's Presidential election. But when another leak occurred this June, Fouchet merely laid a charge of theft against X, while the Communist newspaper *Humanité* contemptuously described him as "a sieve," with nothing but holes in his administration through which valuable documents disappeared. He now claims—with justice, it seems—that no students received the recently stolen questions, since they were anonymously sent to and held by a small rightist monthly gazette, *L'Esprit Publique*. Fouchet would also seem to be justified in regarding this new leak as one more attempt to smear not only him but the Gaullist regime, of which he is an important member, by destroying parents' and *lycée* students' confidence in it. However, Fouchet's office had to admit that there had been a home-grown typographical error—a "z" instead of a "Z" in an algebra problem—in the Paris-region exam papers, owing to hasty stenography in preparing the exam copies. As a result, fifteen thousand students in and around Paris were permitted to take the whole examination over again this last Monday, and



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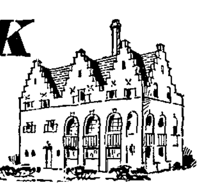

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choose the higher mark of the two—a kind of Hobson's choice.

This June's *bac* questions reflect, as usual, the superior level of French secondary education over the high schools in the United States, and also the curious general probing quality—rather than specific professorial inquiry into the competence of the students' minds—that is a special quality of French examination practices. Two *bac* questions in the philosophy section were "Is work a constraint or is it an obligation?" and "Can one be more or less free?" In the experimental-science section, the questions were "What difference is there between a living creature and a machine?," "Has one the right to talk of inferior societies?," and "Does the study of adult civilized man suffice to constitute knowledge of mankind itself?" In the technical and economic section, the opening question was "Is the study of economic relations of interest to the moralist?," which is certainly a poser even for businessmen today. Then came the final question, which was of most profound political meaning: "Is the right of the state compatible with the rights of man?" This is a query that many elderly wise men all over the Western world might be troubled to answer clearly and at the same time patriotically. —GENÊT

●

MICROMUTATIONS

A million years of death some star
Required to fling its lies this far,
Where two shocked children in a car
Fumble and cling and kiss each other,
The blind in terror of the blind.
A million years. Why did they bother,
Fire-blossoming everlastingnesses,
To drift down here, of all God's places?

No matter, now. The instant they
Glitter in view they drift away:
Dark, blighted seeds that might as well
Keep company with the rest of us
Who took a million years to die,
Drift, cling, drift, cling, sky below sky,
Till we struck stone at last, to lie
Here on the frozen floor of hell.

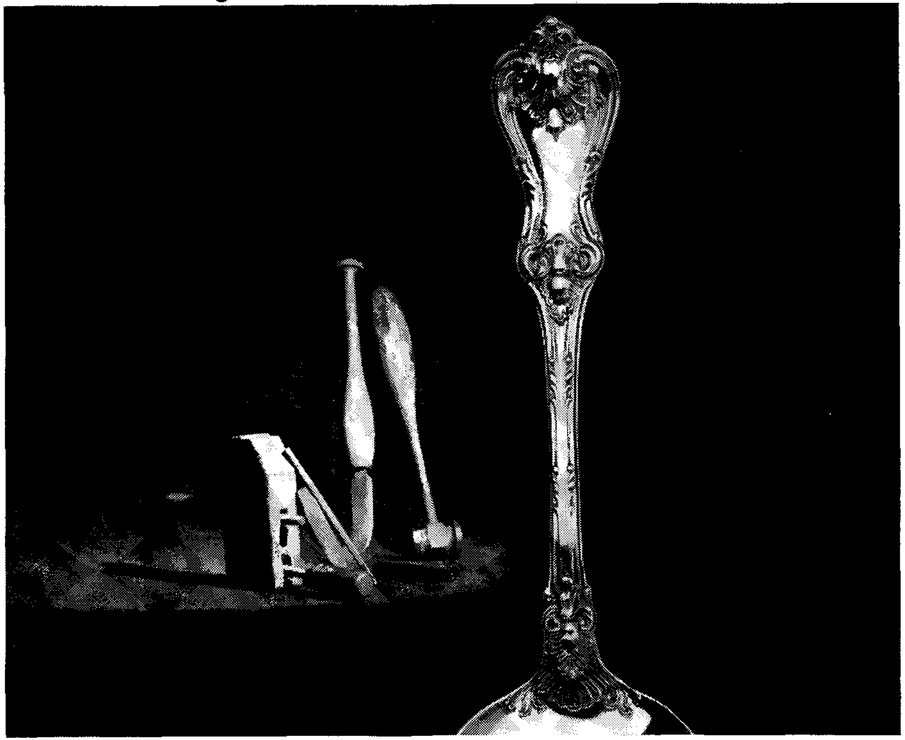
—JAMES WRIGHT

●

Press Maravich, who replaced ailing Everett Case as North Carolina State courtmaster: "I want my team to set a real good image. I want them to dress properly and carry on a nice conversation, and when they go out to eat I want them to be nice to the waitress and eat with decor."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

For *best* results in conversation, boys, take Maravich along.

Once you had to inherit it



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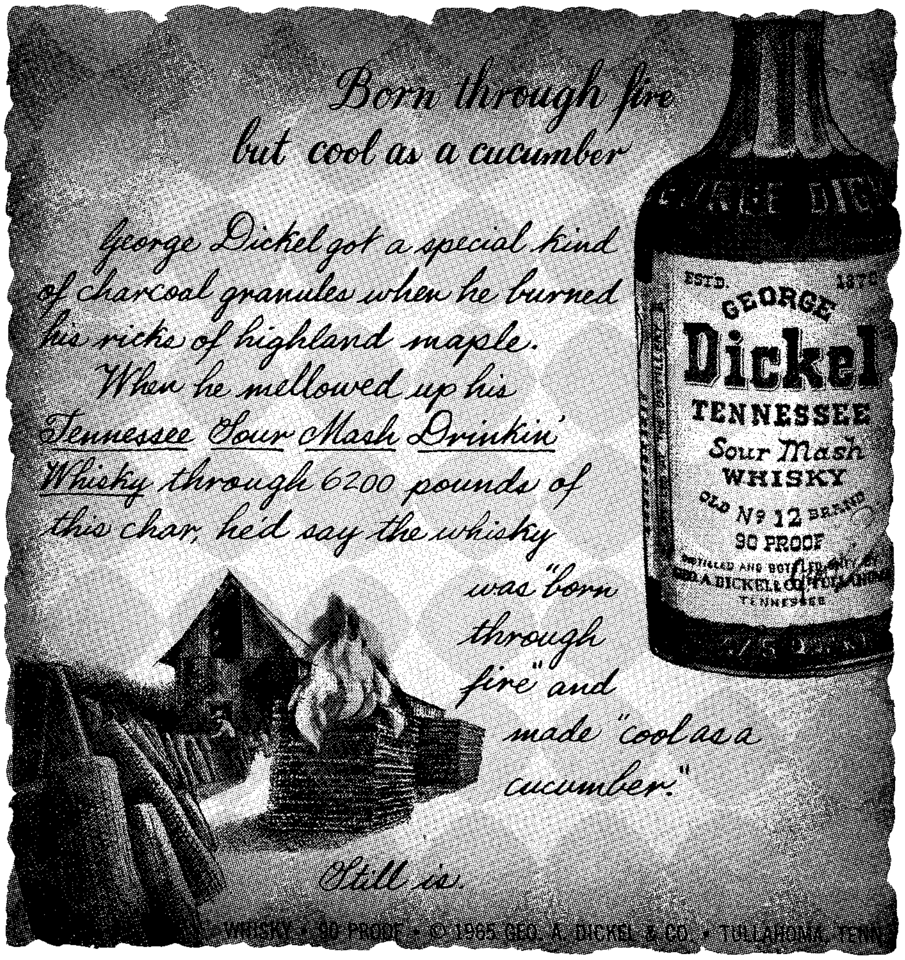
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BOOKS

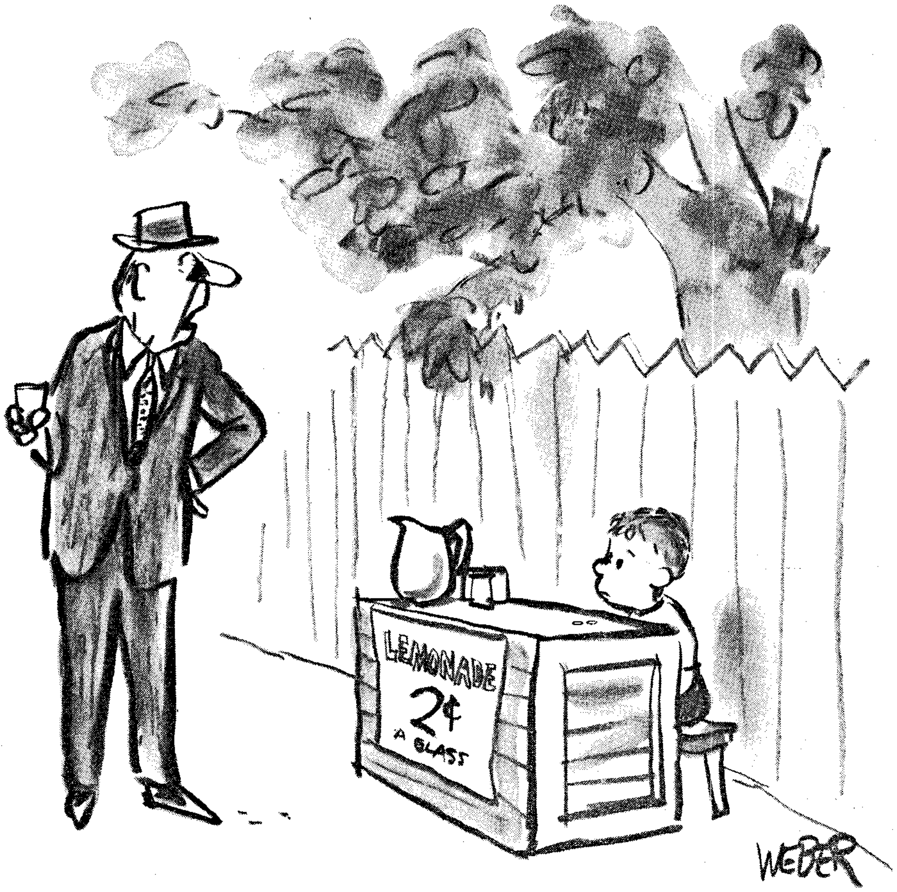
The Vanishing Intellectual?

SINCE the war, and especially since McCarthy, a literature has been accumulating on the subject of "the intellectual." No doubt college courses will soon be offered, if they aren't already, on his nature, his social function, his past and present status, the outlook for his future. One of the most interesting features of the new writings is the way the intellectual has been transformed in them from a disreputable and often ludicrous outsider into a necessary "element" of the community, about whose fate everyone ought to be concerned. Traditionally, the intellectual was a type that might show up in any layer of society, but under one indispensable condition: that he be out of place in it. Marx's class-conscious proletarian was a species of intellectual, and other workingmen regarded him with suspicion. The identifying mark of the intellectual was the distance he created around himself, supposedly by his absorption in abstract ideas and purposes. He was the essential alien, the opposite of the regular guy; this gave him some resemblance to the aristocrat, the priest, the criminal. His natural habitat was a garret without an address, or an encampment of others like him—in a word, a bohemia. It was about the new Russian intelligentsia that Dostoevski was thinking when he wrote that "everybody segregates himself, keeps aloof from others." These separated ones formed a subcommunity in which a single quality was exalted: the passion for originality. In this lay both the justification of the subcommunity, as against other hangouts, and its threat to the established order. Dostoevski went on, "Everybody seeks to invent something of his own . . . never before heard of. Everybody begins with his own thoughts and feelings. Everybody strives to start from the beginning. . . . Everybody acts by himself." A similar rugged individualism of the mind prevailed in the American vanguard from the days of Poe, Melville, Whitman through the twenties of Dreiser, Pound, Stein.

The recent writings on the intellectual have little to do with this lone-ranging, dubious type; when they mention him at all, it is to proclaim his elimination. In place of the underground original, akin to the clown (Picasso), the bareback rider (Chagall), the malefactor (Rimbaud), there has emerged the intellectual as professor, laboratory specialist, and consultant, heir to the savant and the counsellor of kings. Beginning with the depression and the New Deal, American intellectuals developed—in political movements, in government agencies, and in "unions" of artists, writers, and university teachers—a group identity, and it has been heightened in subsequent years by common experiences in wartime assignments and Cold War investigations, and by the group's prestige since Sputnik. This collective existence, with its accompanying professional self-consciousness, has gradually thrust into the shadow the intellectual as one who "begins with his own thoughts and feelings." When the topic of the intellectual is raised in current articles, books, lectures, panel discussions, it is the academically trained caste that is under scrutiny.

The issue is: What is happening to the mass of mentally qualified people in our mass society? Studying himself in the group mirror, the intellectual has been thrilled by his own merits while feeling on his neck the chill breath of extinction. First came the menace of suppression under the bludgeoning of McCarthy and the un-American committees. When that peril faded, a more subtle danger loomed on the opposite side: that of loss of identity in the all-digesting cultural and scientific Establishment. The threat to the intellectual became the threat of metamorphosis. In an article in *Commentary* in 1956, after the McCarthy flood had abated, the cultural historian H. Stuart Hughes raised the question "Is the Intellectual Obsolete?" Ph.D.s, Professor Hughes emphasized, were multiplying at an unprecedented rate and being put to work as fast as they ripened, but though these people might seem to be intellectuals, they were not the real thing. There is a difference, said Hughes, between the "true intellectual," characterized by a "freely speculating mind," and the mere "mental technician," trained for a narrow, specialized function. Our universities as well as our laboratories and official agencies were becoming filled with the latter, he concluded, while the earlier academic and scholarly type, softened up by the warm climate of social acceptance, was losing its outlines and merging with its technically useful double.

In the ensuing self-scrutiny of the



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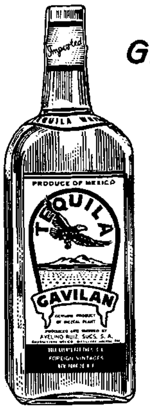

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intellectuals, the prospect of metamorphosis through social acceptance was brought up again and again. "Many of the most spirited younger intellectuals are disturbed above all by the fear that, as they are increasingly recognized, incorporated, and used, they will begin merely to conform, and will cease to be creative and critical and truly useful," reported Richard Hofstadter in "Anti-Intellectualism in American Life," published in 1963. The worry of the contemporary intellectual seems to be that he cannot depend on himself to remain what he is. Adding another twist to his problem of retaining his identity, some writers advise him that he could not do better than change into something else. Raymond Aron, in "The Opium of the Intellectuals," published in 1957, praised the American intellectuals for having at last abandoned the futile theorizing of their counterparts in the cafés of Europe, with their "nostalgia for a universal idea," and having made themselves over into practical men of affairs. A similar thought was expressed by President Kennedy in his famous Yale Commencement address when he denied the significance of ideological differences and urged intellectuals to apply their minds to furthering socially useful programs. The President and M. Aron agreed in taking it for granted that American intellectuals had already changed and become part of the national enterprise. In that perspective, Hofstadter's bright young men were frightening themselves needlessly about ceasing to be critical; they could be proper intellectuals just by doing their jobs. As for being "creative," Jacques Barzun's "The House of Intellect" had listed the fetish of creativity as one of the three plagues of American culture.

Whether his absorption into the Establishment is to be resisted or welcomed, the intellectual as he used to be seems doomed. Neither his environment nor he himself has any use for the old habits of dreaming, sulking, and inefficiency. Even if he holds fast to "free speculation," criticism, creativity, he will have to be different as a type—a creative professor or other organization man, not a solitary fabricator of ideas or of works of art. The weight of the testimony is that in contemporary America the process of transformation is very far advanced. Authors who today estimate the chances of survival of "the true intellectual" frequently give the impression that each has in mind himself and a handful of his friends making a last-ditch stand. But hasn't the intellectual seen in the perspective

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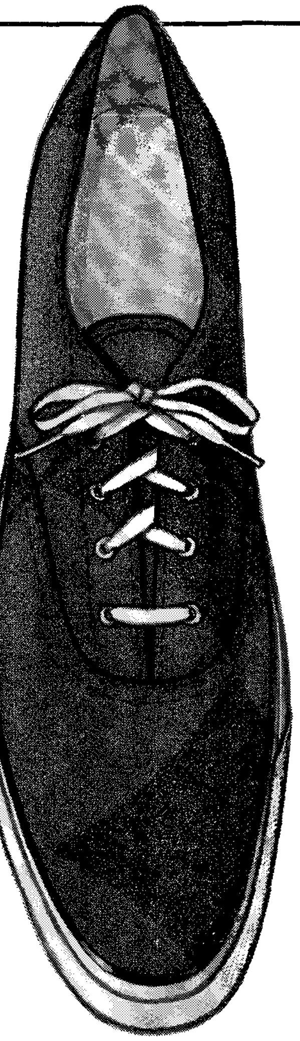

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of his social group always been in a state of ceasing to be an intellectual? Hasn't every intellectual community, even in its heyday, lived constantly on the verge of being taken over by its Tartuffes, pedants, and con men? Is it not inherent in the nature of the salon or of bohemia that its great days are back there before the present mob arrived? Is the individual intellectual ever completely free of motives that define him as other than a disinterested seeker after truth? Dostoevski knew that to cover the colony of intellectuals the net of definition had to be wide enough to encompass counterfeits and hangers-on. "Everybody acts by himself," he wrote, then added, "If he doesn't act, he wishes he could act. . . . True, a great many people are not starting anything and never will start. . . . They stand apart, staring at the empty spot. . . ."

The tendency of the intellectual to slip out of every category, leaving its shell for the observer, raises essential questions about the latest book on the species, Lewis A. Coser's "Men of Ideas, A Sociologist's View" (Free Press), which approaches intellectuals of the past two centuries as groups inhabiting different "institutional settings." The author, a professor of sociology at Brandeis University, is in accord with the current belief that the independent intellectual has been all but replaced by the university professor and the specialist. In this, Coser finds nothing abnormal. Like Hughes, he takes as his model the public savant and idea man, from the ideologues who advised Napoleon to the New Deal Brain Trusters. A leading theme of "Men of Ideas" is the intellectual's relation to power, a subject to which much thought has been directed since the wholesale transformation of Russian intellectuals into bureaucrats following the victory of the Bolshevik Revolution, and the apparently comparable movement in the United States starting with the New Deal. Coser, who is also an editor of the leftist magazine *Dissent*, is at home in the history of Communism and other political movements of the past two hundred years. He is at his best in giving capsule summaries of currents of thought that have prevailed in various intellectual circles and the traces they have left on the societies around them. He is less interested in the theories of individual minds and in the wars of each against all which mark the emergence of new ideas. Indeed, "Men of Ideas" seems at times antagonistic to the man of ideas; it inclines, though with ambiguous feelings, to reduce the role of the originator of thought in favor of that of the representative of a trend. Though it undertakes to weigh the contributions of intellectuals acting in concert, it is primarily a tract designed to convince the reader (and perhaps its author) that "the death of Bohemia did not mean the death of critical and rebellious thought, as some who cling to the remnants of Bohemian life-styles seem to believe." (Given current fashions in interior decoration, art, movies, cocktail parties, and campus attire, one wonders what Coser considers the alternative to "clinging to the remnants of Bohemian life-styles.") The radical intellectual, Coser argues, not only can survive in the present-day university but is now carrying out the "innovative function" that used to be performed by the detached thinker and artist.

This thesis, rather than Coser's training in sociology, determines, in my opinion, the form of "Men of Ideas." Two-thirds of the volume is devoted to vignettes of intellectuals assembled in earlier environments: eighteenth-century salons, nineteenth-century coffeehouses, scientific societies and dining rooms, cafés of the nineteen-twenties. By featuring group habits and collective beliefs (e.g., self-expression in the Village of the twenties) and, on occasion, the activities of intellectuals in behalf of some common cause, such as abolitionism or the Dreyfus case, Coser seeks to make it appear that togetherness in thought and purpose has been the rule in intellectual life since before the French Revolution. As "men of ideas," intellectuals are those who share in the heritage of mental artifacts; like "men of property," they are known not by their creative powers but by their acquisitions. Sociological data that might disturb the image of the intellectual as a dignified investor in mental enterprises are conspicuously missing; there is no discussion of the social origins of the different groups of intellectuals and the effect of these backgrounds upon their thinking and behavior—a subject of profound importance in this century of ideological drives that cement together persons from all levels of culture and education, and pit intellectuals against each other in battles to the death. Though not a sociologist, Dostoevski,

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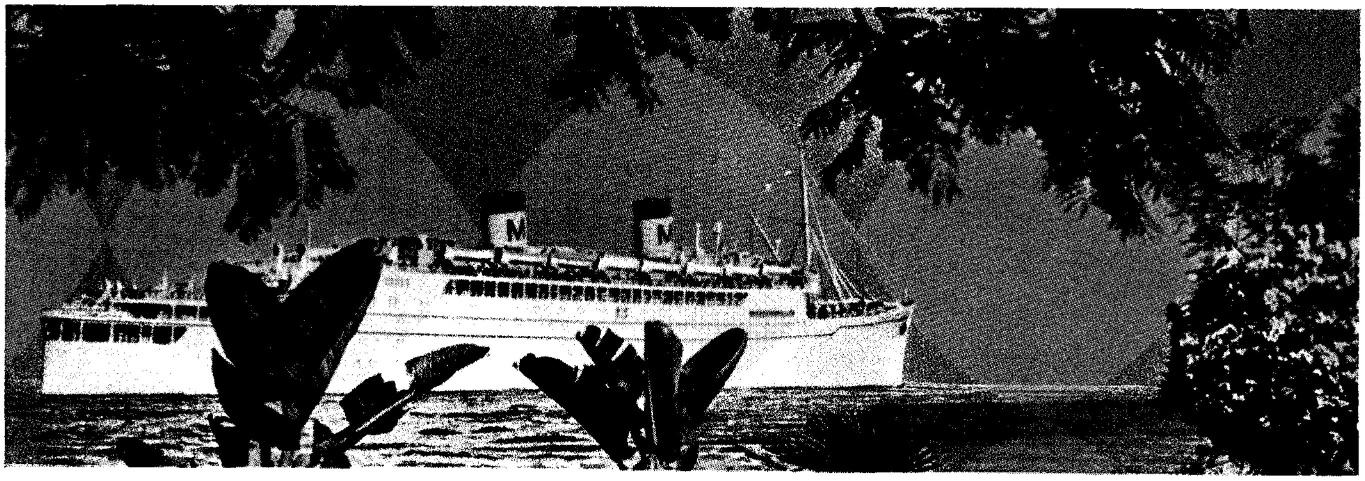

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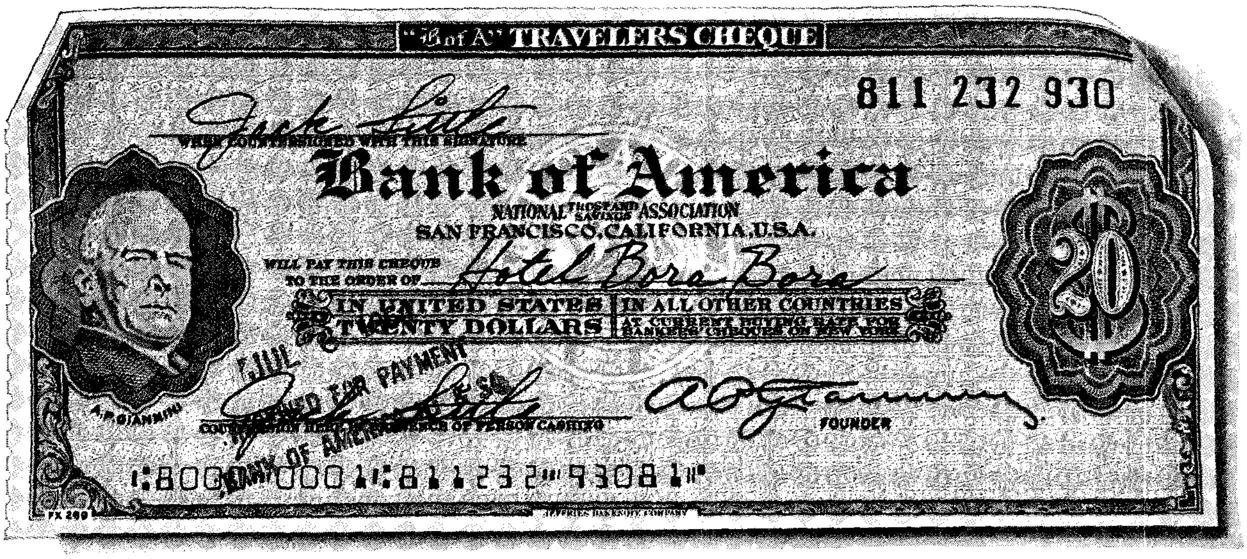

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In its third, and final, section, "Men of Ideas" arrives at its real objective: "The Intellectual in Contemporary America." Data are offered on American scholars, thinkers, and artists in their chief occupational categories: academic, scientific, civil-service, mass-media, recipients of foundation grants. The information is spread over a wide area, ranging between the growing percentage of university teachers among contributors to little magazines and the attention (or lack of it) that is paid to intellectuals employed in government agencies. Coser has accepted the idea of belonging—though, of course, "critically" and "rebelliously." Like the criticism offered by William H. Whyte, Jr., in "The Organization Man," his is directed at the deprivation of freedom and individuality suffered by the insider. This, it turns out, is considerable—at times almost enough to convince the reader that the intellectual cannot make it in these settings, that if he doesn't get out he is finished. "The aspiring academician may be deflected from planning a large-scale intellectual undertaking that may take years to mature, in order to publish narrower contributions that can be of more direct use in the advancement of his career." But anybody so careerist and narrow would seem to fall short of Coser's definition of the intellectual as one who "lives for ideas," and one wonders why he is brought into the discussion. Indeed, the section of "Men of Ideas" dealing with contemporaries is given over largely to methods practiced in Coser's institutional setting for producing non-intellectuals. "Lip service may be paid to 'cross-fertilization,' but in

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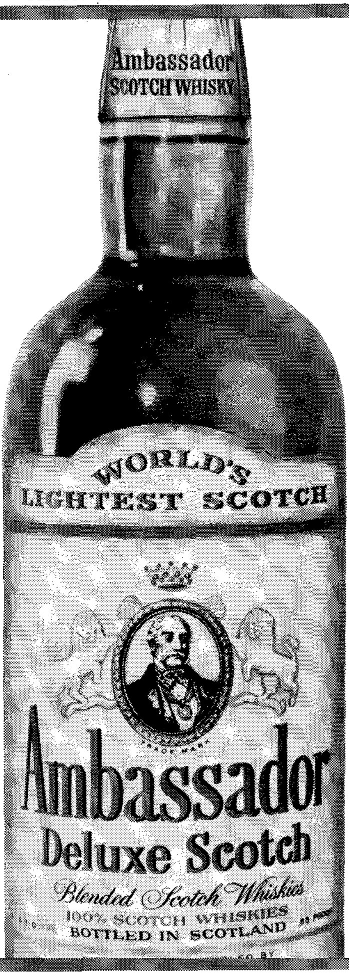

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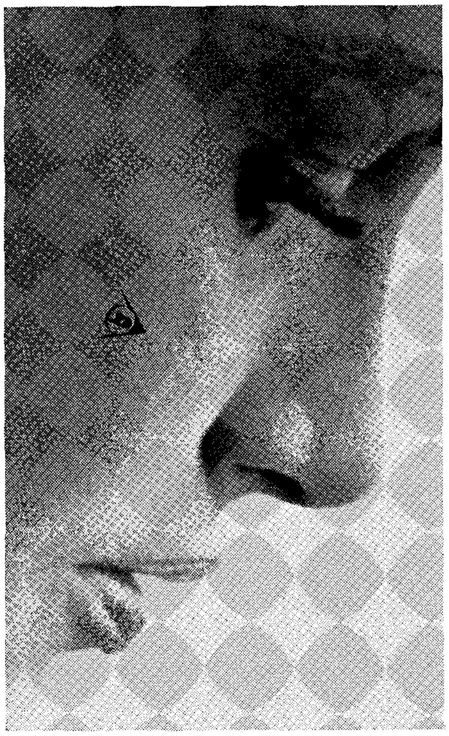

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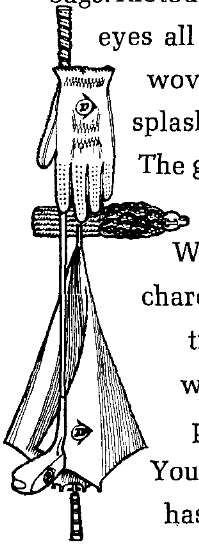

actual fact young scholars are generally advised to stay within the boundaries of the 'field.' " Even more devastating to the free mind is the following: "As a particular academic field becomes professionalized, those active within it are expected to take their colleagues in the profession . . . as their main reference groups." "Men of Ideas" itself has not escaped this pressure; its footnotes are loaded with citations of second-rate writings by Coser's colleagues. "These rules require . . . above all, respect for the boundaries of the various specialized fields. Those who attempt to create *ab ovo* are likely to be considered 'unreliable' 'outsiders' to be mistrusted." These accounts of university practice ought to end any illusions about the critical and rebellious academician; one who accepts such conditions belongs to a gang, not to himself.

Obviously, Coser is unhappy. Dostoevski's separated intellectual, who begins with his own thoughts and feelings, may have perished in the twenties, but though the cock has crowed, his ghost hovers over "Men of Ideas." Whenever Coser is speaking of his colleagues in programmed research and coördinated creation, his favorite word is "frustration." He believes that the university intellectual ought to have more time for "free speculation" and be less caught up in the round of college administration, professional meetings (Coser is president of the Eastern Sociological Society), visiting lectureships, roundtable conferences (with the publication of "Men of Ideas," he will no doubt be flooded with invitations to participate in panels on "The Intellectual and His Future"). None of Coser's liberating suggestions are likely to be accepted in the rapidly expanding American cultural Establishment; on the contrary, what he calls "countertrends" are becoming increasingly prominent. The issue, however, goes deeper than the constraints of the American university in the second half of the twentieth century. As soon as the intellectual identifies himself with any group or institution and subjects himself to group rules, group ambitions, and a group style, he is changing into something different. Coser himself is as good an illustration of this process as one might wish. There is no doubt that he is an intellectual—besides being a professor, he is a writer and an editor of *Dissent*—yet he subtitles his book "A Sociologist's View," preferring to identify himself with a profession and with a professional angle rather than speak as a "freely speculating" individual. By his own choice, Coser introduces himself into the classification whose credentials he questions. "The great majority of these men," he writes about today's scientists, "are not intellectuals, nor do they aspire to be such." He finds this to be true as well of government "intellectuals," teachers, writers for mass media: "The vast majority of those employed in the mass-culture industries can, by no stretch of the imagination, be called intellectuals." Then why bother with these settings? Because Coser has started with the erroneous idea that the intellectual is a person who holds an academic degree or who produces cultural commodities. It has not occurred to him that in our highly literate society anyone is potentially an intellectual and every intellectual is potentially a mere "mental technician," or square. "They hail from all corners of the social world, and a great part of their activities consist in fighting each other," Joseph Schumpeter has said. One suspects that today there are at least as many intellectuals among cabdrivers and jazz musicians as there are among holders of doctorates. Like Hughes and Hofstadter, Coser is looking in the wrong places, because he doesn't know whom he is looking for, though he does know that those he encounters are the wrong people. No wonder he and his colleagues worry about the future of the intellectuals. The independent intellectual feels no anxiety about the possible vanishing of his breed; there are moods in which he wishes that it would vanish, since he thinks intellectuals are fakes and invalids anyway—including himself and the marvellous minds that have produced humanity's art and ideas. As Kafka noted, in his fight against the world the intellectual backs the world.

The intellectual cannot be stabilized as a type, a style of behavior, or a member of a social category. By nature, his condition is ambiguous and subject to change; one does not possess mental freedom and detachment, one participates in them. No "setting" and no set of conditions can protect the intellectual against disappearance. By the same token, there is no sure way of getting rid of him; after decades of Stalinist suppression, he suddenly manifested himself in most parts of the Soviet world. Men of ideas may exist in a common situation, but the experience of each is his own experience and his creation is his own creation. Coser has effectively listed the institutional obstacles with which the individual must cope if he wishes to function in the learned professions in America today. The intellectual, however, is adept at finding the cracks in society through which to crawl around the obstacles, whether he eludes them in the university, on a park bench, or in an insurance office. The spring issue of *Dissent* carries a description of the band of non-students around the University of California at Berkeley who were accused of fomenting disorder during the recent student revolt. There is at Berkeley, says the *Dissent* author, "a melting pot of campus intellectuals, aesthetes, and politicoes," and he continues, "Any afternoon in the week this crowd is found lounging between classes on the Terrace [an outdoor cafeteria with "a touch of Left Bank atmosphere"] or in Telegraph Avenue's two coffeehouses arrayed in styles from classic beat to classic Harris tweed. Admittedly, its ranks contain a quota of the hipsters and revolutionary zealots concerned with little but the right names and phrases. . . . But here also are a surprisingly large proportion of the most intellectually serious and morally alert students on campus, fellowship holders as well as veterans of the Mississippi wars. And sometimes the lines are extremely hard to draw." So much for the "death of Bohemia" in the twenties and the vanishing of the organizationally unattached intellectual. So much, too, for the attempt to identify the intellectual by his setting, his costume, or even his words.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NOW COMES THEODORA, by Daniel Ford (Doubleday). Here is a first novel that has wit, style, a positive point of view, and a strong sense of personality and of individualism. Mr. Ford presents his characters in the best possible light—he likes them—and then lets them go ahead and do exactly what they want to do, or have to do. It is impossible not to keep on watching them, sim-

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ply because they are so human and so young and selfish and opinionated and anxious. The central figure is the onlooker, Boris, a campus photographer who lives alone in a Quonset hut just outside the grounds of the New England college where he works. Boris, thirty-nine years old and a war veteran, cannot repress his spiteful thoughts as he listens to his student acquaintances, some of them already married and all of them domestically inclined. He hears them discussing their plans for the future of the world and for their own safety, but the scorn and impatience he feels is generally drowned in a weary sympathy for everybody. The camera that is his living is also his hobby; he likes to photograph girls in the nude, and he greatly enjoys catching courting couples unawares—on film, of course. He keeps clear of the lives he observes so interestedly until Theodora (Teddy), a very young abandoned wife, staggers into his hut out of a raging snowstorm one night and proceeds to have her baby in his bed. The clear-sighted, unangry Mr. Ford will undoubtedly write another novel, which means we all have something to look forward to.

THE RING IN MEIJI, by William Butler (Putnam). In this enormous work, Mr. Butler's strong feeling for his subject—Japan—fights, and slowly loses, a battle with his sense of responsibility to the research he has done. Facts—historical events, racial characteristics, details of landscape and architecture, folk habits and customs, rules of behavior imposed by tradition and etiquette—form a weight of words that serves to bury not merely individual human beings but all sense of humanity. The background is here, solid as a rock, but none of the tiny figures moving around in it is strong enough to bring it to life. The time is the middle of the nineteenth century, and in Japan at that time—as in most other parts of the world most of the time—shadows from the past collide so desperately with shadows from the future that no present reality can be seen unless illumination is provided.

THE SOURCE, by James A. Michener (Random House). Makor, an ancient site in Israel, has seen a number of conquerors, or civilizations, come and go. Mr. Michener takes us at a faltering trot through the Canaanite, Hebrew, Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Arab

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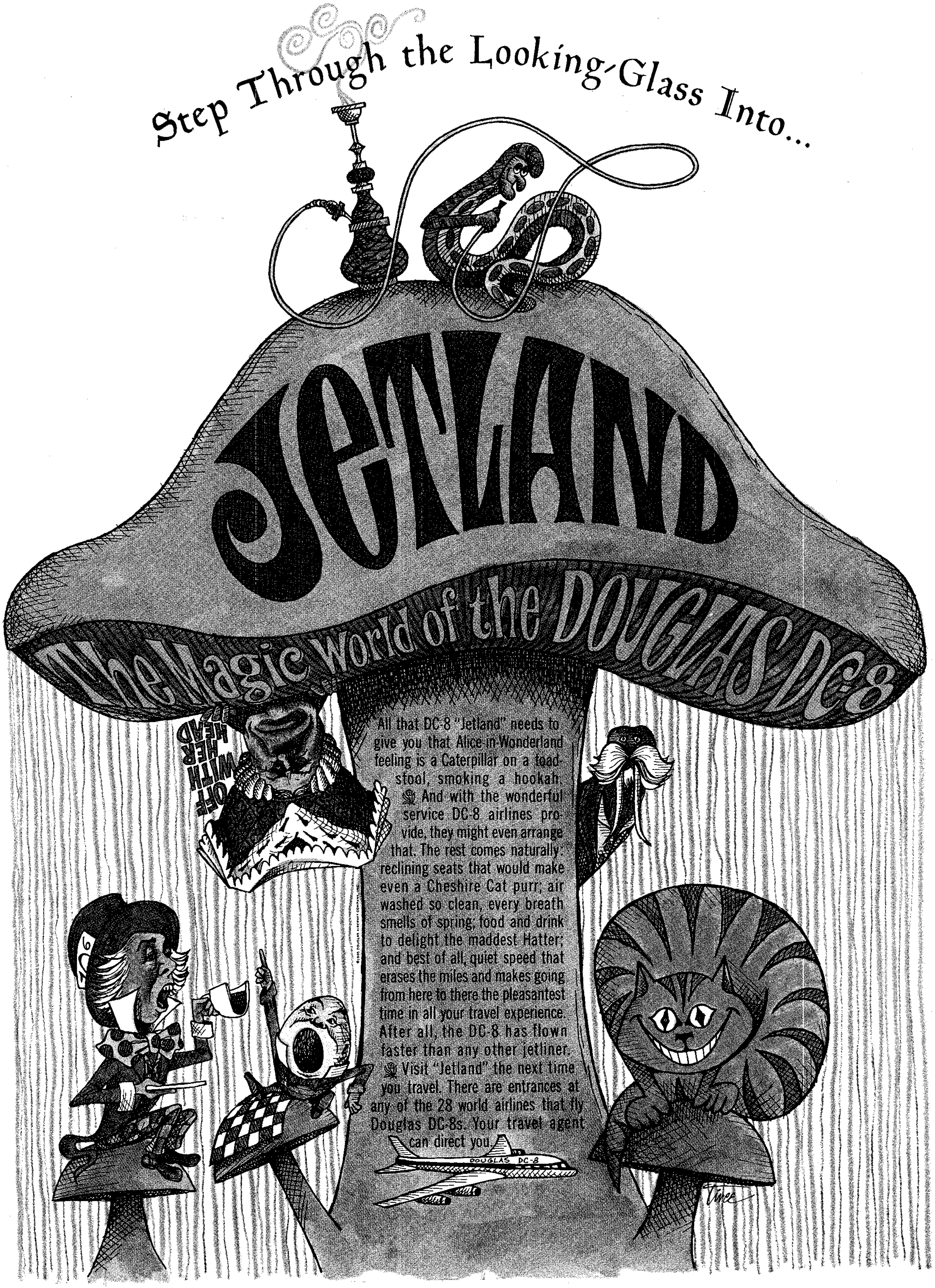
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WANDERERS EASTWARD, WANDERERS WEST, by Kathleen Winsor (Random House). If Miss Winsor's account is accurate, life in Montana between 1861 and 1881 was frumpy, flirtatious, and very, very slow.

NOTE: "The Fencing Master," a collection of short stories by Gilbert Rogin, most of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Random House.

GENERAL

COCKERELL, by Wilfrid Blunt (Knopf). The subject of this biography, Sir Sydney Carlyle Cockerell (1867-1962), was born into one of the world's least inspiring milieux; his family were business people who were not very good at business but nonetheless believed that young Sydney belonged in the Cockerell coal company. He tried it. Then he left and became the secretary of William Morris's Kelmscott Press, an expert on manuscripts, manuscript illumination, handwriting, printing, and rare books, and a connoisseur of fine art, crafts, and architecture. In 1908, Cockerell became the director of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, then a congeries of unevenly interesting works dimly displayed. By the time he retired, in 1937, he had transformed the place. He had made first-class acquisitions and had invented new styles of museum display that have since been imitated all over the world. Cockerell's biography is more than the story of a museum, for he was a friend, acquaintance, or colleague of notable figures in English culture from Ruskin through Shaw to T. H. White. And he was, besides, a complicated, imposing person—difficult enough to be interesting. The author, who is himself a museum director, was chosen by Cockerell as his biographer with the instruction "I wish my faults and shortcomings to be emphasized and not suppressed"—an order that, Mr. Blunt says, created some difficulties for him. But Cockerell's command has been justified by the outcome—an absorbing book about a man who achieved a great deal and who was on the whole very, very good but occasionally, for literary contrast, was horrid.

THE BLUE HEN'S CHICK, by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. (McGraw-Hill). A blue hen's chick is a fair-haired boy,

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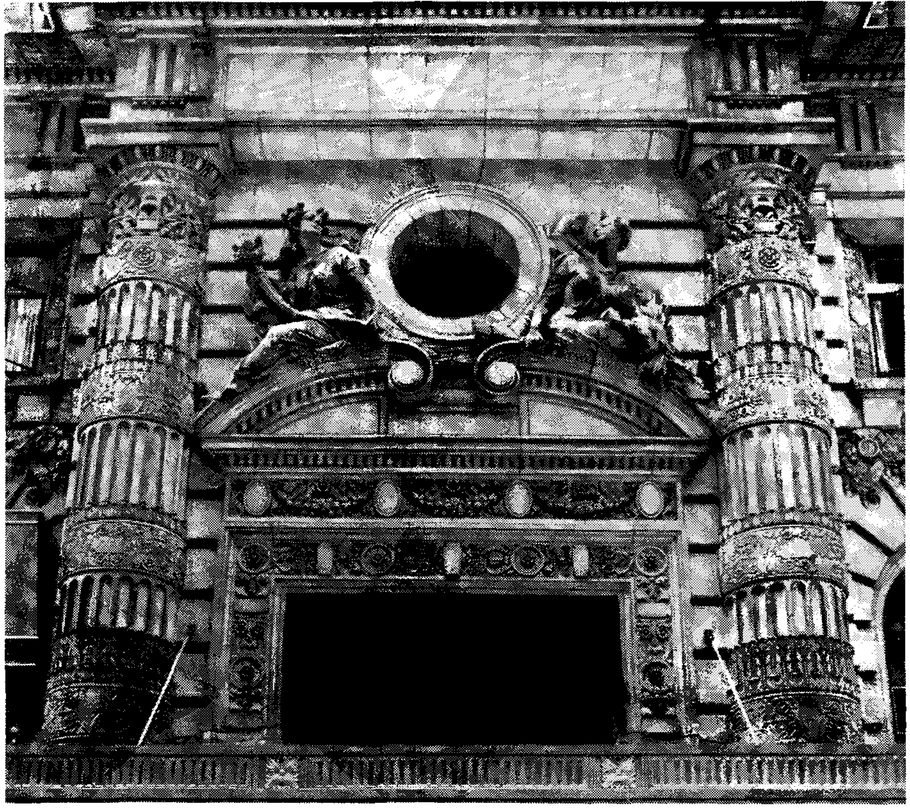

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a favorite of fortune. Mr. Guthrie, whose autobiography this is, considers himself to be such a chick, and with sufficient reason. His early years, in a Montana hamlet, were poor and hard, but he made it to the University of Montana and thence to a job on the Lexington (Kentucky) *Leader*, where he rose from cub reporter to executive editor. Then he won a Nieman Fellowship in journalism at Harvard and a literary fellowship at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, and his novel, "The Big Sky," was a best-seller, a big movie, and the winner of a Pulitzer Prize. And so it has gone ever since. Mr. Guthrie recalls these wholly unexpected triumphs without complacence and without false modesty, and he enlivens his account of them with an abundance of anecdotes, all of them good and some (such as one about the matron of a home for unwed mothers who told an interviewer, "I'm so encouraged. Every year, it seems to me, our girls are of a higher and higher class") extremely funny.

THE SILENT EXPLOSION, by Philip Appleman (Beacon). Professor Appleman's short book is a lucid, moving, and convincing discussion of the dangers of a continuing unchecked expansion of the world's population. The best part of the book is its specificity. The author, who teaches English at Indiana University, has travelled widely in the underdeveloped countries and has seen just what overpopulation means in terms of the everyday life of the people. But finding a solution to it is immeasurably frustrating. The technology is very likely in hand, but people are unwilling or unable to solve the problem because of religious convictions, as among the Catholics, or because of a belief that increasing the national population is a strong military weapon, as among the Chinese Communists, or because of simple ignorance of the methods, as among the peasants of India, or because people are convinced that science will do away with the problem by finding ways to support ever larger populations, as in the United States. Professor Appleman discusses with great power the absolute need to change these attitudes if we are to survive on our meagre planet. His book is a first-rate introduction to this deeply disturbing subject.

TRACK OF THE BEAR, by William Bixby (McKay). The life story of

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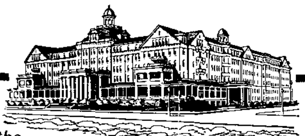

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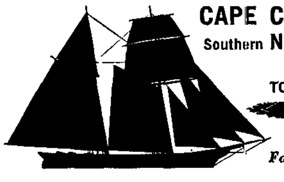

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Lord Justice: The Life and Times of Lord Birkett of Ulverston, by H. Montgomery Hyde (Random House). Norman Birkett (1883-1962), who became a judge in his later years, was a great English trial lawyer. The author, a barrister himself, appreciates his subject's genius and knows exactly which pieces of cross-examination to quote to demonstrate Birkett's mastery of the techniques of advocacy. Since the heart of this book is highlights of notable trials, it is exciting. And there is a biographical bonus: out of court, Birkett was a thoroughly nice man who wasn't at all dull.

The Springtime of Freedom, by William McCord (Oxford). A sociologist's argument against the currently fashionable view that developing nations can prosper only under an authoritarian system. Professor McCord looks closely at a number of young nations, often at the village level, and draws parallels with the history of European development. He concludes that dictatorship sweeps

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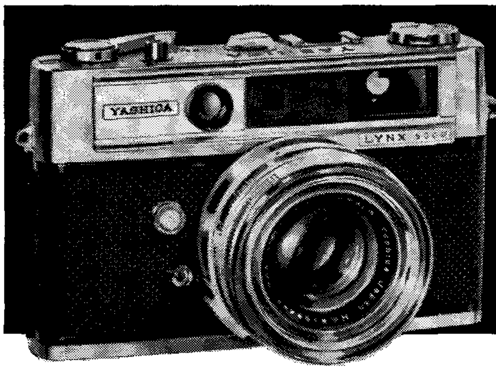

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Point of View

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It may seem so on the face of it, but the facts are otherwise. A share-owner may have other reasons for wanting to sell besides the obvious reason of thinking, rightly or wrongly, that his stock has gone about as high as it's going to go. He may need the cash. He may have found another investment that he thinks will be better for him. He may have discovered some tax advantage in selling. And so forth. A buyer's reasons for buying may be just as numerous and as good as the seller's reasons for selling.

In short, it's all a matter of point of view—rather like the old story of the eight-ounce glass containing four ounces of liquid. Is the glass half full or half empty?

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more problems under the rug than it solves, that low-capital-investment cottage industry is often preferable to heavy industry, and that if democratic India and Nigeria have their difficulties, so indeed do authoritarian Indonesia and Ghana.

First Gentleman of the Bedchamber: The Life of Louis-François-Armand, Maréchal Duc de Richelieu, by Hubert Cole (Viking). The biographer (and apologist) of the Empress Josephine and Pierre Laval sympathetically recounts the life of another rackety personage. The Duc (1696-1788), a collateral descendant of the great cardinal, is less well known than either of Mr. Cole's earlier subjects, but he provides better entertainment. Richelieu was a hero of the battlefield and boudoir who failed to win significant political power, though he greatly desired it, under Louis XIV, XV, and XVI; his trouble was that somebody more powerful than he—Mme. de Pompadour, for one—invariably disapproved of him. (Richelieu's regard for himself often took the appearance of disrespect for others.) His long career, that of a peculiarly individual individual, also shows what happened to the French aristocracy after royal power had narrowed its possibilities of action and aristocrats were reduced to squabbling for whatever influence, precedence, and cash were available.

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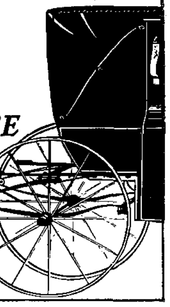

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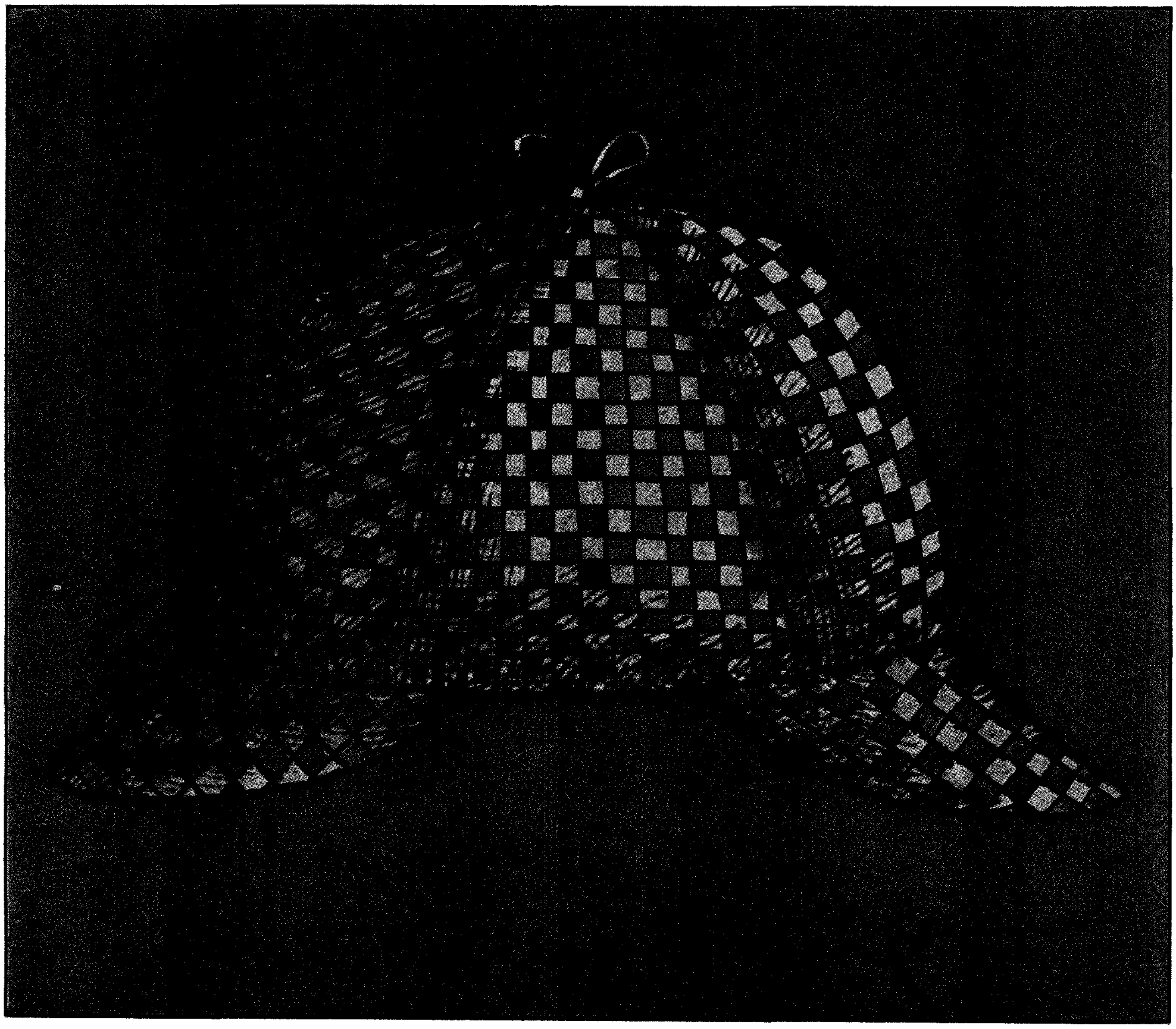

GT&E never stops looking for new ways to make the telephone more useful. And the search seems certain to pay off—because the telephone is a communications medium with an unlimited future. Circuits that once carried only the spoken word now also convey printed matter, graphics and business data. And one day, almost every form of information will begin or end on a telephone line. At GT&E, this progress is made possible by teamwork between operations, research and manufacturing . . . all dedicated to growth through service.

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12
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